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Cantemus

Part I

A COLLECTION of Folk Songs, National Songs, etc. Some with Welsh, French, or Latin words, suited for use in Secondary Schools, Student Teacher Centres, etc. The Music in both Notations arranged for Soprano, Contralto and Bass, the Bass as well as the other parts being of easy compass. Historical Notes are given with each piece

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Cantemus

1 God save the King.

First recorded performance, 1740. Became popular during the Scots rebellion, 1745. Attributed to Henry Carey, a London composer (1690-1743), but probably founded on older airs.

KEY **A.** S.C.B.

d :d :r	t_1 :- .d :r	m :m :f	m :-.r :d
1.God save our	gra - cious King,	Long live our	no - ble King,
m_1 :s_1 :l_1	s_1 :- .fe$_1$:s_1	d :d :l_1	d :-.t_1 :d
2.Thy choic - est	gifts in store	On him be	pleased to pour,
d_1 :m_1 :f_1	s_1 :- .l_1 :t_1	d :l_1 :f_1	s_1 :-.se$_1$:l_1

r :d :t_1	d :— :—	s :s :s	s :- .f :m
God save the	King.	Send him vic -	to - ri - ous,
l_1 :m_1 :r$_1$	m_1 :— :—	m :m :m	m :- .r :d
Long may he	reign.	May he de -	fend our laws,
f_1 :s_1 :s_1	d_1 :— :—	d_1 :m_1 :s_1	d :- .d :d

f :f :f	f :- .m :r	m :f .m :r .d
Hap - py and	glo - ri - ous,	Long to reign
t_1 :r :t_1	r :- .d :t_1	d :t_1 .d :s_1 .l_1
And ev - er	give us cause	To sing, with
s_1 :t_1 :r	s_1 :- .s_1 :s_1	d :r .d :t_1 .l_1

m :- .f :s	l .s,f:m :r	d :— :—
o - ver us,	God save the	King.
d :- .r :m	d :d :s_1 .f_1	m_1 :— :—
heart and voice,	God save the	King.
s_1 .f_1 :m_1 .r$_1$:d_1	f_1 :s_1 :s_1	d_1 :— :—

2 O who will o'er the downs so free?

NOTE.—The words of this song are written in allusion to an event supposed to have taken place in the neighbourhood of Winterborne, in Gloucestershire. One Hickenstirn (or Hickery Stirn, as he is called by the common people), who lies buried in the church there, is said to have been a knight who lived by pillage. He fell in love with a neighbour's daughter—won her affections—was refused by her parents; but with the assistance of his friends carried her off from her father's house. Such events were not uncommon in the Middle Ages.

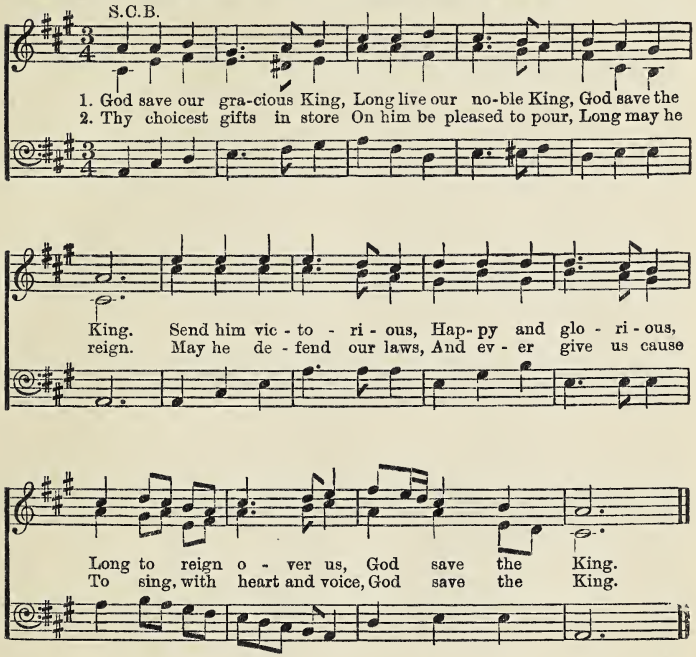
The composer, a Gloucestershire squire (1795-1856), was specially interested in music of the Middle Ages.

f KEY **F.** S.C.B. *Moderato.* M. 112. R. L. DE PEARSALL.

:m	m :-.m	f :m	m :-.r	r :m	d :-.d	r :r
1.O	who will o'er the	downs so free, O	who will with me
:d	d :-.s_1	l_1 :d	d :-.t_1	t_1 :t_1	l_1 :-.l_1	t_1 :t_1
2.I	saw her bow'r at	twi - light grey, 'Twas	guard - ed safe and
:d	d :-.d	d :d	s_1 :-.s_1	s_1 :s_1	l_1 :-.l_1	s_1 :s_1
3.I	pro - mis'd her to	come at night, With	com - rades brave and

1 God save the King.

First recorded performance, 1740. Became popular during the Scots rebellion, 1745. Attributed to Henry Carey, a London composer (1690-1743), but probably founded on older airs.


S.C.B.
1. God save our gra-cious King, Long live our no-ble King, God save the
2. Thy choicest gifts in store On him be pleased to pour, Long may he
King. Send him vic - to - ri - ous, Hap - py and glo - ri - ous,
reign. May he de - fend our laws, And ev - er give us cause
Long to reign o - ver us, God save the King.
To sing, with heart and voice, God save the King.

2 O who will o'er the downs so free?

Note.—The words of this song are written in allusion to an event supposed to have taken place in the neighbourhood of Winterborne, in Gloucestershire. One Hickenstirn (or Hickery Stirn, as he is called by the common people), who lies buried in the church there, is said to have been a knight who lived by pillage. He fell in love with a neighbour's daughter—won her affections—was refused by her parents; but with the assistance of his friends carried her off from her father's house. Such events were not uncommon in the Middle Ages.

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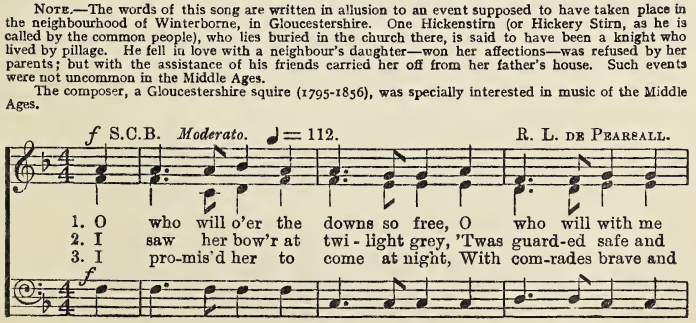
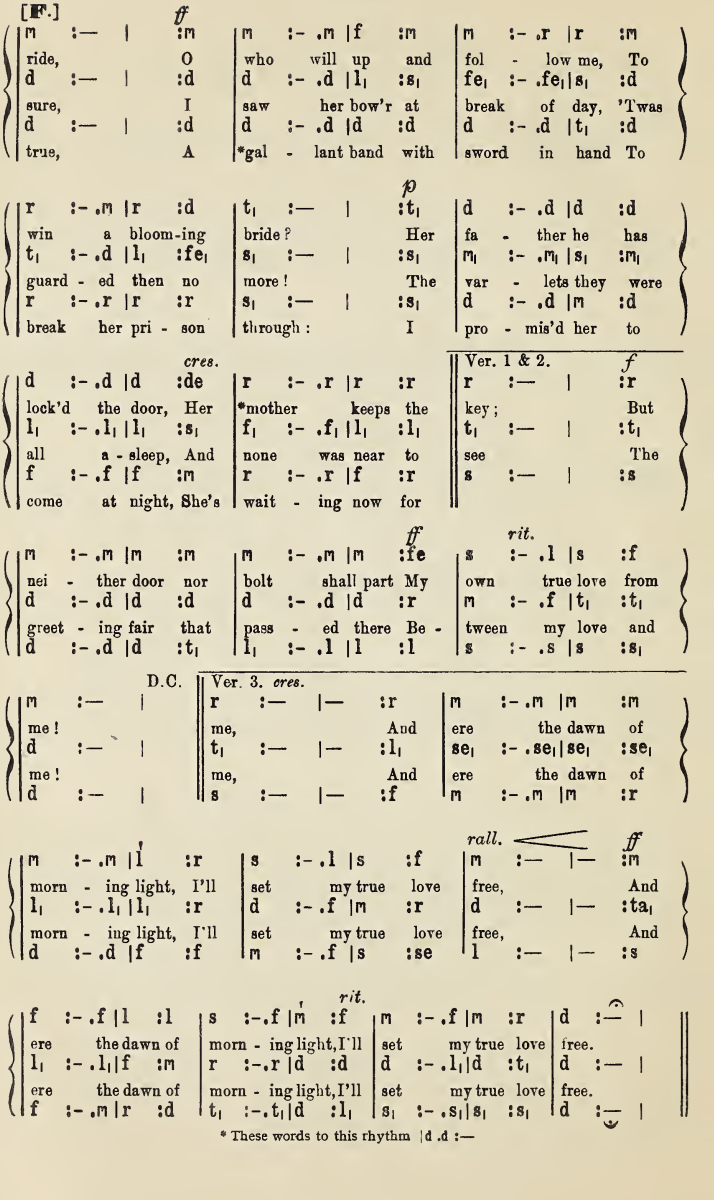
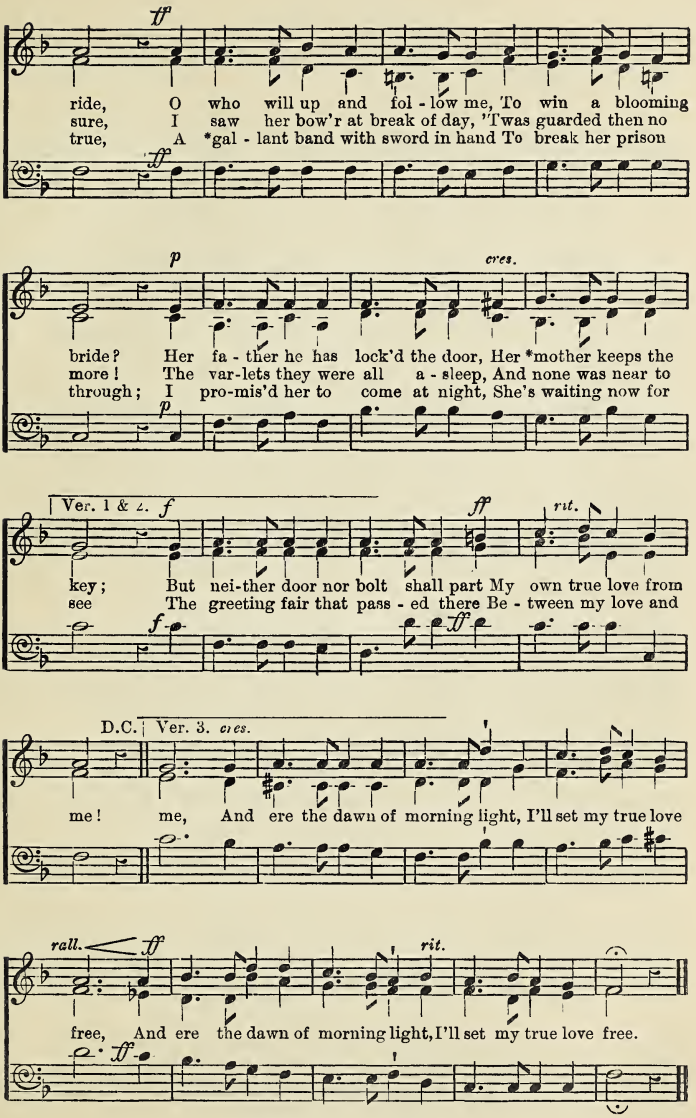

f S.C.B. *Moderato.* ♩ = 112. R. L. de Pearsall.
1. O who will o'er the downs so free, O who will with me
2. I saw her bow'r at twi - light grey, 'Twas guard-ed safe and
3. I pro-mis'd her to come at night, With com-rades brave and
f

[F.]
ff
ride, O who will up and fol - low me, To
sure, I saw her bow'r at break of day, 'Twas
true, A *gal - lant band with sword in hand To
p
win a bloom-ing bride? Her fa - ther he has
guard - ed then no more! The var - lets they were
break her pri - son through: I pro - mis'd her to
cres.
lock'd the door, Her *mother keeps the
all a - sleep, And none was near to
come at night, She's wait - ing now for
Ver. 1 & 2.
f
key; But
see The
nei - ther door nor bolt shall part My
greet - ing fair that pass - ed there Be - tween my love and
ff
rit.
own true love from
D.C.
me! me, And ere the dawn of
Ver. 3. cres.
rall.
ff
morn - ing light, I'll set my true love free, And
rit.
ere the dawn of morn - ing light, I'll set my true love free.
* These words to this rhythm |d .d :—

ff
ride, O who will up and fol - low me, To win a blooming
sure, I saw her bow'r at break of day, 'Twas guarded then no
true, A *gal - lant band with sword in hand To break her prison
ff
p
cres.
bride? Her fa - ther he has lock'd the door, Her *mother keeps the
more! The var-lets they were all a - sleep, And none was near to
through; I pro-mis'd her to come at night, She's waiting now for
p
Ver. 1 & 2. f
ff
rit.
key; But nei-ther door nor bolt shall part My own true love from
see The greeting fair that pass - ed there Be - tween my love and
f
ff
D.C. Ver. 3. cres.
me! me, And ere the dawn of morning light, I'll set my true love
rall.
ff
rit.
free, And ere the dawn of morning light, I'll set my true love free.
ff

* These words to this rhythm ♪ ♩.

3 Sweet and low.

Song from Tennyson's "Princess," set to music by Sir Joseph Barnby (1838-1896), who was choir boy, student at the Royal Academy of Music, conductor, organist, editor in London and at Eton.

LORD TENNYSON. SIR J. BARNBY.

pp KEY C. S.C.B. *Larghetto.* M. 100.

1. Sweet and low, sweet and low, Wind of the west - ern
2. Sleep and rest, sleep and rest, Fa- ther will come to thee

sea. Low, low. breathe and blow,
soon; Rest, rest on mo - ther's breast,

Wind of the west - ern sea.
Fa- ther will come to thee soon;

O - ver the roll - ing
Father will come to his

wa - ters go, Come from the dy - ing moon, and blow,
babe in the nest, Sil - ver sails all out of the west,

wa - ters go, Come from the moon, and blow,
come to his babe, Sil - ver sails out of the west,

wa - ters go, Come from the moon, and blow,
babe in the nest, Sil - ver sails all out of the west,

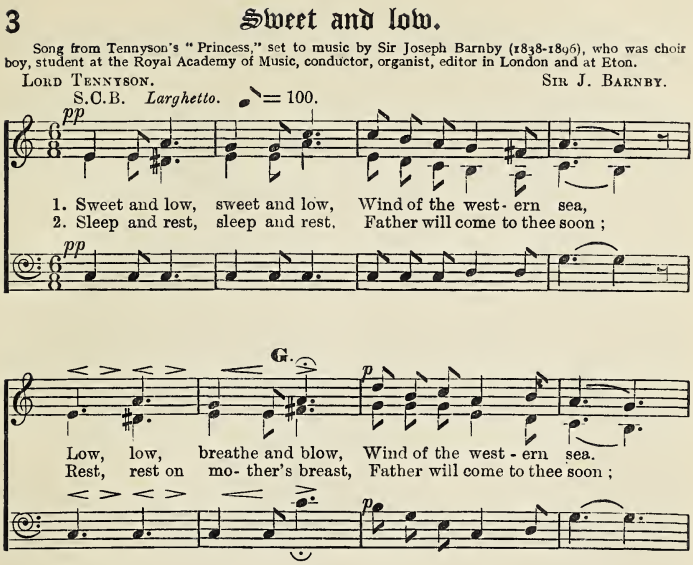
Blow him a - gain to me, While my lit - tle one,
Un-der the sil - ver moon. Sleep, my lit - tle one,

while my pret - ty one sleeps.
sleep, my pret - ty one, sleep.

3 Sweet and low.

Song from Tennyson's "Princess," set to music by Sir Joseph Barnby (1838-1896), who was choir boy, student at the Royal Academy of Music, conductor, organist, editor in London and at Eton.

LORD TENNYSON. SIR J. BARNBY.


S.C.B. *Larghetto.* ♩= 100.
pp
1. Sweet and low, sweet and low, Wind of the west- ern sea,
2. Sleep and rest, sleep and rest, Father will come to thee soon ;
pp
G.
p
Low, low, breathe and blow, Wind of the west - ern sea.
Rest, rest on mo- ther's breast, Father will come to thee soon ;
p
C.
Over the roll-ing wa- ters go, Come from the dy - ing moon, and blow,
Fa-ther will come to his babe in the nest, Sil - ver sails all out of the west,
mf
pp
f
O - ver the wa-ters go, Come from the moon, and blow. Blow him again to
Fa - ther will come to his babe, Sil - ver sails out of the west, Under the sil- ver
mf
pp
f
Over the roll-ing wa- ters go, Come from the moon, and blow,
Fa-ther will come to his babe in the nest, Sil - ver sails all out of the west,
p
rall. e dim.
pp
me, While my lit-tle one, while my pretty one sleeps.
moon, Sleep, my lit-tle one, sleep, my pretty one, sleep.
p
rall. e dim.
pp

4 A-hunting we will go.

Traditional English folk-tune, probably a fiddle tune at first. Henry Fielding, "the father of the English novel," wrote the words for a ballad opera produced in 1733.

KEY **C.** S.C.B. *Jovially.* M. 96, twice. English Air.

:s	d' :- :d' | s :- :f	m :-.r:m | d :- :s	l :- :s | f :-.m:f		
1. The	dusk - y night rides	down the sky, And	ush - ers in the		
2. A -	way they fly to	'scape the rout, Their	steeds they sound - ly		
:s	d' :- :d' | s :- :f	m :-.r:m | d :- :d	d :- :d | d :- :t$_1$		
3. Fond	e - cho seems to	like the sport, And	join the jo - vial		
4. Ye	jo - vial hun - ters.	in the morn Pre-	pare, then for the		
:s	d' :- :d' | s :- :f	m :-.r:m | d :- :m	f :- :m | r :- :s		

m :- :- |- :- :m	s :- :s | l :- :l	t :-.l:t | s :- :s	d' :- :d'		
morn;	The	hounds all join in	glo - rious cry, The	hounds all	
switch;	Some	are thrown in, and	some thrown out Some	are thrown	
d :- :- |- :- :d	r :- :s | fe :- :fe	s :- :r | t$_1$:- :r	s :- :s		
cry;	The	woods, the hills, the	sound re - tort, The	woods, the	
chase;	Rise	at the sound - ing	of the horn, Rise	at the	
d :- :- |- :- :d	t$_1$:- :t$_1$ | r :- :r	s :- :r | s :- :f	m :- :m		

r' :- :r' | m' :-.r':m' | d' :- :s	l :t :d' | r' :m' :f'	s :l :t | d' :- :s			
join in	glo - rious cry, The	hunts - man winds his	horn, The		
in, and	some thrown out, And	some thrown in the	ditch, And		
t :- :t | d' :- :s | m :- :s	f :- :s | f :- :f	s :- :- |- :- :m			
hills the	sound re - tort, And	mu - sic fills the	sky, And		
sound - ing	of the horn, And	health with sport em-	brace, And		
s :- :s | d' :- :s | d' :- :m	f :- :m | r :- :r	s :- :f | m :- :d			

l :- :f | s :- :s	d :- :- |- :m :d	s :- :s | s :- :s			
hunts - man winds his	horn. Then a -	hunt - ing we will			
some thrown in the	ditch. Then a -	hunt - ing we will			
f :- :f | m :- :t$_1$	d :- :- |- :m :d	s :- :m | r :- :d			
mu - sic fills the	sky. Then a -	hunt - ing we will			
health with sport em-	brace. Then a -	hunt - ing we will			
f :s :l | s :- :s$_1$	d :- :- |- :m :d	s :- :d' | t :- :l			

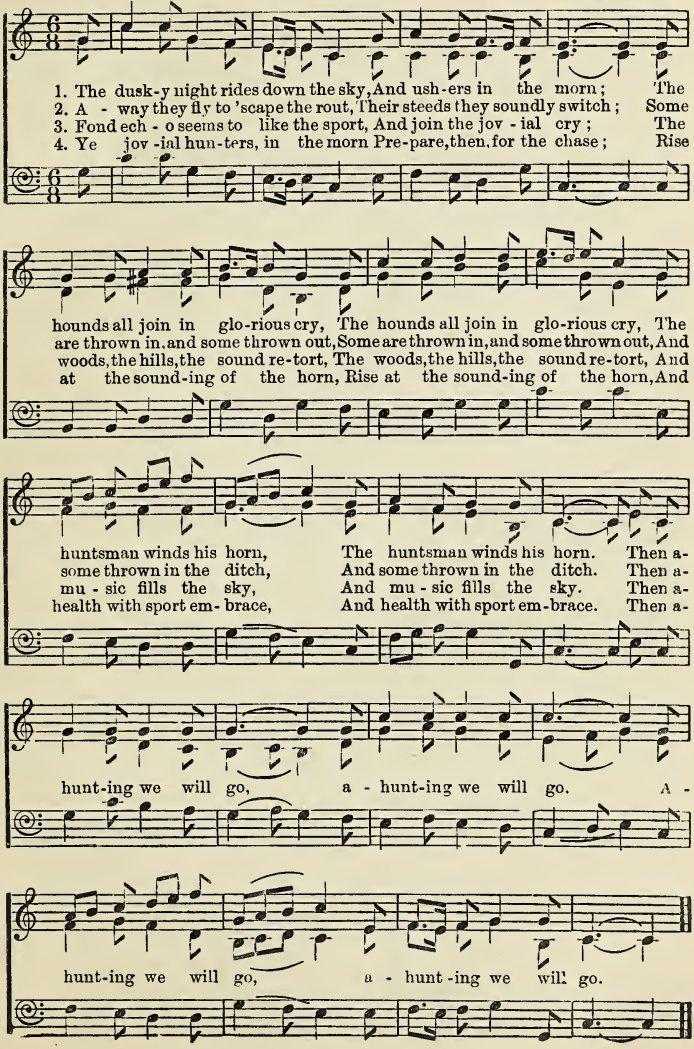
s :- :- |- :- :s	d' :- :d' | d' :- :d'	d' :- :- |- :- :s	l :t :d'		
go, a -	hunt - ing we will	go, A -	hunt - ing		
t$_1$:- :d | t$_1$:- :r	s :- :l | s :- :f	m :- :f | s :- :m	f :- :s		
go, a -	hunt - ing we will	go, A -	hunt - ing		
s :- :l | s :- :f	m :- :f | m :- :r	d :- :r | m :- :d	f :- :m		

r' :m' :f'	s :l :t | d' :- :m	f :-.m:f | s :- :s	d :- :- |- :-		
we will	go, a -	hunt - ing we will	go.		
f :- :r	t$_1$:d :r | d :- :m	f :-.m:f | s :- :t$_1$	d :- :- |- :-		
we will	go, a -	hunt - ing we will	go.		
r :- :r	s :- :f | m :- :m	f :-.m:f | s :- :s$_1$	d :- :- |- :-		

4 A-hunting we will go.

Traditional English folk-tune, probably a fiddle tune at first. Henry Fielding, "the father of the English novel," wrote the words for a ballad opera produced in 1733.

S.C.B. *Jovially.* ♩. = 96. English Air.


1. The dusk-y night rides down the sky, And ush-ers in the morn; The
2. A - way they fly to 'scape the rout, Their steeds they soundly switch; Some
3. Fond ech - o seems to like the sport, And join the jov - ial cry; The
4. Ye jov -ial hun-ters, in the morn Pre-pare, then, for the chase; Rise
hounds all join in glo-rious cry, The hounds all join in glo-rious cry, The
are thrown in, and some thrown out, Some are thrown in, and some thrown out, And
woods, the hills, the sound re-tort, The woods, the hills, the sound re-tort, And
at the sound-ing of the horn, Rise at the sound-ing of the horn, And
huntsman winds his horn, The huntsman winds his horn. Then a-
some thrown in the ditch, And some thrown in the ditch. Then a-
mu - sic fills the sky, And mu - sic fills the sky. Then a-
health with sport em- brace, And health with sport em-brace. Then a-
hunt-ing we will go, a - hunt-ing we will go. A -
hunt-ing we will go, a - hunt -ing we will go.

5 Heart of oak.

Patriotic feeling ran high in 1759 when this song was first sung, as a French invasion was threatened David Garrick, actor and dramatist, wrote the words, and Dr. Boyce, organist and composer and editor, the music. For the events of "this wonderful year" (1759), see history books.

GARRICK. Dr. BOYCE.

f KEY C. S.C.B. *Allegro pomposo.*

:s	d'	:d'	,,d' | d'	:m'	,,r'	d'	:t	,,l | s	:-	.s	
1. Come,	cheer	up,	my lads,	'tis	to	glo -	ry	we steer,		To	
2 We	ne'er	see	our foes	but	we	wish	them	to stay,		They	
: s	m	:m	,,m | m	:s	,,f	m	:s	,,f | m	:-	.m	
3. They	swear	they'll in-vade		us,	these	ter -	ri -	ble foes;		They	
4. We'll	still	make them fear,		and	we'll	still	make	them flee,		And	
:s	d	:m	,,s | d'	:s	,,s	l	:f	,,f | d	:-	.d	

l	:l	,,t | d'	.d'	:r'	,,m'	f'	:m'	,,r' | m'	:m'	,,r'	d'	:m	,,f
add	something more to		this			won -	der -	ful year;	To		hon -	our	we
nev -	er see us	but	they			wish	us	a - way;	If	they	run,	why	we
f	:f	,,f | s	.s	:s		l	:t	,,t | d'	:s	,,f	m	:m	,,f
fright -	en our wo-men, our					chil -	dren	and beaus;	But		should	their	flat
drub	'em on shore, as		we've			drubbed	'em	at sea;	Then		cheer	up,	my
f	:f	,,f | m	.m	:m		r	:s	,,s | d	:s		d'	:m	,,f

| s	:m'	,,r' | d'	:m	,,f | s	:-	.d'	| m'	:r'	,,d' | s'	:t	,,d'
call	you, as	free -	men, not slaves,			For	who	are	so free	as	the
fol -	low, and	run	them a - shore,			For.	if	they	won't fight	us,	we
| s	:s	,,f | m	:m	,,f | s	:-	.m	fe	:fe	,,fe' | s	:s	,,s
bot -	toms in	dark -	ness get o'er,			Still	Bri -	tons	they'll find	to	re-
lads,	with one	heart	let us sing,			Our	sol -	diers, our	sail -	ors,	our
| s	:s	,,s | d'	:m	,,f | s	:-	.d'	l	:l	,,l | t	:s	,,m

r'	:r'	,,r' | s		r'	,,r'	r'	:t	,,d' | r'	:m'	,,m'	
sons	of	the waves.		Heart of		oak	are	our ships,	Heart of		
can -	not	do more.									
s	:fe	,,fe | s		t	,,t	t	:s	,,l | t	:s	,,s	
ceive	them	on shore.		Heart of		oak	are	our ships,	Heart of		
states -	men,	our king.									
r	:r	,,r | s		s	,,s	s	:s	,,s | s	:d	,,d	

m'	:d'	,,r' | m'	:-	.m'	d'	:t	.m'	| d' .l	:	d',d'.-	:s
oak	are	our men;		We	al -	ways	are	read y;		Steady,	boys,
s	:s	,,s | s	:-	.s	s	:se	.se	| l .l	:	d',d'.-	:s
oak	are	our men;		We	al -	ways	are	read-y;		Steady,	boys,
d	:m	,,s | d'	:-	.d'	m	:m	.m	| l .l	:	d',d'.-	:s

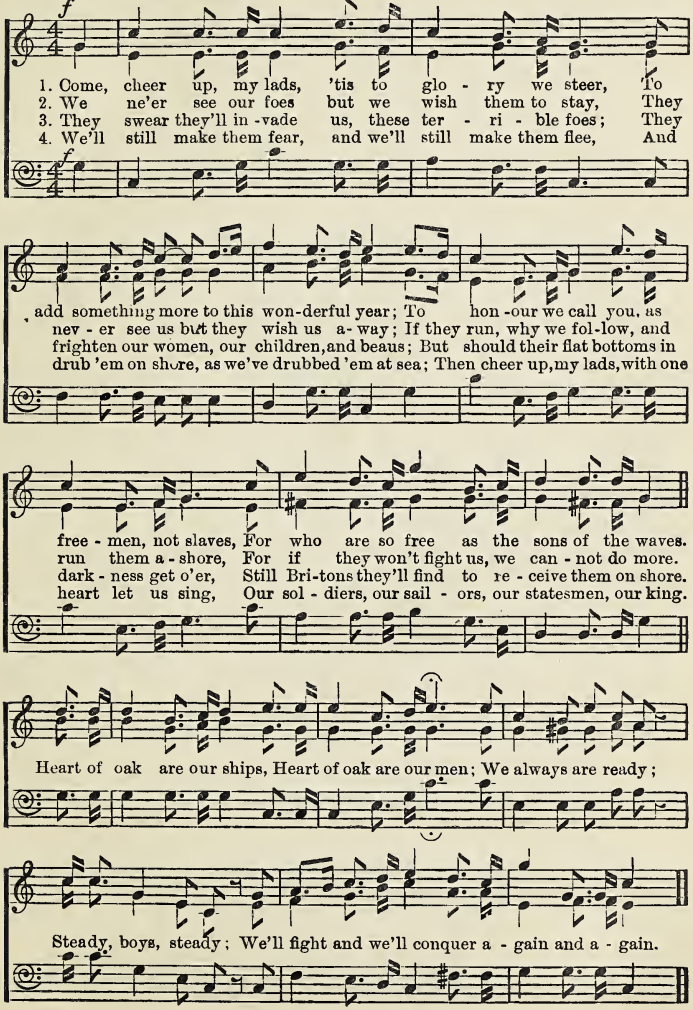
| m	.d	:	.s	l	,,t	:d'	,,r' | m'		:r'	,,d'	s'	:s	,,s | d'	
steady;		We'll		fight		and we'll con -		quer	a-		gain	and	a - gain.	
| m	.d	:	.m	f		:s	,,t | d'		:l	,,l	m	:f	,,f | m	
steady;		We'll		fight		and we'll con -		quer	a-		gain	and	a - gain.	
| m	.d	:	.d	f		:m	,,r | d		:fe	,,fe	s	:s	,,s | d	

5 Heart of oak.

Patriotic feeling ran high in 1759 when this song was first sung, as a French invasion was threatened David Garrick, actor and dramatist, wrote the words, and Dr. Boyce, organist and composer and editor, the music. For the events of "this wonderful year" (1759), see history books.

GARRICK. DR. BOYCE.

S.C.B. *Allegro pomposo.*


f
1. Come, cheer up, my lads, 'tis to glo - ry we steer, To
2. We ne'er see our foes but we wish them to stay, They
3. They swear they'll in - vade us, these ter - ri - ble foes; They
4. We'll still make them fear, and we'll still make them flee, And
f
add something more to this won-derful year; To hon - our we call you, as
nev - er see us but they wish us a - way; If they run, why we fol - low, and
frighten our women, our children, and beaus; But should their flat bottoms in
drub 'em on shore, as we've drubbed 'em at sea; Then cheer up, my lads, with one
free - men, not slaves, For who are so free as the sons of the waves.
run them a - shore, For if they won't fight us, we can - not do more.
dark - ness get o'er, Still Bri - tons they'll find to re - ceive them on shore.
heart let us sing, Our sol - diers, our sail - ors, our statesmen, our king.
Heart of oak are our ships, Heart of oak are our men; We always are ready;
Steady, boys, steady; We'll fight and we'll conquer a - gain and a - gain.

6 Home! sweet home!

Payne, who wrote the words, was for part of his life at least, a homeless wanderer. Born in New York in 1792, he spent twenty years in England as actor and dramatic author, returning to poverty in America. Bishop was a noted composer of operas, glees, etc., in the last century.

J. H. Payne. Sir H. R. Bishop.

mf KEY F. S.C.B.

:d	m :-.f | f :-.s	s :-.m | m :s	f :-.m | f :r	m :— |— :d.d
1.'Mid	plea - sures and	pal - a- ces,	though we may	roam, Be it
:d	d :-.r | r :-.m	m :-.d | d :m	r :-.d | r :t_1	d :— |— :d.d
2.An	ex - ile from	home, splendour	daz - zles in	vain. Oh,
:d	d :— | d :-.d	d :-.d | d :d	r :— | s_1 :s_1	d :— |— :d.d

m :-.f | f :-.s	s :— | m :s	f :-.m | f :r	d :— |— :s
ev - er so	hum - ble, there's	no place like	home! A
d :— | d :-.d	d :— | d :ta_1	l_1 :— | l_1 :t_1	d :— |— :m
give me my	low - ly thatch'd	cot - tage a -	gain; The
d :-.r | r :-.m	m :— | d :de	r :— | r :s_1	d :— |— :d

d' :-.t | l :-.s	s :— | m :s	f :-.m | f :r	m :— |— :s
charm from the	skies seems to	hal - low us	there, Which,
l :-.s | f :-.m	m :— | d :d	t_1 :— | t_1 :t_1	d :— |— :t_1
birds sing - ing	gai - ly, that	come at my	call, Give me
d :— | d :-.d	d :— | d :m	r :— | s_1 :s_1	d :— |— :r

d' :-.t | l :-.s	s :-.m | m :s	s :f |— :r	d :— |— :—
seek through the	world, is not	met with else-	where.
d :— | d :-.m	m :-.d | d :ta_1	ta_1 :l_1 |— :t_1	d :— |— :—
them with the	peace of mind,	dear-er than	all.
m :— | f :l_1	d :-.d | d :m_1	m_1 :f_1 |— :s_1	d :— |— :—

f

s :— |— :—	f :— | r :—	d : | r :	m :— |— :s
Home!	home!	sweet, sweet	home! There's
ta_1 :— |— :—	l_1 :— | f_1 :—	s_1 : | t_1 :	d :— |— :t_1
Home!	home!	sweet, sweet	home! There's
m :— |— :—	f :— | f_1 :—	m_1 : | s_1 :	d :— |— :r

d' :-.t | l :-.s	s :— | m :s	s :l | f :r	d :— |— :—
no place like	home! There's	no place like	home!
d :— | d :-.m	m :— | d :ta_1	l_1 :— | l_1 :t_1	d :— |— :—
no place like	home! There's	no place like	home!
m :— | f :l_1	d :— |— :m	f :— | f_1 :s_1	d :— |— :—

pp

s :— |— :—	f :— | r :—	d : | r :	m :— |— :s
Home!	home!	sweet, sweet	home! There's
ta_1 :— |— :—	l_1 :— |— :—	s_1 : | t_1 :	d :— |— :m
Home!	home!	sweet, sweet	home! There's
m :— |— :—	f :— | f_1 :—	m_1 : | s_1 :	d :— |— :d

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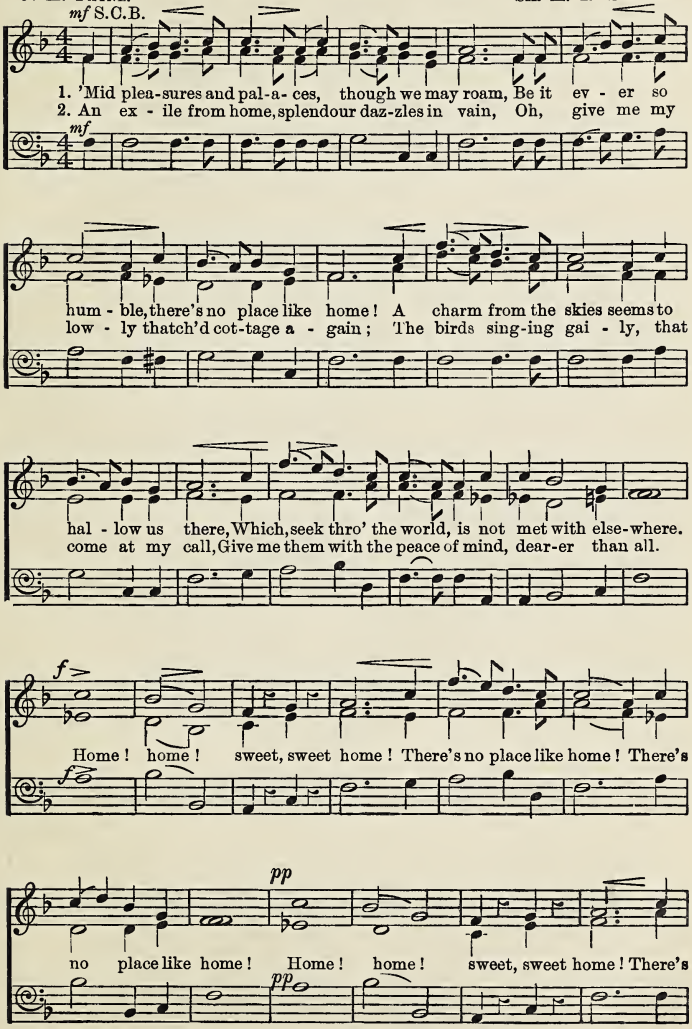

mf S.C.B.
1. 'Mid plea-sures and pal-a- ces, though we may roam, Be it ev - er so
2. An ex - ile from home, splendour daz-zles in vain, Oh, give me my
mf
hum - ble, there's no place like home! A charm from the skies seems to
low - ly thatch'd cot-tage a - gain; The birds sing-ing gai - ly, that
hal - low us there, Which, seek thro' the world, is not met with else-where.
come at my call, Give me them with the peace of mind, dear-er than all.
f
Home! home! sweet, sweet home! There's no place like home! There's
f
pp
no place like home! Home! home! sweet, sweet home! There's
pp

[F.]

d' :-.t | l :-.s	s :— | m :s	s :l | f :r	d :— |—
no place like	home ! There's	no place like	home !
l :-.s | f :-.m	m :— | d :ta,	l, :— | l, :f,	m, :— |—
no place like	home ! There's	no place like	home !
d :— | d :-.d	d :— |— :d	f, :— | f, :s,	d :— |—

7 God bless the Prince of Wales.

Composed in 1863 in honour of the Prince of Wales, afterwards King Edward VII, this song has taken a permanent place as a national song. Brinley Richards was a composer and teacher in London, a patriotic Welshman.

English words by Geo. Linley and Florence Hoare.
Welsh by J. Ceiriog Hughes and D. Emlyn Evans. Brinley Richards.
key B♭. S.C.B.

:s, | m :-.s | f :m	m :— | r :r	d :-.m | r :d	t, :— |— :s,
1.A - mong our an- cient	moun - tains, And	from our love-ly	vales, Oh !
1.Ar D'wys-og Gwlad y	Bryn - iau, O	boed i'r Nef-oedd	Wen, Roi
:s, | d :-.d | t, :d	d :— | t, :t,	l, :-.s, | fe, :fe,	s, :— |— :s,
2.So gra- cious, kind, and	ten - der, Prin-	cess and comrade	too, To
2.Ac ar y dêg D'wy-	so - ges, Ei	bri - od fwynaidd	fryd, Ty-
:s, | d, :-.m, | r, :d,	s, :— | s, :s,	l, :-.l, | r :r,	s, :— |— :f,
3.Should hos - tile bands or	dan - ger E'er	threat-en our fair	Isle, May
3.Ei fan - er ef fo	u - chaf Ar	goed- wig fyw y	môr ! Ai

Fine. F.t.

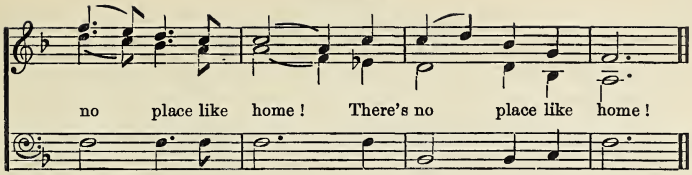
s :-.m | d :t,	l, :l, |— :f	m :-.d | r :-.d	d :— |—	m l
let the pray'r re-	ech - o, "God	bless the Prince of	Wales ! "	With
idd - o gyd- a	cho- ron, Ei	ben - dith ar ei	ben !	Pan
s, :-.s, | s, :se,	l, :l, |— :l,	s, :-.m, | f, :-.m,	m, :— |—	s, | d
her all hearts sur-	ren - der, To	her all hearts are	true.	May
wyn - edd heul-wen	ffyn-iant Dan	wen - au'r Nef o	hyd :	Ei
m, :-.m, | m, :m,	f, :f, |— :f,	s, :-.s, | s, :-.d,	d, :— |—	d f
God's strong arm pro-	tect us, May	heav'n still on us	smile !	A-
lin - iau ef fo	is - af, Wrth	or - sedd faingc yr	Iôr !	Dyr-

s :-.r | m :f	m :s |— :m	r :s | d' :-.d'	t :— |— :t
heart and voice a -	wak-en Those	min-strel strains of	yore, Till
syr - thio'r aur wi -	a - len, Pan	e - lo un i'r	nef, Y
t, :-.t, | d :t,	d :d |— :d	t, :r | m :fe	s :— |— :r
Time, with hand ca -	ress-ing, Fill	all her ways with	love, That
thy - ner gyd- ym-	deimlad Sir -	iol - a'r ys - ig	fron, Ai
f :-.f | m :r	d :m |— :d	s, :t, | l, :r	s, :— |— :f
bove the throne of	Eng-land May	Fortune's star long	shine ! And
cha - fer gor- sedd	Pry-dain, Yn	ngharíad Duw a	dyn : Yn

f. B♭. D.C. al Fine

l' :-.t | l :s	m :s |— :d	d :-.m | r :-.d	d s, :— |—
Bri - tain's name and	glo - ry Re -	sound from shore to	shore.
Nef a ddal- ioi	iyn - y, Ei	law fre-ni - nol	ef !
d :-.d | d :d	d :d |— :l,	m, :-.s, | f, :-.m,	m t, :— |—
she, with kind- ness	bless-ing, Our	loy - al-ty may	prove.
phre - sen-ol - deb	gras - lawn Wna	bawb o'i chylch yn	llon.
m :-.m | f :m.r	d :m |m, :f,	s, :-.s, | s, :-.d	d s, :— |—
round its sa - cred	bul - warks The	o - live branch - es	twine.
ag - os at or -	sedd- faingc, Y	Bre - nin Mawr ei	Hun !

Note.—Repeat 1st four lines of Verse 1 for Chorus.



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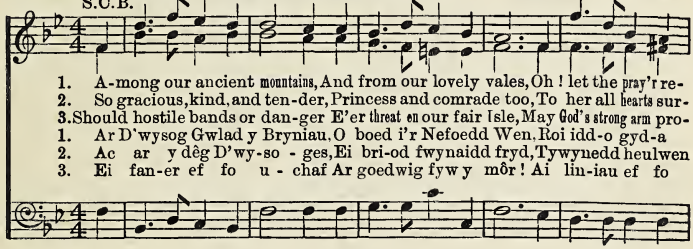
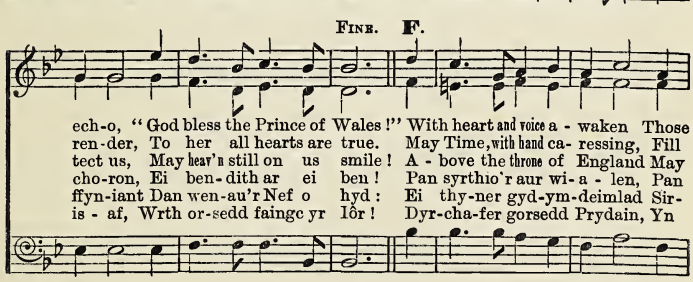
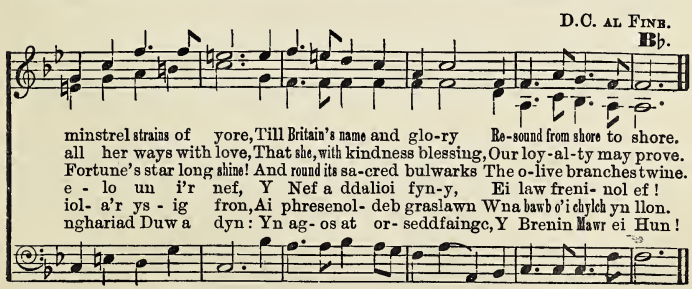

S.C.B.
1. A-mong our ancient mountains, And from our lovely vales, Oh ! let the pray'r re-
2. So gracious, kind, and ten-der, Princess and comrade too, To her all hearts sur-
3. Should hostile bands or dan-ger E'er threat en our fair Isle, May God's strong arm pro-
1. Ar D'wysog Gwlad y Bryniau, O boed i'r Nefoedd Wen. Roi idd-o gyd-a
2. Ac ar y dêg D'wy-so - ges, Ei bri-od fwynaidd fryd, Tywynedd heulwen
3. Ei fan-er ef fo u - chaf Ar goedwig fyw y môr ! Ai lin-iau ef fo

Fine. F.
ech-o, " God bless the Prince of Wales !" With heart and voice a - waken Those
ren-der, To her all hearts are true. May Time, with hand ca- ressing, Fill
tect us, May hear'n still on us smile ! A - bove the throne of England May
cho-ron, Ei ben-dith ar ei ben ! Pan syrthio'r aur wi-a - len, Pan
ffyn-iant Dan wen-au'r Nef o hyd : Ei thy-ner gyd-ym-deimlad Sir-
is - af, Wrth or-sedd faingc yr Iôr ! Dyr-cha-fer gorsedd Prydain, Yn


D.C. al Fine.
B♭.
minstrel strains of yore, Till Britain's name and glo-ry Re-sound from shore to shore.
all her ways with love, That she, with kindness blessing, Our loy-al-ty may prove.
Fortune's star long shine ! And round its sa-cred bulwarks The o-live branches twine.
e - lo un i'r nef, Y Nef a ddalioi fyn-y, Ei law freni- nol ef !
iol- a'r ys - ig fron, Ai phresenol- deb graslawn Wna bawb o'i chylch yn llon.
nghariad Duw a dyn : Yn ag- os at or- seddfaingc, Y Brenin Mawr ei Hun !

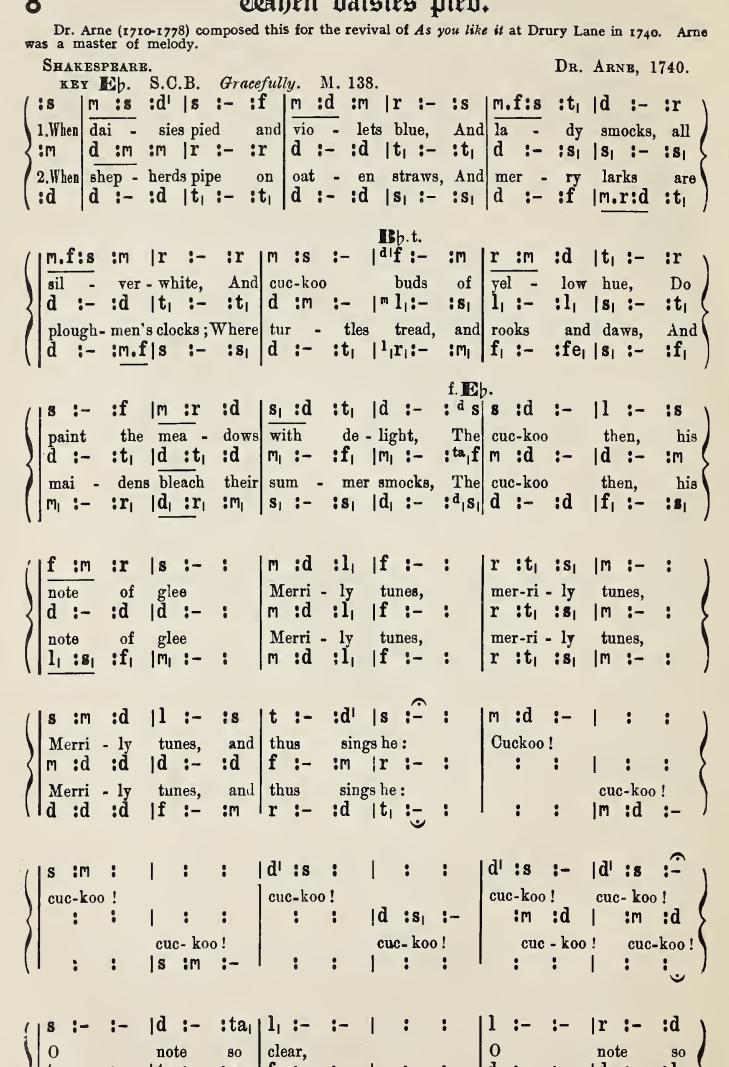
Note.—Repeat 1st four lines of Verse 1 for Chorus.

8 When daisies pied.

Dr. Arne (1710-1778) composed this for the revival of *As you like it* at Drury Lane in 1740. Arne was a master of melody.

SHAKESPEARE. DR. ARNE, 1740.

KEY E♭. S.C.B. *Gracefully.* M. 138.


1.When dai - sies pied and vio - lets blue, And la - dy smocks, all
2.When shep - herds pipe on oat - en straws, And mer - ry larks are
B♭.t.
sil - ver - white, And cuc-koo buds of yel - low hue, Do
plough- men's clocks; Where tur - tles tread, and rooks and daws, And
f. E♭.
paint the mea - dows with de - light, The cuc-koo then, his
mai - dens bleach their sum - mer smocks, The cuc-koo then, his
note of glee Merri - ly tunes, mer-ri - ly tunes,
note of glee Merri - ly tunes, mer-ri - ly tunes,
Merri - ly tunes, and thus sings he: Cuckoo!
Merri - ly tunes, and thus sings he: cuc-koo!
cuc-koo! cuc-koo! cuc-koo! cuc-koo! cuc-koo! cuc-koo!
O note so clear, O note so
O note so clear, O note so

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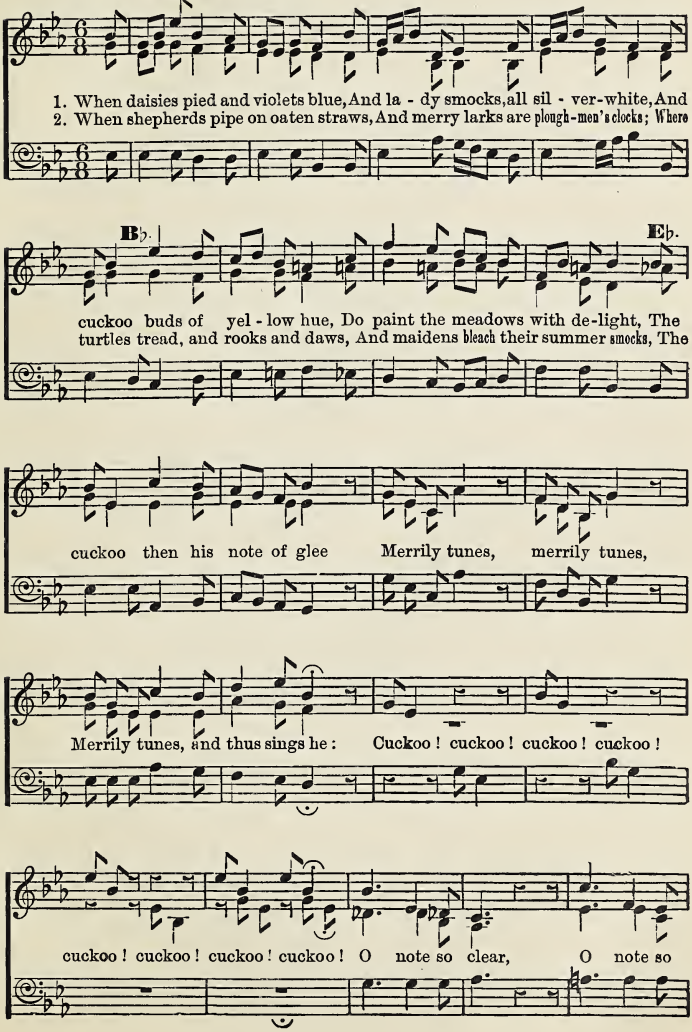
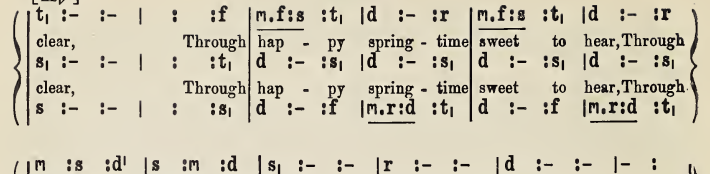

1. When daisies pied and violets blue, And la - dy smocks, all sil - ver-white, And
2. When shepherds pipe on oaten straws, And merry larks are plough-men's clocks; When
B♭.
E♭.
cuckoo buds of yel - low hue, Do paint the meadows with de-light, The
turtles tread, and rooks and daws, And maidens bleach their summer smocks, The
cuckoo then his note of glee Merrily tunes, merrily tunes,
Merrily tunes, and thus sings he: Cuckoo! cuckoo! cuckoo! cuckoo!
cuckoo! cuckoo! cuckoo! cuckoo! O note so clear, O note so

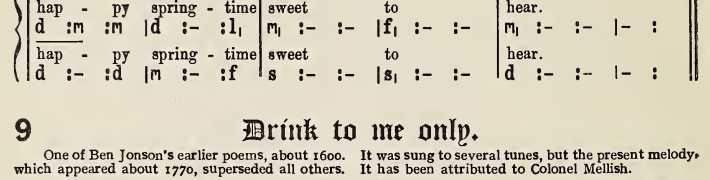

[E♭.]
clear, Through hap - py spring - time sweet to hear, Through
clear, Through hap - py spring - time sweet to hear, Through
hap - py spring - time sweet to hear.
hap - py spring - time sweet to hear.

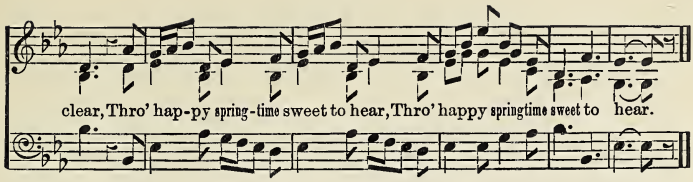
9 Drink to me only.

One of Ben Jonson's earlier poems, about 1600. It was sung to several tunes, but the present melody, which appeared about 1770, superseded all others. It has been attributed to Colonel Mellish.

Ben Jonson. Old English.

KEY F. S.C.B.


1. Drink to me on - ly with thine eyes, And I will pledge with
2 I sent thee late a ro - sy wreath, Not so much know - ing
mine, Or leave a kiss with- in the cup, And I'll not
thee, As giv-ing it a hope that there It could not
ask for wine. The thirst that from the soul doth rise Doth
wither - ed be. But thou thereon didst on - ly breathe, And
ask a drink di- vine, But might I of Jove's
de - de Since when it grows and
nec - tar sip, I would not change for thine.
smells, I swear, Not of it - self but thee.



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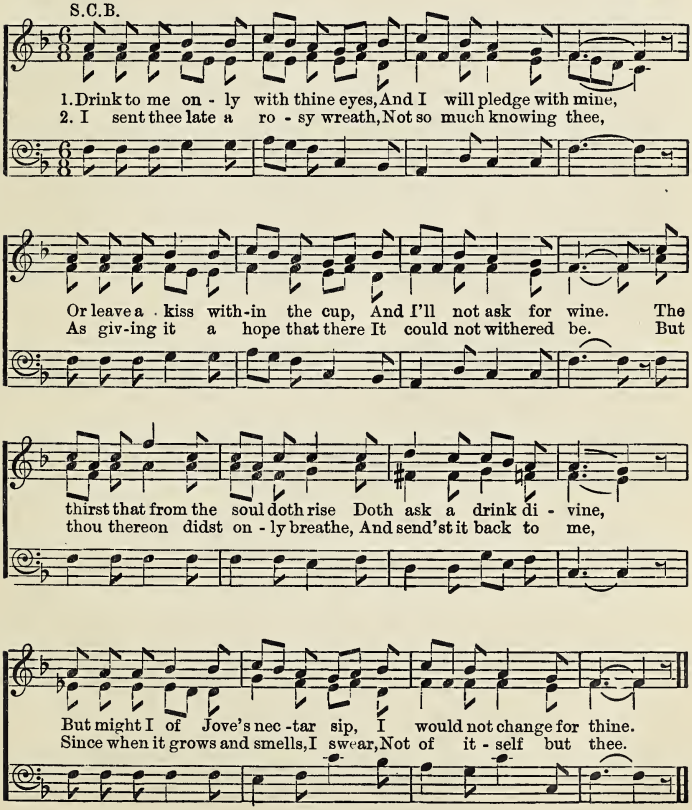

1. Drink to me on - ly with thine eyes, And I will pledge with mine,
2. I sent thee late a ro - sy wreath, Not so much knowing thee,
Or leave a kiss with-in the cup, And I'll not ask for wine. The
As giv-ing it a hope that there It could not withered be. But
thirst that from the soul doth rise Doth ask a drink di - vine,
thou thereon didst on - ly breathe, And send'st it back to me,
But might I of Jove's nec - tar sip, I would not change for thine.
Since when it grows and smells, I swear, Not of it - self but thee.

10 The Maple Leaf for ever.

(Canadian National Song.)

Mr. Muir, a school teacher in Toronto, wrote both words and music. The song has been accepted as the national air of Canada.

KEY B♭. S.C.B. *Con spirito.* Alexander Muir (by permission).

:s,	m,	:s,	|m	:-.d	|l,	:d	|s,	:—		t,	:-.d	|r	:d		
1.In	days	of	yore,	from	Bri -	tain's	shore,			Wolfe,	the	daunt-	less		
2.At	Queenston	Heights	and		Lun -	dy's	Lane			Our	brave	fa -	thers		
:s,	m,	:m,	|s,	:-.s,	|l,	:l,	|m,	:—		r,	:-.m,	|f,	:m,		
3.Our	fair	Do -	min -	ion	now	ex -	tends			From	Cape	Race	to		
4.On	mer -	ry	Eng -	land's	far -	famed	land			May	kind	hea -	ven		
:s,	d	:s,	|d,	:m,	|f,	:l,	|d	:—		s,	:-.s,	|s,	:l,		

t,	:l,	|s,	:-.f,	|m,	:s,	|d	:d		|m	:d	|l,	:t,.d			
he -	ro,	came,	And	plant-	ed	firm	Bri -		tan -	nia's	flag	On			
side	by	side,	For	free -	dom,	home,	and		loved	ones	dear	Firmly			
r,	:d,	|t$_2$	:-.t,	|d	:m,	|m,	:s,		|s,	:s,	|l,	:s,			
Noot-	ka	Sound;	May	peace	for	ev -	er		be	our	lot,	And			
sweet-	ly	smile;	God	bless	old	Scot -	land		ev -	er -	more,	And			
r,	:r,	|s,	:-.s,	|d	:d	|s,	:m,		|d,	:m,	|f,	:m,			

r.r	:d	|t,	:l,.s,	|s,	:—	|	:s,		|l,	:s,	|d	:-.s,			
Cana-	da's	fair	do -	main.			Here		may	it	wave,	our			
stood	and	no -	bly	died;			And		those	dear	rights	which			
t$_2$.t$_2$	:d,	|r,	:d,	t$_2$	:—	|	:s,		f,	:f,	|s,	:-.s,			
plen -	teous	store	a -	bound;			And		may	those	ties	of			
Ire -	land's	em -	'rald	isle;			Then		swell	the	song	both			
r,.r,	:r,	|r,	:r,	s,	:—	|	:m,		f,	:f,	|m,	:-.m,			

l,	:d	|s,	:s,	l,	:l,	|f	:-.m		m.r	:—	|	:s,			
boast,	our	pride,	And	joined	in	love	to-		gether,			The			
they	main -	tained	We	swear	to	yield	them		never!			Our			
f,	:l,	|s,	:s,	l,	:l,	|l,	:t,.d		d.t,	:—	|	:s,			
love	be	ours	Which	dis -	cord	can	- not		sever,			And			
loud	and	long,	Till	rocks	and	for	- est		quiver,			God			
f,	:f,	|m,	:m,	f,	:m,	|r,	:-.d,		s,.s,	:—	|	:f,			

s	:m	|d	:t,	l,	:d	|s,	:-.s,		l,	:f	|m	:-.r			
This -	tle,	Sham -	rock,	Rose	en -	twine	The		Ma -	ple	Leaf	for			
watch-	word	ev -	er -	more	shall	be	The		Ma -	ple	Leaf	for			
d	:d	|d	:s,	s,	:f,	|m,	:-.s,		f,	:l,	|s,	:-.f,			
flour -	ish	green	o'er	Free -	dom's	home	The		Ma -	ple	Leaf	for			
save	our	King,	and	hea -	ven	bless	the		Ma -	ple	Leaf	for			
m,	:m,	|m,	:m,	f,	:l,	|d	:-.m,		f,	:r,	|s,	:-.s,			

Chorus.

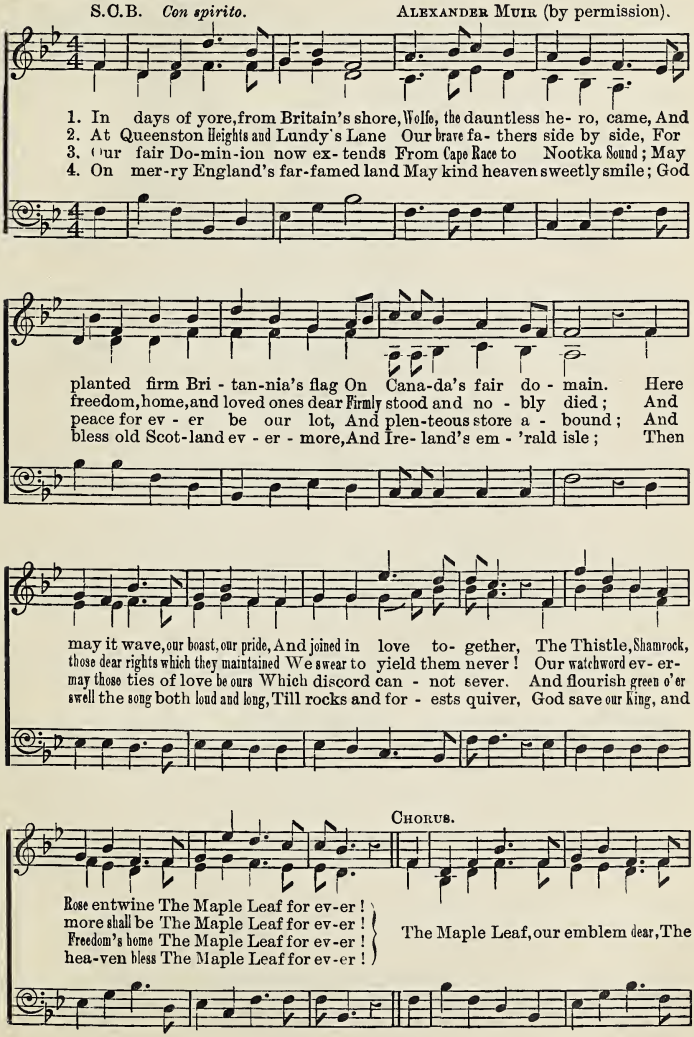
r.d	:—	|	s,	m,	:s,	|d	:-.s,		l,	:d	|s,	:-.s,			
ev-er!			The	Ma -	ple	Leaf,	our		em -	blem	dear,	The			
f,.m,	:—	|	s,	d,	:m,	|s,	:-.s,		f,	:f,	|m,	:-.s,			
ev-er!			The	Ma -	ple	Leaf,	our		em -	blem	dear,	The			
s,.d,	:—	|	s,	d	:s,	|m,	:d,		f,	:l,	|d	:-.s,			

10 The Maple Leaf for ever.

(Canadian National Song.)

Mr. Muir, a school teacher in Toronto, wrote both words and music. The song has been accepted as the national air of Canada.

S.C.B. *Con spirito.* Alexander Muir (by permission).


1. In days of yore, from Britain's shore, Wolfe, the dauntless he- ro, came, And
2. At Queenston Heights and Lundy's Lane Our brave fa- thers side by side, For
3. Our fair Do-min-ion now ex- tends From Cape Race to Nootka Sound; May
4. On mer-ry England's far-famed land May kind heaven sweetly smile; God
planted firm Bri - tan-nia's flag On Cana-da's fair do - main. Here
freedom, home, and loved ones dear Firmly stood and no - bly died; And
peace for ev - er be our lot, And plen-teous store a - bound; And
bless old Scot-land ev - er - more, And Ire- land's em - 'rald isle; Then
may it wave, our boast, our pride, And joined in love to- gether, The Thistle, Shamrock,
those dear rights which they maintained We swear to yield them never! Our watchword ev- er-
may those ties of love be ours Which discord can - not sever. And flourish green o'er
swell the song both loud and long, Till rocks and for - ests quiver, God save our King, and
Chorus.
Rose entwine The Maple Leaf for ev-er!
more shall be The Maple Leaf for ev-er!
Freedom's home The Maple Leaf for ev-er!
hea-ven bless The Maple Leaf for ev-er!
The Maple Leaf, our emblem dear, The

[B♭.]

s,	:s,	|f	:- .m	|m .r	:—	|	:s,	|s	:m	|d	:t,
Ma - ple		Leaf	for	ev-er;			God	save	our	King,	and
f,	:m,	|r,	:- .d,	|d, t$_2$	:—	|	:s,	|d	:d	|d	:s,
Ma - ple		Leaf	for	ev-er;			God	save	our	King,	and
s,	:s,	|s,	:- .s,	|s, s,	:—	|	:f,	|m,	:m,	|m,	:m,

l,	:d	|s,	:- .s,	|l,	:f	|m	:- .r	|r .d	:—	|
hea - ven		bless	The	Ma - ple		Leaf	for	ev-er!		
s,	:f,	|m,	:- .s,	|f,	:l,	|s,	:- .f,	|f, .m,	:—	|
hea - ven		bless	The	Ma - ple		Leaf	for	ev-er!		
f,	:l,	|d	:- .m,	|f,	:r,	|s,	:- .s,	|s, .d,	:—	|

11 Barbara Allen.

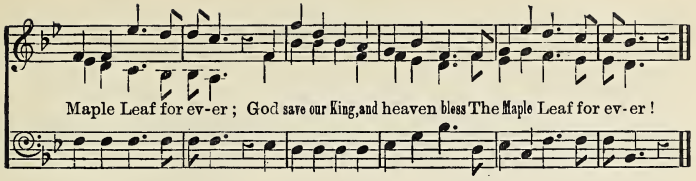
An old English ballad, included by Percy in his "Reliques of Ancient English Poetry," 1765. Many melodies have been sung to it, but this one is now accepted. Neither composer nor author are known.

KEY **E**. S.C.B. *Tenderly.* M. 88. Old English.

:d	|m .f	:s	:- .f	|m .r	:d	:- .r	|m .s	:d'	:d'	|t .s	:—	:t
1. In	Scarlet Town		where	I was born,		There	was a fair		maid	dwellin',		Made
:d	|d .d	:d	:- .d	|d .t$_1$	:d	:- .t$_1$	|d .r	:m	:fe	|s .t$_1$	:—	:s
2. He	turn'd his face		un-	to her straight,		With	deadly sor -		row	sighing,		O
:d	|d .l	:m	:- .f	|s .s$_1$	:l$_1$	:- .s$_1$	|d .t$_1$	:l$_1$	:r	|s$_1$ .s$_1$	:—	:s
3. When	he was dead,		and	laid in grave,		Her	heart was struck with			sorrow,		O

d'.l	:f	:s .l	s .m	:d	: .r	|m .s	:l	:s	|m .d	:	:d
ev'ry youth		cry	well-a-day!		Her	name was Bar-b'ra			Allen.		All
l .f	:d	:d	d .d	:d	: .t$_1$	|d .d	:d	:t$_1$	|d .d	:	:d
lovely maid,		come	pi-ty	me,	I'm	on my death-bed			ly-ing.		If
f .f	:l$_1$	:f	m .m	:m	: .s$_1$	|d .m	:f	:s	|d .d	:	:d
mother, mo -		ther,	make my bed,		For	I shall die		to -	morrow.		Fare -

m .f	:s	:- .f	m .r	:d	:- .r	|m .s	:d'	:d'	|t .s	:—	:t
in the mer	-	ry	month of May,		When	green buds they were			swellin',		Young
d .d	:d	:- .t$_1$	d .s$_1$	:m$_1$	:- .t$_1$	|d .r	:d	:r	|r .t$_1$	:—	:r
on your death	-	bed	you do lie		What	needs the tale you're			tellin'?		I
t$_1$ .l$_1$	:s$_1$	:- .s$_1$	l$_1$ .t$_1$	:d	:- .s$_1$	|d .t$_1$	:l$_1$ .s$_1$	:fe$_1$	|s$_1$ .s$_1$	:—	:s$_1$
well, she said,		yet	virgins all,		And	shun the fault I			fell in:		Hence-

d'.l	:f	:s .l	s .m	:d	:r	|m .s	:l	:s	|m .d	:
Jemmy Grove		on his	death-bed lay,		For	love of Bar -		b'ra	Al- len.	
d .d	:d	:r .r	m .d	:d	:t$_1$	|ta$_1$ .ta$_1$	:l$_1$	:t$_1$	|d .d	:
cannot keep		you	from your death;		Fare-	well, said Bar -		b'ra	Al- len.	
l$_1$ .l$_1$	:l$_1$	:t$_1$ .t$_1$	d .d	:l$_1$	:s$_1$	|d .d	:f	:s	|d .d	:
forth take		warning	from the fall		Of	cru-el Bar -		b'ra	Al- len.	

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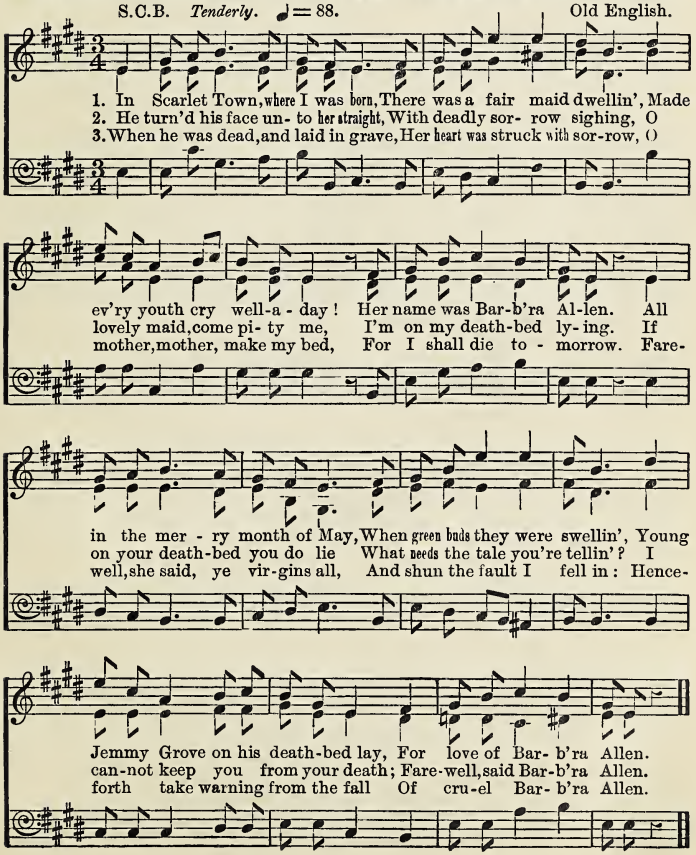
1. In Scarlet Town, where I was born, There was a fair maid dwellin', Made
2. He turn'd his face un- to her straight, With deadly sor- row sighing, O
3. When he was dead, and laid in grave, Her heart was struck with sor-row, O
ev'ry youth cry well-a - day ! Her name was Bar-b'ra Al-len. All
lovely maid, come pi- ty me, I'm on my death-bed ly- ing. If
mother, mother, make my bed, For I shall die to - morrow. Fare-
in the mer - ry month of May, When green buds they were swellin', Young
on your death-bed you do lie What needs the tale you're tellin' ? I
well, she said, ye vir-gins all, And shun the fault I fell in : Hence-
Jemmy Grove on his death-bed lay, For love of Bar- b'ra Allen.
can-not keep you from your death ; Fare-well, said Bar-b'ra Allen.
forth take warning from the fall Of cru-el Bar- b'ra Allen.

12 Fairest Isle.

The song of Venus in the musical play *King Arthur*, which Purcell produced in association with Dryden, in 1691.

KEY G. S.C.B. HENRY PURCELL, 1691.

m	:s	:—	d	:—	:s	l.s	:l.t	:l	s	:—	:m
1. Fair-	est		isle,		of	isles		ex -	cel	-	ling,
d	:m	:t_l	d	:—	:d	d	:—	:d	m	:—	:d
2. Gen	-	tle	mur	-	murs,	sweet		com -	plain	-	ing,
d	:—	:s_l	l_l	:—	:m	f	:—	:f	d	:—	:d

m.f	:s	:r	m.r	:d	:t_l	l_l.t_l	:d	:r	t_l	:s	:f
Seat		of	plea	-	sure	and		of	loves,		
d	:r	:t_l	s_l	:fe_l	:s_l	s_l	:fe_l	:—	s_l	:—	:—
Sighs		that	blow		the	fire	of		love,		
d	:t_l	:s_l	d.t_l	:l_l	:s_l	r	:—	:r	s_l	:—	:—

m	:s	:—	d	:—	:s	l.s	:l.t	:l	s	:—	:m
Ve -	nus		here		will	choose		her	dwell	-	ing,
d	:m	:t_l	d	:—	:d	d	:—	:d	m	:—	:d
Soft		re -	puls	-	es,	kind		dis -	dain	-	ing,
d	:—	:s_l	l_l	:—	:m	f	:—	:f	d	:—	:d

m.f	:s	:r	m.r	:d	:t_l	l_l.t_l	:d	:r	t_l	:—	:—	r	:t_l	:—
And		for -	sake		her	Cy	-	prian	groves.			Cu -	pid	
d	:r	:t_l	s_l	:fe_l	:s_l	s_l	:fe_l	:—	s_l	:—	:—	t_l	:s_l	:—
Shall		be	all		the	pains	you		prove.			Ev	- 'ry	
d	:t_l	:s_l	d.t_l	:l_l	:s_l	r	:—	:r	s_l	:—	:—	s_l	:—	:f_l

m	:—	:d	f	:r	:—	m	:—	:m	m.f	:s.l	:s	d	:—	:r
from		his	favourite			na	-	tion	Care		and	en	-	vy
d	:—	:d	d	:t_l	:—	d	:—	:d	d	:—	:d	d	:—	:ta_l
swain		shall	pay	his		du	-	ty,	Grate	-	ful	ev	- 'ry	
m_l	:—	:l_l	r	:s_l	:—	d	:—	:d	ta_l	:—	:ta_l	l_l	:—	:s_l

r.m	:f.m	:r	r	:—	:—	s	:m	:—	d	:—	:m	f.m	:r.m	:r.d
will		re -	move,			Jea -	lous	-	y,		that	poi	-	sons
l_l	:—	:f_l	f_l	:—	:—	r	:d	:—	d	:—	:t_l	l_l	:—	:l_l
nymph		shall	prove;			And	as		these		ex -	cel	in	
f_l	:—	:l_l	r	:—	:- .d	t_l	:d	:—	l_l	:—	:s_l	f_l	:—	:fe_l

r	:s_l	:s_l	d.t_l	:l_l	:f	f.m	:r	:s	s.f	:m	:r.d	d	:—	:—
pas -	sion,		And	de -		spair	that		dies		for	love.		
t_l	:s_l	:—	s_l	:l_l	:l_l	t_l	:—	:d	l_l	:s_l	:f_l	m_l	:—	:—
beau-ty,			Those		shall	be	re -		nowned		for	love.		
s_l	:—	:s_l.f_l	m_l	:f_l	:r_l	s_l	:—	:m_l	f_l	:s_l	:s_l	d	:—	:—

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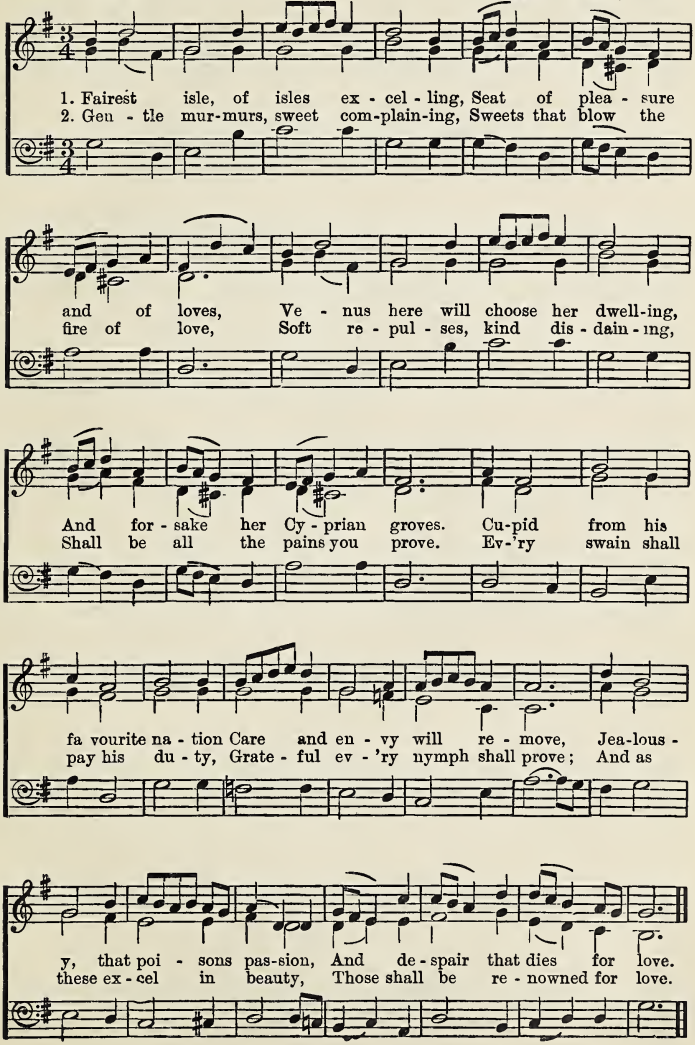
1. Fairest isle, of isles ex - cel - ling, Seat of plea - sure
2. Gen - tle mur-murs, sweet com-plain-ing, Sweets that blow the
and of loves, Ve - nus here will choose her dwell-ing,
fire of love, Soft re - pul - ses, kind dis - dain - ing,
And for - sake her Cy - prian groves. Cu-pid from his
Shall be all the pains you prove. Ev-'ry swain shall
fa vourite na - tion Care and en - vy will re - move, Jea-lous -
pay his du - ty, Grate - ful ev - 'ry nymph shall prove; And as
y, that poi - sons pas-sion, And de - spair that dies for love.
these ex - cel in beauty, Those shall be re - nowned for love.

13 Here's a health unto His Majesty.

The strong language is excused by the fact that this is a party song, which came up at the Restoration. It first appeared in print in 1660. The three parts are given separately on one oblong page. Two face "south" and the third "north," so that three singers can hold the book and sing from it.

mf KEY G. S.C.B. JEREMIAH SAVILLE.

1. Here's a health un - to His Ma - jes - ty, With a fa la la la la
2. The trai - tor who will not com - ply, With a fa la la la la

1. The trai - tor who will fu - sion to his en - e - mies, With a
2. Here's a health un - to His trai - tor's death then let him die, With a

1. la la! Con - trai - tor's death then let him die, With a
2. la la! A fu - sion to his en - e - mies, With a

f

1. la la la la la la! And he that will not
2. la la la la la la! And he that will not

1. pledge this health I wish him nei - ther wit nor wealth, Nor
2. pledge the King, We wish for him no bet - ter thing Than

1. yet a rope to hang him - self, With a fa la la la la
2. that he lack what now we sing, With a fa la la la la la la

1. r .d :r .m | f :m .r | m :m | m :r .d | r :— | d
2. la la la la la! With a fa la la la la la! With a fa la la la la la!

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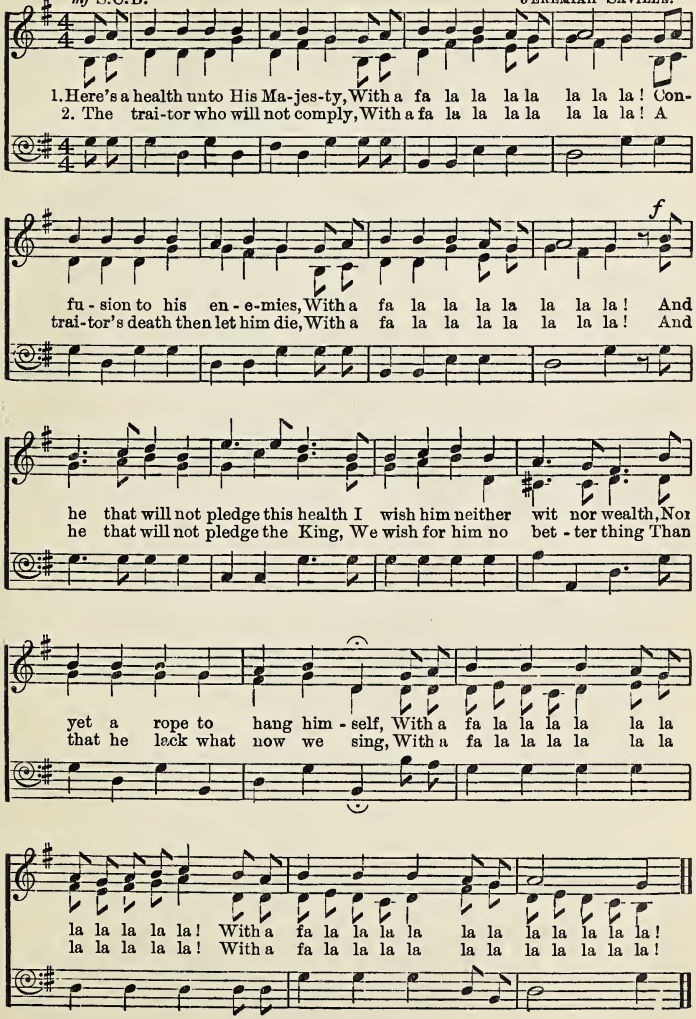
1. Here's a health unto His Ma-jes-ty, With a fa la la la la la la la! Con-
2. The trai-tor who will not comply, With a fa la la la la la la la! A
f
fu-sion to his en-e-mies, With a fa la la la la la la la! And
trai-tor's death then let him die, With a fa la la la la la la la! And
he that will not pledge this health I wish him neither wit nor wealth, Nor
he that will not pledge the King, We wish for him no bet-ter thing Than
yet a rope to hang him-self, With a fa la la la la la la
that he lack what now we sing, With a fa la la la la la la
la la la la la! With a fa la la la la la la la la la la la!
la la la la la! With a fa la la la la la la la la la la la!

14 Dulce Domum.

Tradition says that a scholar of Winchester School, shut in his room for a misdemeanour, wrote these Latin verses. The music is attributed to John Reading, organist of Winchester, 1681-1695. The song is still sung (in Latin) at the end of term at Winchester School. The English translation is by Bishop Wordsworth (1807-1885).

p KEY G. S C.B. *Moderate time, and smoothly.* JOHN READING.

|m	:-	.f	|s	:m	|l	:r	.m,f	|m	.,r	:d	|m	:-	.fe
1.Come,		com-	pan	- ions,	join		your	voi	-	ces,	Hearts		with
1.*Con*	-	*ei* -	*na*	- *mus,*	*O*		*so* -	*da*	-	*les!*	*E*	-	*ja*
|d	:-	.d	d	:d	|d	:t$_{l}$		d	:d		|d	:-	.d
2.Quit		my	wea	- ry	muse,		your	la	-	bours,	Quit		your
2.*Mu*	-	*sa*	*li*	- *bros*	*mit*	-	*te,*	*fis*	-	*sa,*	*Mit*	-	*te*
|d	:-	.r	m	:d	|f	:s		d	:d		|d	:-	.l$_{l}$

s	:l	|s	:fe	s	:—	|s	:r	.m	f	.s	:m	|r	.l$_{l}$	:r	.d
plea	- sure	bound	-	ing,		Sing	we	the	no-ble	lay,		Sweet	song	of	
quid	*si* -	*le*	-	*mus ?*		*No* -	*bi*	- *le*	*can-ti-cum,*			*dul*	-	*ce*	
r	:m	|r	:d	t$_{l}$	:—	|ta$_{l}$	:ta$_{l}$	.ta$_{l}$	l$_{l}$	.s$_{l}$	:d	|l$_{l}$	:l$_{l}$	.l$_{l}$	
books	and	learn	-	ing ;		Ban	-	ish all	care	a-way,		Wel-	come	the	
pen	- *sa*	*du*	-	*ra :*		*Mit*	- *te*	*ne-*	*go-ti*	- *um,*		*Jam*	*da-tur*		
t$_{l}$	:d	|r	:—	s$_{l}$	:—	|s$_{l}$	:s	.s	f	.t$_{l}$	:d	|f$_{l}$	:fe$_{l}$	.fe$_{l}$	

												f			
t$_{l}$.,l$_{l}$	:s$_{l}$	|s	:-	.m	l	:r	.m,f	|m	:r	d	:d	|m	:-	.f	
hol-i-	day,	Joys	of		home,	sweet	home	re -		sound-	ing.	Home,	sweet		
me -	*los*	*Do* -	*mum,*		*do* -	*mum*	*re* -	*so* -		*ne* -	*mus,*	*Do* -	*mum,*		
s$_{l}$.,fe$_{l}$	:s$_{l}$	|s$_{l}$	:-	.s$_{l}$	l$_{l}$	:l$_{l}$	|s$_{l}$	:t$_{l}$		d	:d	|d	:-	.d	
hol-i-	day,	Hearts	for		home	and	free	- dom		yearn-	ing.	Home,	sweet		
o - *ti* -	*um ;*	*Me*	*mea*		*mit* -	*ti-*	*to*	*eu* -		*ra !*		*Do* -	*mum,*		
s$_{l}$.,s$_{l}$	:s$_{l}$	|m	:-	.d	f	:f$_{l}$	|s$_{l}$	:s$_{l}$		d	:d	|d	:-	.r	

s	:d	|f	:-	.m	m	:r	|l	:-	.s	fe	:s				
home,	with	ev	-	'ry	plea	- sure,	Home		with	ev	-	'ry			
do -	*mum !*	*dul*	-	*ee*	*do* -	*mum !*	*Dul*	-	*ce*	*do*	-	*mum*			
d	:s$_{l}$	|t$_{l}$	:-	.d	d	:t$_{l}$	|l$_{l}$	:-	.t$_{l}$	d	:r				
home,	with	ev	-	'ry	plea	- sure,	Home		with	ev	-	'ry			
do -	*mum,*	*dul*	-	*ce*	*do* -	*mum !*	*Dul*	-	*ce*	*do*	-	*mum*			
m	:m	|r	:-	.d	s$_{l}$	:s$_{l}$	|fe$_{l}$	:-	.s$_{l}$	l$_{l}$	:t$_{l}$	.d			

							p								
s	:fe	s	:—		s	:-	.m	l	:-	.s	f	.m	:r	.d	
bless	- ing	crown'd,			Home,		our	best		de- light		and			
re -	*so* -	*ne* -	*mus !*		*Do* -		*mum,*	*do* -		*mum !*	*dul* -	*ee*			
r	:d	t$_{l}$	:—		d	:-	.d	d	:-	.d	l$_{l}$	:l$_{l}$			
bless	- ing	crown'd,			Home !		our	best		de- light		and			
re -	*so* -	*ne* -	*mus !*		*Do* -		*mum,*	*do* -		*mum !*	*dul* -	*ce*			
r	:r$_{l}$	s$_{l}$	:f		m	:-	.d	f	:-	.m	r	:f$_{l}$			

		f													
t$_{l}$	:s$_{l}$	|s	:-	.m	l	:r	.m,f	|m	:r		d	:—			
trea -	sure,	Home,		the	wel -	come		strains	re -		sound !				
do -	*mum !*	*dul*	-	*ee*	*do* -	*mum*		*re* -	*so* -		*ne* -	*mus !*			
s$_{l}$	:s$_{l}$	|d	:-	.d	d	:d	|d	:t$_{l}$			d	:—			
trea -	sure !	Home !		the	wel -	come		strains	re -		sound !				
do -	*mum !*	*Dul*	-	*ee*	*do* -	*mum*		*re* -	*so* -		*ne* -	*mus !*			
s$_{l}$	:s$_{l}$	|m	:-	.d	f	:f$_{l}$	|s$_{l}$	:s$_{l}$			d	:—			

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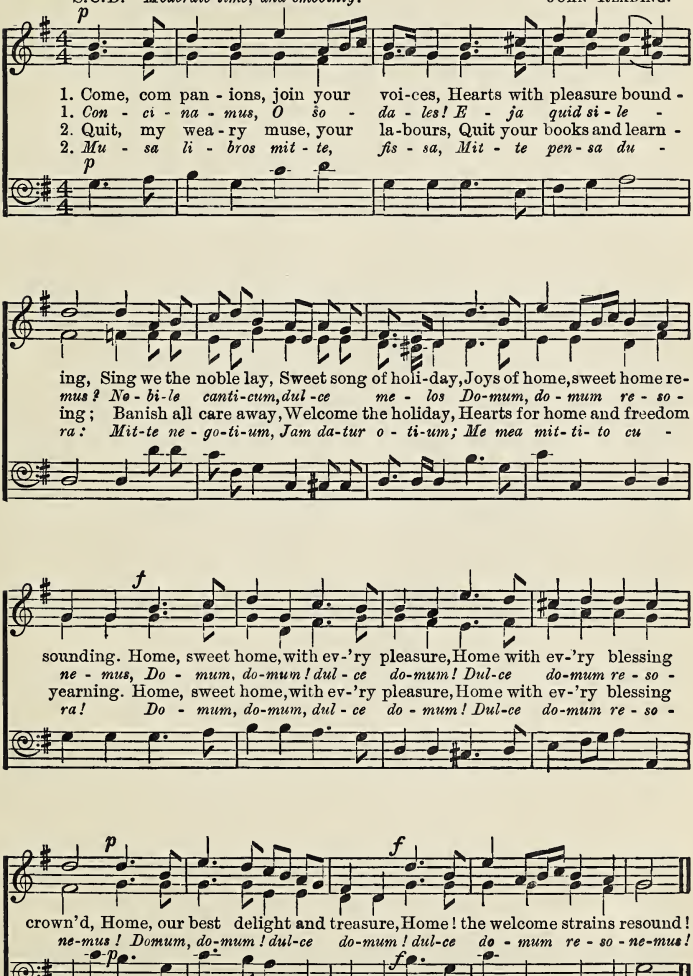
Tradition says that a scholar of Winchester School, shut in his room for a misdemeanour, wrote these Latin verses. The music is attributed to John Reading, organist of Winchester, 1681-1695. The song is still sung (in Latin) at the end of term at Winchester School. The English translation is by Bishop Wordsworth (1807-1885).

S.C.B. *Moderate time, and smoothly.* JOHN READING.


p
1. Come, com pan - ions, join your voi-ces, Hearts with pleasure bound -
1. Con - ci - na - mus, O so - da - les! E - ja quid si - le -
2. Quit, my wea - ry muse, your la-bours, Quit your books and learn -
2. Mu - sa li - bros mit - te, fis - sa, Mit - te pen - sa du -
p
ing, Sing we the noble lay, Sweet song of holi-day, Joys of home, sweet home re-
mus? Ne - bi - le canti-cum, dul - ce me - los Do-mum, do - mum re - so -
ing; Banish all care away, Welcome the holiday, Hearts for home and freedom
ra: Mit-te ne - go-ti-um, Jam da-tur o - ti-um; Me mea mit- ti- to cu -
f
sounding. Home, sweet home, with ev-'ry pleasure, Home with ev-'ry blessing
ne - mus, Do - mum, do-mum! dul - ce do-mum! Dul-ce do-mum re - so -
yearning. Home, sweet home, with ev-'ry pleasure, Home with ev-'ry blessing
ra! Do - mum, do-mum, dul - ce do - mum! Dul-ce do-mum re - so -
p
f
crown'd, Home, our best delight and treasure, Home! the welcome strains resound!
ne-mus! Domum, do-mum! dul-ce do-mum! dul-ce do - mum re - so - ne-mus!
p
f

15 May Dew.

A song composed by Sterndale Bennett to Uhland's poem "Maienthau." The English translation is by H. Hugo Pierson. One of the most graceful melodies ever written.

KEY A♭. S.C.B. SIR STERNDALE BENNETT.

s :— :f	m :— :r	d :l_1 :f	m :— :r	s_1 :— :s_1			
1. O'er the	wood - lands,	o'er - the	mead - ow	When the			
t_1 :— :t_1	d :— :t_1	l_1 :— :r	d :— :t_1	:s_1 :s_1			
2. With the	dew from	hare - bells	shak - en,	Vir - gin			
s_1 :— :s_1	d :— :s_1	l_1 :f_1 :r_1	s_1 :— :s_1	:f_1 :m_1			
3. Gen - tly	then de -	scend up -	on me,	Sweet - est			

E♭.t.

l_1 :t_1 :d	r :— :s_1	m :— :—	s :— :f	m :— :^{m}l			
dawn - ing	skies are	grey,	Soft from	heav'n de-			
fe_1 :— :fe_1	f_1 :— :f_1	m_1 :— :—	d :— :t_1	d :— :^{d}f			
cheeks out -	vie the	rose,	When she	bathes her			
r_1 :— :r_1	s_1 :— :s_1	d :— :—	m_1 :m :r	d :— :^{d}f			
cure for	ev - 'ry	ill;	Oh, re -	fresh my			

d^1 :t :l	l :— :s	s :— :s	d^1 :l :fe	s :— :s			
scends a	show - er,	Light - ly	fall - ing,	light - ly			
s :f :f	f :— :f	m :— :s	fe :— :d	r :m :r			
gold - en	tress - es	Heav'n - ly	bright the	maid - en			
m :r :d	t_1 :— :t_1	d :— :t_1	l_1 :— :l_1	t_1 :d :t_1			
wea - ried	eye - lids,	And my	thirs - ty	heart - springs			

f. A♭.

d^1 :— :—	— :— :—	— :s :m	m :— :r	^{d} s_1 :— :			
fall -	-	- ing	dews of	May.			
fe :s :l	fe :s :l	m : :	t_1 :— :t_1	^{d} s_1 :— :			
glows,		the	maid - en	glows.			
l_1 :s_1 :fe_1	l_1 :s_1 :fe_1	s_1 : :	f :— :f	^{m} t_1 :— :			
fill,		my	heart - springs	fill.			

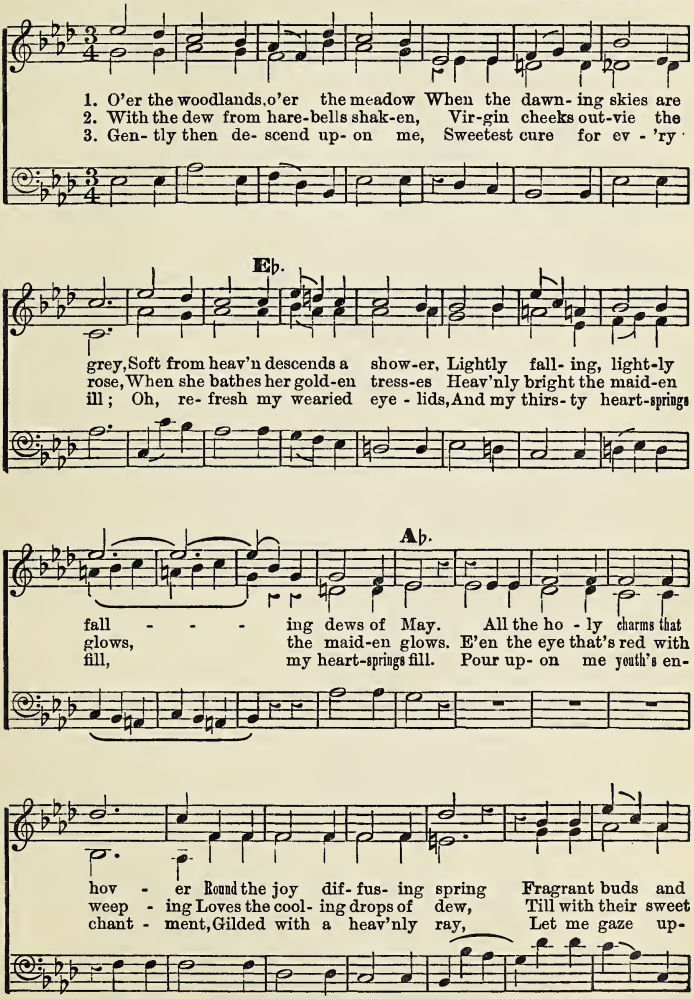
:s_1 :s_1	l_1 :— :l_1	l_1 :— :l_1	f :— :—	m :l_1 :l_1			
All the	ho - ly	charms that	hov -	er Round the			
s_1 :— :s_1	f_1 :— :f_1	m_1 :— :m_1	r_1 :— :—	d_1 :l_1 :l_1			
E'en the	eye that's	red with	weep -	ing Loves the			
Pour up -	on me	youth's en -	chant -	ment, Gild-ed			
: :	: :	: :	:l_1 :l_1	l_1 :— :l_1			
			Charms that	hov - er			
			Red with	weep - ing			
			Youth's en -	chant - ment			

l_1 :— :l_1	l_1 :— :l_1	f :— :	:r :r	s :m :d			
joy dif -	fus - ing	spring	Fra- grant	buds and			
l_1 :— :l_1	l_1 :— :l_1	se_1 :— :—	:t_1 :t_1	d :— :d			
cool - ing	drops of	dew,	Till with	their sweet			
with a	heaven - ly	ray,	Let me	gaze up -			
f_1 :— :f_1	m_1 :— :m_1	r_1 :r :d t_1	:f :f	m :d :m_1			
Round dif -	fus - ing	spring					
Loves the	drops of	dew,					
With a	heaven - ly	ray,					

15 May Dew.

A song composed by Sterndale Bennett to Uhland's poem "Maienthau." The English translation is by H. Hugo Pierson. One of the most graceful melodies ever written.

S.C.B. SIR STERNDALE BENNETT.


1. O'er the woodlands, o'er the meadow When the dawn- ing skies are
2. With the dew from hare-bells shak-en, Vir-gin cheeks out-vie the
3. Gen- tly then de- scend up- on me, Sweetest cure for ev - 'ry
E♭.
grey, Soft from heav'n descends a show-er, Lightly fall- ing, light-ly
rose, When she bathes her gold-en tress-es Heav'nly bright the maid-en
ill; Oh, re- fresh my wearied eye - lids, And my thirs- ty heart-springs
A♭.
fall - - - ing dews of May. All the ho - ly charms that
glows, the maid-en glows. E'en the eye that's red with
fill, my heart-springs fill. Pour up- on me youth's en-
hov - er Round the joy dif- fus- ing spring Fragrant buds and
weep - ing Loves the cool- ing drops of dew, Till with their sweet
chant - ment, Gilded with a heav'nly ray, Let me gaze up-
Charms that hov - er Round dif - fus - ing spring
Red with weep - ing Loves the drops of dew,
Youth's en- chant - ment With a heav'n-ly ray,

[A♭.]

r	:—	:r	s	:f	:m	s	:—	:s_1	l_1	:t_1	:d	m	:—	:r	
leaves		en-	am	-	elled,	May	-	dews	ev	-	er	with		them	
d	:—	:t_1	d	:t_1	:d	d	:—	:s_1	s_1	:f_1	:m_1	s_1	:—	:f_1	
rain		be-	sprin	-	kled,	Star	-	like	beams		that	orb		a-	
fe_1	:—	:f_1	m_1	:r_1	:d_1	m_1	:—	:m_1	f_1	:r_1	:d_1	s_1	:—	:s_1	
on		the	sun	-	light,	Love	-	ly	daugh	-	ter	of		the	

d	:—	:—	s	:—	:s_1	l_1	:t_1	:d	m	:—	:—	—	:—	:r	d	:—	:—
bring.			May	-	dews	ev	-	er	with					them	bring.		
m_1	:t_1	:l_1	s_1	:—	:s_1	s_1	:f_1	:m_1	t_1	:—	:s_1	f_1	:—	:f_1	m_1	:—	:—
new,			Star	-	like	beams		that	orb					a-	new.		
l_1	:s_1	:f_1	m_1	:—	:m_1	f_1	:r_1	:d_1	s_1	:—	:—	—	:—	:s_1	d_1	:—	:—
May,			Love	-	ly	daugh	-	ter	of					the	May.		

16 Non nobis Domine.*

This is a Canon (*i.e.*, written according to rule—Greek kanon), "three in one, in the 4th and 8th below," that is, one melody repeated first a 4th, and next an octave below. In the middle ages composers were fond of constructing these ingenious compositions.

KEY E♭. S.C.B. W. Byrd, 1590.

pia.

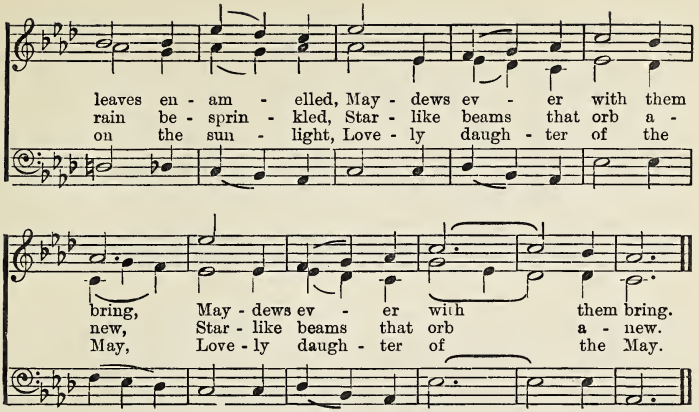
d	:—	|r	:m	f	:- .f	|m	:m	r	:—	|d	:—				
Non		no	- bis	Dom	- in-	e	non	no	-	bis					
	:	$\|s_1$	:—	l_1	:t_1	|d	:- .d	t_1	:t_1	$\|l_1$	:—				
		Non		no	- bis	Dom	- in-	e	non	no	-				
	:	|	:		:	|d	:—	r	:m	|f	:- .f				
						Non		no	- bis	Dom	- in-				

	:s	|l .l	:f	d'	:—	|d'	:ta	l	:- .l	|s	:—				
	sed	no-	mi-ni	tu	-	o	da	glo	-	ri-am					
s_1	:—	|	:r	m .m	:d	|s	:—	s	:f	|m	:- .m				
bis			sed	no-	mi-ni	tu	-	o	da	glo	- ri-				
m	:m	|r	:—	d	:—	|	:s_1	l_1.l_1	:f_1	|d	:—				
e	non	no	-	bis			sed	nomi	- ni	tu	-				

	:r	|m .m	:d	s	:—	|s	:f	m	:- .m						
	sed	no -	mi- ni	tu	-	o	da	glo	- ri						
r	:—	|	:l_1	t_1 .t_1	:s_1	|r	:—	r	:d						
am			sed	no-	mi - ni	tu	-	o	da						
d	:ta_1	$\|l_1$	:- .l_1	s_1	:	|	:r	m .m	:d						
o	da	glo	- ri -	am			sed	no-mi - ni							

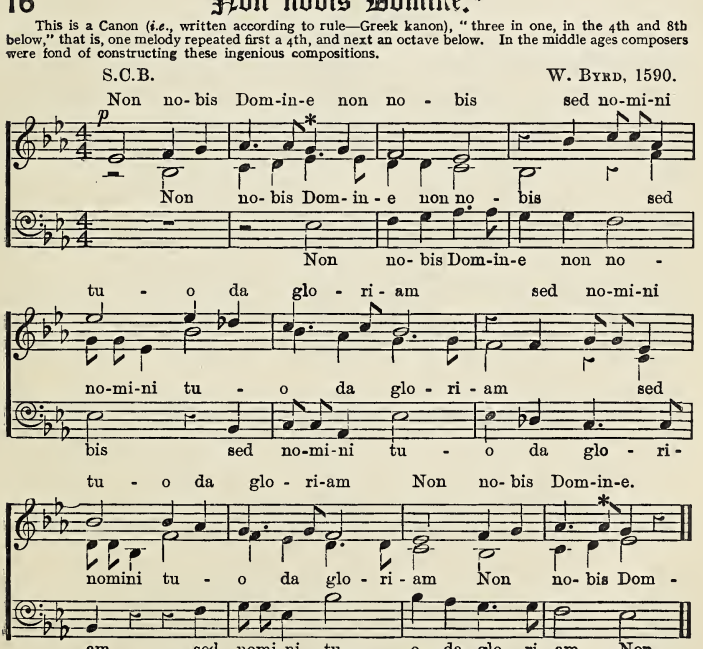
|r	:—	|d	:—	|r	:m	f	:- .f	|m	:						
am		Non		no	- bis	Dom	- in-	e.							
$\|t_1$	:- .t_1	l_1	:--	$\|s_1$	:—	l_1	:t_1	|d	:—						
glo	- ri-	am		Non		no	- bis	Dom	-						
|s	:—	s	:f	|m	:- .m	r	:—	|d	:—						
tu	-	o	da	glo	- ri -	am		Non							

*The Canon may be continued by returning from * to*


leaves en - am - elled, May - dews ev - er with them
rain be - sprin - kled, Star - like beams that orb a -
on the sun - light, Love - ly daugh - ter of the
bring, May - dews ev - er with them bring.
new, Star - like beams that orb a - new.
May, Love - ly daugh - ter of the May.

16 Non nobis Domine.*

This is a Canon (*i.e.*, written according to rule—Greek kanon), "three in one, in the 4th and 8th below," that is, one melody repeated first a 4th, and next an octave below. In the middle ages composers were fond of constructing these ingenious compositions.

S.C.B. W. Byrd, 1590.

Non no- bis Dom-in-e non no - bis sed no-mi-ni
p
Non no- bis Dom- in - e non no - bis sed
Non no- bis Dom-in-e non no -
tu - o da glo - ri - am sed no-mi-ni
no-mi-ni tu - o da glo - ri - am sed
bis sed no-mi-ni tu - o da glo - ri -
tu - o da glo - ri-am Non no- bis Dom-in-e.
nomini tu - o da glo - ri - am Non no- bis Dom -
am sed nomi-ni tu - o da glo - ri- am Non

* The Canon may be continued by returning from * to *

17 The Keel Row.

The keel is a coal barge, a low, flat-bottomed vessel used on the Tyne to transport coal. It is the most popular song on Tyneside. Words and music are traditional.

mf KEY F. S.C.B. *Lively.* M. 112. Northumbrian Air.

1. As	I	cam' thro'	Sand -	gate, thro'	Sand -	gate, thro'	Sand - gate, As
2. He	wears	a blue	bon -	net, blue	bon -	net, blue	bon - net, He

	I	cam' thro'	Sand -	gate I	heard a	lass - ie	sing:
	wears	a blue	bon -	net, A	dim -	ple in his	chin.

	"Weel	may the	keel	row, the	keel	row, the	keel row,
	"Weel	may the	keel	row, the	keel	row, the	keel row,

	Weel	may the	keel	row That	my	laddie's	in."
	Weel	may the	keel	row That	my	laddie's	in."

f CHORUS. *Animato.*

And	weel	may the	keel	row, the	keel	row, the	keel row,
	Weel	may the	keel	row, the	keel	row, the	keel row,

	Weel	may the	keel	row That	my	lad - die's	in.
	Weel	may the	keel	row That	my	lad - die's	in.

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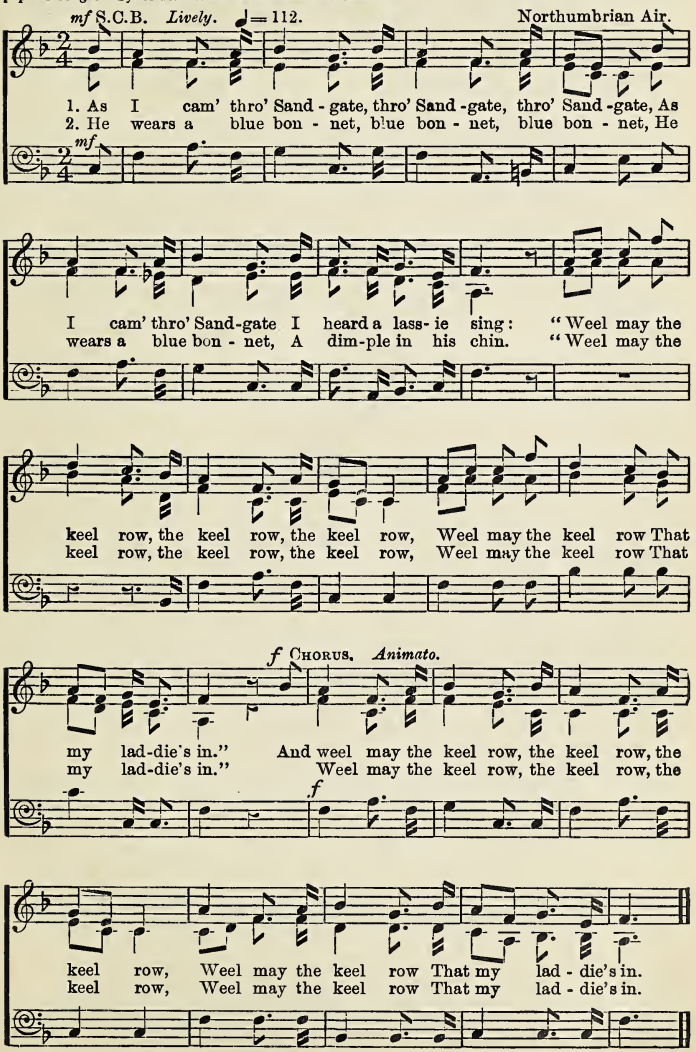
mf S.C.B. Lively. ♩= 112.
Northumbrian Air.
1. As I cam' thro' Sand - gate, thro' Sand - gate, thro' Sand - gate, As
2. He wears a blue bon - net, blue bon - net, blue bon - net, He
mf
I cam' thro' Sand-gate I heard a lass - ie sing: "Weel may the
wears a blue bon - net, A dim-ple in his chin. "Weel may the
keel row, the keel row, the keel row, Weel may the keel row That
keel row, the keel row, the keel row, Weel may the keel row That
f Chorus. Animato.
my lad-die's in." And weel may the keel row, the keel row, the
my lad-die's in." Weel may the keel row, the keel row, the
f
keel row, Weel may the keel row That my lad - die's in.
keel row, Weel may the keel row That my lad - die's in.

18 Land of Greatness!

During his visits to England in the eighteenth century Haydn, the Austrian composer, was struck with the popularity of "God save the King." In 1797 the war between Austria and France quickened his desire to give his countrymen a means of expression for their loyalty. A poet wrote the words, and on the Emperor's birthday in this year the music was sung in public. It has ever since retained its place. Here it becomes a song of England.

A. J. Foxwell. Haydn.

key F. S.C.B. *Moderato.*

d	:- .r	|m	:r	f	:m	|r .t$_l$	:d	l	:s	|f	:m
1. Land	of great -	ness!		Home of		glo -	ry!	Brit - ain,		birth -	place
m$_l$	:- .f$_l$	|s$_l$	:t$_l$	r	:d	|f$_l$	:m$_l$	l$_l$ .t$_l$	:d	|r	:d
2. No -	ble deeds	of		old	in -	spir -	ing	Ev -	'ry	heart	with
d	:- .d	|d	:s$_l$	t$_l$	:d	|s$_l$	:d	f	:m	|t$_l$	:d
3. Homes	by safe	de -		fence	sur -	round -	ed,	Rights	which	make	our

r	:m .d	|s	:—	d	:- .r	|m	:r	f	:m	|r .t$_l$	:d
of	the	free!		Famed	a -	like	in	song	and	sto -	ry!
d	:d	|t$_l$	:—	d	:- .d	|d	:t$_l$	r	:s$_l$	|f$_l$	:m$_l$
loft -	y	aim,		Now	our em -	u -		la -	tion	fir -	ing,
f$_l$	:fe$_l$	|s$_l$	:—	m	:- .r	|d	:s$_l$	l$_l$ .t$_l$	:d	|s$_l$	:d
free -	dom	sure,		Laws	on e -	qual		jus -	tice	found -	ed,

l	:s	|f	:m	r	:m .d	|s	:—	r	:m		
All	thy	sons	shall	cleave	to	thee.		North	and		
l$_l$ .t$_l$	:d	|t$_l$	:d	s$_l$	:fe$_l$	|s$_l$	:—	t$_l$	:d		
Lead	us	on	to	great -	er	fame;		So	shall		
f	:m	|r	:d	t$_l$	:l$_l$	|s$_l$	:—	s$_l$	:s$_l$		
These	will	loy -	al -	ty	se -	cure.		While	with		

|r .t$_l$	:s$_l$	f	:m	|r .t$_l$	:s$_l$	s	:f	|m	:- .m		
south	are	firm -	ly	blend -	ed,	East	and	west	as		
|t$_l$	:s$_l$	r	:d	|t$_l$	:s$_l$	s$_l$	:l$_l$ .t$_l$	|d	:- .d		
Brit -	ish	truth	un -	shak -	en,	Brit -	ish	cour -	age		
|s$_l$	:s$_l$	t$_l$	:d	|s$_l$	:s$_l$	m$_l$	:f$_l$ .s$_l$	|l$_l$	:- .l$_l$		
love	and	zeal	un -	ceas -	ing	We	are	join -	ing		

fe	:- .fe	|s	:—	d^1	:- .t	|l	:s	l	:- .s		
one	u -	nite;		All	by	hon -	our	well	com-		
d	:- .d	|t$_l$	:—	d	:- .d	|d	:d	d	:- .d		
Brit	- ish	worth,		Might	- y	ech -	oes	still	a-		
r	:- .r	|s$_l$	:—	m	:- .m	|f	:m	f	:- .m		
heart	and	hand,		Shine,	in	bright -	ness	yet	in-		

|s .f	:m	r	:m .f	|s .l	:f .r	|d	:m .r	|d	:—		
mend -	ed,	Strong	in	striv -	ing	for	the	right.			
|t$_l$	:d	t$_l$	:t$_l$	|d	:l$_l$	m$_l$	:f$_l$	|m$_l$	:—		
wak -	en	To	the	far -	thest	bounds	of	earth.			
|r	:d	s$_l$	:f$_l$	|m$_l$	:f$_l$	s$_l$	:s$_l$	|d	:—		
creas -	ing,	Shine,	O	Brit -	ish	Fa -	ther -	land!			

18 Land of Greatness!

During his visits to England in the eighteenth century Haydn, the Austrian composer, was struck with the popularity of "God save the King." In 1797 the war between Austria and France quickened his desire to give his countrymen a means of expression for their loyalty. A poet wrote the words, and on the Emperor's birthday in this year the music was sung in public. It has ever since retained its place. Here it becomes a song of England.

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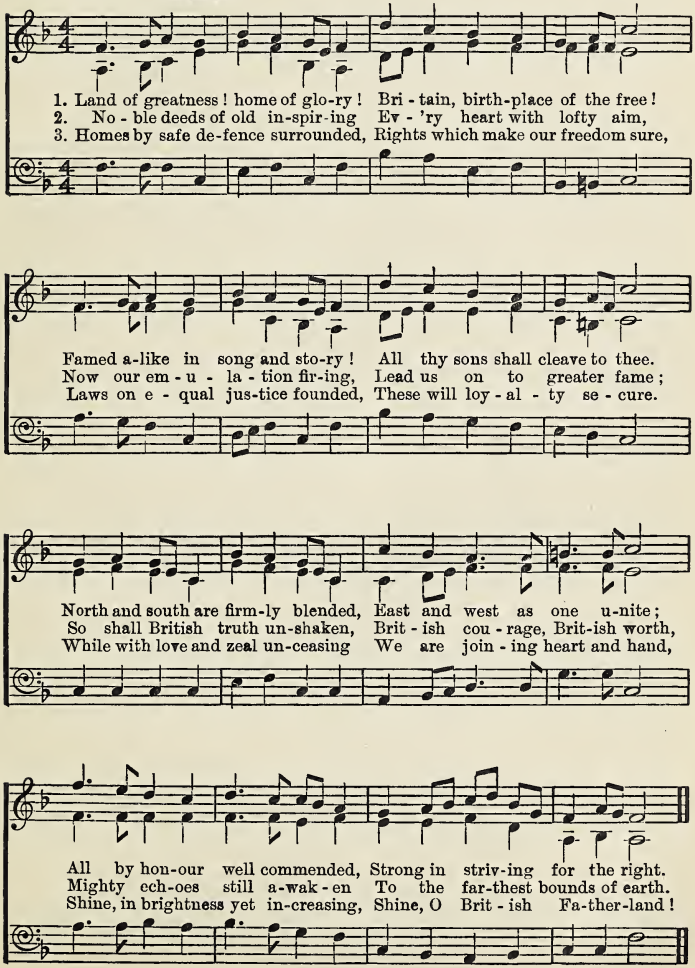
S.C.B. *Moderato.*


1. Land of greatness! home of glo-ry! Bri-tain, birth-place of the free!
2. No-ble deeds of old in-spir-ing Ev-'ry heart with lofty aim,
3. Homes by safe de-fence surrounded, Rights which make our freedom sure,
Famed a-like in song and sto-ry! All thy sons shall cleave to thee.
Now our em-u-la-tion fir-ing, Lead us on to greater fame;
Laws on e-qual jus-tice founded, These will loy-al-ty se-cure.
North and south are firm-ly blended, East and west as one u-nite;
So shall British truth un-shaken, Brit-ish cou-rage, Brit-ish worth,
While with love and zeal un-ceasing We are join-ing heart and hand,
All by hon-our well commended, Strong in striv-ing for the right.
Mighty ech-oes still a-wak-en To the far-thest bounds of earth.
Shine, in brightness yet in-creasing, Shine, O Brit-ish Fa-ther-land!

19 Since first I saw.

Thomas Ford, one of the musicians to Prince Henry, son of James I, and afterwards to Charles I, published this in a book with other pieces in 1607.

KEY F. S.C.B. THOMAS FORD, 1607.

p *rf*

:d | d :- .r | m :f | s :f .m | r :l | s :- .s
1.Since | first I saw your | face, I re- solv'd To | hon - our
:m$_l$ | m$_l$:- .f$_l$ | s$_l$:l$_l$ | t$_l$:t$_l$ .t$_l$ | t$_l$:l$_l$ .t$_l$ | d :- .d
2.The | sun, whose beams most | glo - rious are, Re - | ject - eth
:d | d :- .d | d :l$_l$ | s$_l$:s$_l$ .s$_l$ | s :f | m :- .m

cres.

| f :m | m .r :- .d | d :d | d :- .r | m :f
and re - | nown you, If | now I be dis -
| t$_l$:d | d :t$_l$ | d :m$_l$ | m$_l$:- .f$_l$ | s$_l$:l$_l$
no be - | hold - | er, And | your sweet beau - ty
| r :d | s$_l$:— | d :d | d :- .d | d :l$_l$

pp

s :f .m | r :l | s :- .s | f :m | m .r :- .d | d
dain'd, I wish My | heart had nev - er | known you.
t$_l$:t$_l$ | t$_l$:l$_l$ .t$_l$ | d :- .d | t$_l$:d | d :t$_l$ | d
past com - pare, Made | my poor eyes the | bold - er.
s$_l$:s$_l$ | s :f | m :- .m | r :d | s$_l$:— | d

S. p *cres.*

:m | l :- .l | fe :r | s :- .s | m :d | d^l :-.d^l | d^l :t
(1)What | I that lov'd and | you that lik'd, Shall | we be-gin to
:m | de :-.de | r :- .r | r :t$_l$ | d :d | m :f | r :r
(2)Where | beau - ty moves, and | wit de - lights, And | signs of kind - ness
(1)What I that | lov'd, and you that | lik'd, Shall we beg-in to
: | :l$_l$ | r :- .r | t$_l$:s$_l$ | d :- .d | l$_l$:f$_l$ | fe$_l$.fe$_l$:s$_l$.s$_l$
(2)Where beau - ty | moves, and wit de- | lights, And signs of kindness

p *cres.*

t .l :— | s :— | : | l :- .f | s :- .m | f :- .r
(1)wran - gle? | No, no, no, no, | no, my heart is
s :fe | s :— | t$_l$:d | d :- .t$_l$ | t$_l$:d | l$_l$:- .t$_l$
(2)bind me, | There, there, there, oh | there, wher - e'er I
r :— | s$_l$:— | s :- .m | f :- .r | m :- .d | r :- .s$_l$

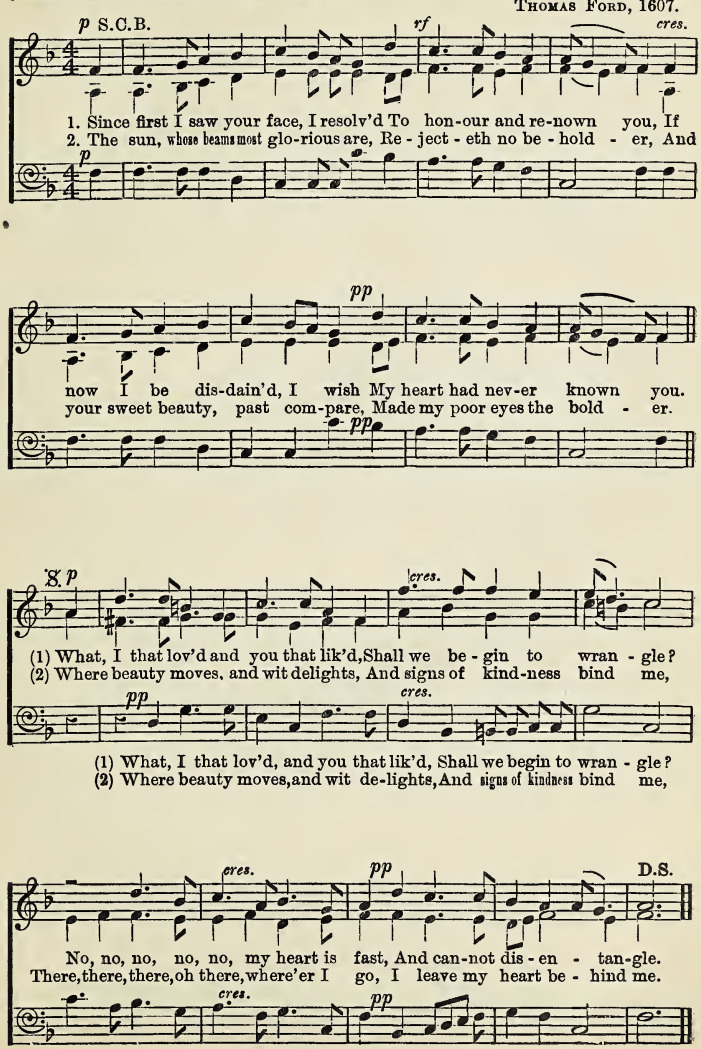
pp D.S.

m :l | s :- .s | f :m | m .r :— | m :— | —
fast, And can - not | dis - en - tan - | gle.
d :d | t$_l$:- .t$_l$ | l$_l$ .t$_l$:d | — :t$_l$ | d :— | —
go, I leave my | heart be - hind | me.
d :f$_l$ | s$_l$ .l$_l$:t$_l$ .d | r :d | s$_l$:— | d :— | —

19 Since first I saw.

Thomas Ford, one of the musicians to Prince Henry, son of James I, and afterwards to Charles I, published this in a book with other pieces in 1607.

THOMAS FORD, 1607.


p S.C.B.
rf
cres.
1. Since first I saw your face, I resolv'd To hon-our and re-nown you, If
2. The sun, whose beams most glo-rious are, Re - ject - eth no be - hold - er, And
p
pp
now I be dis-dain'd, I wish My heart had nev-er known you.
your sweet beauty, past com-pare, Made my poor eyes the bold - er.
pp
8. p
cres.
(1) What, I that lov'd and you that lik'd, Shall we be - gin to wran - gle?
(2) Where beauty moves, and wit delights, And signs of kind-ness bind me,
pp
cres.
(1) What, I that lov'd, and you that lik'd, Shall we begin to wran - gle?
(2) Where beauty moves, and wit de-lights, And signs of kindness bind me,
cres.
pp
D.S.
No, no, no, no, no, my heart is fast, And can-not dis - en - tan-gle.
There, there, there, oh there, where'er I go, I leave my heart be - hind me.
cres.
pp

20 Rule, Britannia.

Written by Arne as the finale to the masque of *Alfred*, first performed Dec. 20, 1740, in a temporary theatre in the garden of Clivedon, Bucks, where Frederick, Prince of Wales, then lived. Has been described as "The Marseillaise of England." Words by the poet James Thomson.

THOMSON. DR. ARNE.

f KEY B♭. S.C.B.

.s₁	d		:d	|d ,r .m ,f :s		.d	r		:r	.m,f	|m		:-	.s₁
1.When	Bri	-	tain	first,		at	heaven's	com	-	mand,			A -
.s₁	m₁		:l₁	|s₁	:-	.d	d		:t₁		|d	:-	.s₁
2.The	na	-	tions	not		so	blest	as		thee			Must
.s₁	d₁		:f₁	|m₁	:-	.l₁	f₁		:s₁		|d₁	:-	.s₁
3.The	mus	-	es,	still		with	free	-	dom	found,			Shall

F.t.

d ,r ,d ,r' :m,f .m ,f |s		.r	:m	.r	d	.r ,m :r	.d	|t₁	:-	.ˢ₁d
rose			from out	the	a	-	zure	main,		A-
m₁	:s₁	|-	.t₁	:d	.s₁	s₁	:fe₁	|s₁	:-	.ˢ₁d
in			their turn	to	ty	-	rants	fall,		Must
d₁	:-,r₁.d₁,r₁	|m₁	.s₁	:d	.t₁	l₁	:r₁	|s₁	:-	.ˢ₁d
to			thy hap -	py	coasts	re	-	pair,		Shall

SOPRANO.

(1)rose, a - rose from out the
(2)in, must in their turn to
(3)to, shall to thy hap - py

f. B♭.

m .d :s	.m	|d' .t,l :s	.f	m	:r	|ᵈs₁	:-	.	d	:d	.,s₁
rose		from out	the	a	-	zure	main,		This	was the
m .d :s	.m	|m .f :s	.d	d	:t₁	|ᵈs₁	:-	.	m₁	:s₁	.,m₁
in		their turn	to	ty	-	rants	fall,		While thou shalt
m .d :s	.s₁	|d .r :m	.f	s	:s₁	|ᵈs₁	:-	.	d₁	:m₁	.,d₁
to		thy hap -	py	coasts	re	-	pair,		Blest	Isle, with

|l₁ .f₁ :	.d	f .m	:r	.d	|t₁	:-	.r	s	:f	|m,r .m,f :s	.f
charter,	the	charter of	the	land,		And	guar -	dian		an -	gels
|f₁ .f₁ :	.s₁	l₁ .l₁	:l₁	.l₁	|s₁	:-	.t₁	d	:t₁	|d	:-	.d
flourish,	shalt	flourish great	and	free,		The	dread	and		en -	vy
|f₁ .f₁ :	.m₁	r₁ .m₁	:f₁	.fe₁	|s₁	:-	.f₁	m₁	:r₁	|d₁ .,r₁ :m₁	.f₁
beauty,	with	matchless beauty		crowned,		And	man -	ly		hearts	to

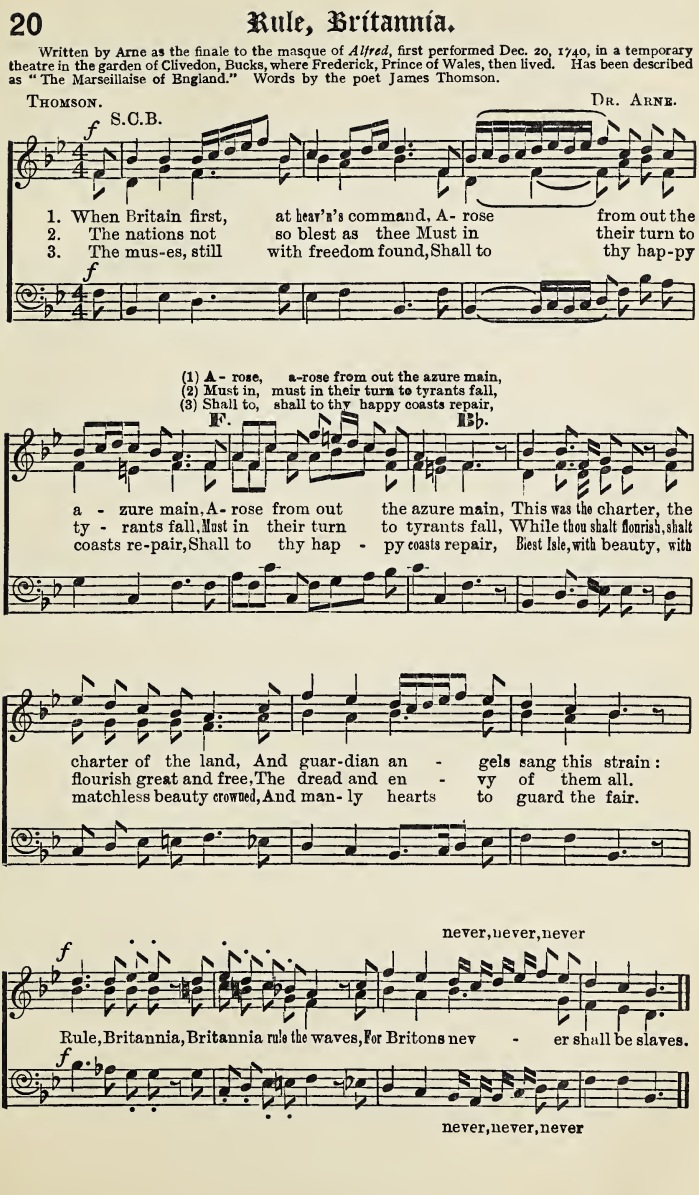
f

m	:r	|d	:-	.	m	:-	.m	|f	.f	:	.m	|f	.m	:r	.d
sang	this	strain :			Rule,		Bri-tan- nia,				Bri-	tan-nia	rule	the	
d	:t₁	|d	:-	.	d	:-	.d	|d	.d	:	.de	r	.de	:r	.l₁
of	them	all.			Rule,		Bri-tan- nia,				Bri-	tan-nia	rule	the	
s₁	:s₁	|d₁	:-	.	d	:-	.ta₁	|l₁	.l₁	:	.l₁	r₁	.m₁	:f₁	.fe₁
guard	the	fair.			Rule,		Bri-tan- nia,				Bri-	tan-nia	rule	the	

|t₁	:	.r	s	:f	|m ,r .m ,f :s	.f	m	:r	|d	:-	.
waves,		For	Bri -	tons	never, never, never		shall	be	slaves.		
|s₁	:	.t₁	d	:t₁	|d	:-	.l₁	s₁	:f₁	|m₁	:-	.
waves,		For	Bri -	tons	nev -	er	shall	be	slaves.		
|s₁	:	.f₁	m₁	:r₁	|d₁,t₂,d₁,r₁ :m₁	.f₁	s₁	:s₁	|d₁	:-	.
					never, never, never						

20 Rule, Britannia.

Written by Arne as the finale to the masque of *Alfred*, first performed Dec. 20, 1740, in a temporary theatre in the garden of Clivedon, Bucks, where Frederick, Prince of Wales, then lived. Has been described as "The Marseillaise of England." Words by the poet James Thomson.


THOMSON.
DR. ARNE.
f S.C.B.
1. When Britain first, at heav'n's command, A- rose from out the
2. The nations not so blest as thee Must in their turn to
3. The mus-es, still with freedom found, Shall to thy hap-py
f
(1) A- rose, a-rose from out the azure main,
(2) Must in, must in their turn to tyrants fall,
(3) Shall to, shall to thy happy coasts repair,
F. B♭.
a - zure main. A- rose from out the azure main, This was the charter, the
ty - rants fall, Must in their turn to tyrants fall, While thou shalt flourish, shalt
coasts re-pair, Shall to thy hap - py coasts repair, Blest Isle, with beauty, with
charter of the land, And guar-dian an - gels sang this strain:
flourish great and free, The dread and en - vy of them all.
matchless beauty crowned, And man- ly hearts to guard the fair.
never, never, never
f
Rule, Britannia, Britannia rule the waves, For Britons nev - er shall be slaves.
f
never, never, never

21 Now is the Month of Maying.

Printed in Thomas Morley's "First book of Ballets to five voyces," 1595, dedicated to Sir Robert Cecil, Queen Elizabeth's minister. A ballet was a short song in parts, with a "fa la" refrain.

KEY G. S.C.B. THOMAS MORLEY, 1595.

1st Time *f*. 2nd Time *p*.

:d	|d	:d	|r	:- .r	|m	:—	|m	:d	|m	:- .r	|m	:fe			
1.Now	is	the	month	of	may	-	ing,	When	mer	-	ry lads		are		
:m$_l$	|l$_l$	:l$_l$	|d	:t$_l$	d	:—	|d	:m$_l$	s$_l$	:- .t$_l$	|d	:d			
2.The	spring,clad	all	in		glad	-	ness,	Doth	laugh	at	win	-	ter's		
:d	|f$_l$	:f	|r	:r	d	:—	|d	:d	d	:- .s$_l$	|d	:l$_l$			
3.Fie,	then, why	sit	we		mus	-	ing,	Youth's	sweet	de-light	re	-			

s	:—	|s	:r .m	f	:f	|m	:d	r	:t$_l$	|s$_l$	:s .f				
play	-	ing,	Fa la	la	la	la		la	la	la,	Fa la				
t$_l$	:—	|t$_l$	:t$_l$ .t$_l$	l$_l$	:- .t$_l$	|d	:d	t$_l$	:s$_l$	|s$_l$	:t$_l$ .t$_l$				
sad	-	ness,	Fa la	la	la	la	la	la,			Fa la				
s$_l$	:—	|s$_l$	:s$_l$ .s$_l$	f$_l$	:r$_l$	|m$_l$	:l$_l$	s$_l$	:—	|—	:s$_l$ .s$_l$				
fus	-	ing?	Fa la	la	la	la	la	la,			Fa la				

D.C. *& f*

m	:f	|r	:- .d	d	:—	|—	m	:s							
la	la	la	la	la !			Each	with	his						
d	:l$_l$	|d	:t$_l$	d	:—	|—	s$_l$	t$_l$	:ta$_l$						
la	la	la	la	la !			And	to	the						
d	:f$_l$	|s$_l$	:- .s$_l$	d	:—	|—	d	t$_l$	:s$_l$						
la	la	la	la	la !			Say,	dain	- ty						

p

s	:- .fe	s	:—	|	:r	f	:f	|m	:- .m						
bon	- ny	lass			A	-	danc	- ing	on	the					
l$_l$	:l$_l$	t$_l$	:—	|	:ta$_l$	l$_l$	:l$_l$	|l$_l$	:l$_l$						
bag	- pipes'	sound,			The		nymphs	tread	out	their					
r	:r$_l$	s$_l$	:—	|	:s$_l$	f$_l$	:r$_l$	|l$_l$	:- .l$_l$						
nymphs, and		speak,			Shall		we	play	bar	- ley-					

f

r	:—	|	:s .f	m	:d	s	:—	s$_l$ .l$_l$	:t$_l$ .d						
grass,		*f*	Fa la	la	la	la,		Fa la	la la						
fe$_l$	:—	|r .d	:t$_l$	s$_l$ .f$_l$	:m$_l$	|	:s$_l$ .l$_l$	t$_l$ .d	:r .l$_l$						
ground, *f*		Fa la	la	Fa la	la		Fa la	la la,	Fa la						
r$_l$	:r .d	|t$_l$	:s$_l$	d	:—	|d$_l$ .r$_l$	:m$_l$ .f$_l$	s$_l$	:—						
break?	Fa la	la	la	la,		Fa la	la la	la							

D.S.

|r .m	:f	m	:- .f	|m	:r	d	:—	|—							
la la	la	la	la	la	la	la !									
|t$_l$ .d	:l$_l$ .t$_l$	d	:d	|d	:t$_l$	d	:—	|—							
la la,	Fa la	la	la	la	la	la !									
|—	:r$_l$	m$_l$	:l$_l$	|s$_l$	:- .s$_l$	d	:—	|—							
	la	la	la	la	la	la !									

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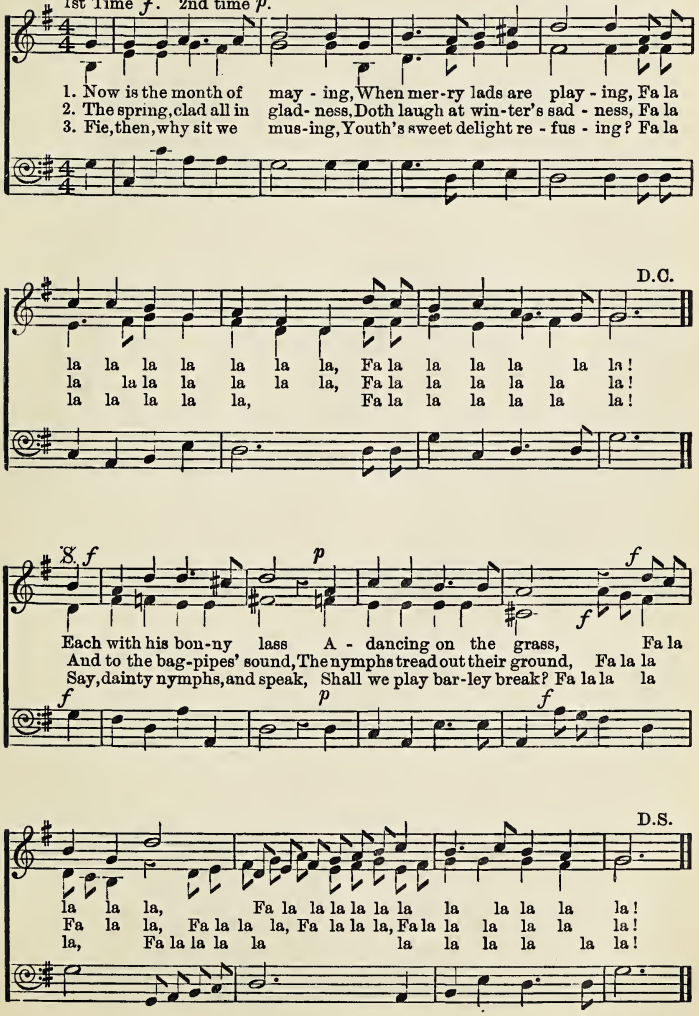
S.C.B. THOMAS MORLEY, 1595.


1st Time f. 2nd time p.
1. Now is the month of may - ing, When mer-ry lads are play - ing, Fa la
2. The spring, clad all in glad- ness, Doth laugh at win-ter's sad - ness, Fa la
3. Fie, then, why sit we mus-ing, Youth's sweet delight re - fus - ing? Fa la
D.C.
la la la la la la la, Fa la la la la la!
la la la la la la la, Fa la la la la la!
la la la la la, Fa la la la la la!
8. f p f
Each with his bon-ny lass A - dancing on the grass, Fa la
And to the bag-pipes' sound, The nymphs tread out their ground, Fa la la
Say, dainty nymphs, and speak, Shall we play bar-ley break? Fa la la la
f p f
D.S.
la la la, Fa la la la la la la la la la!
Fa la la, Fa la la la, Fa la la la, Fa la la la la la!
la, Fa la la la la la la la la la!

22 The Bay of Biscay.

Introduced into Dibdin's English opera *The Waterman*, 1774. Words by Andrew Cherry, music by John Davy, a self-made musician, born at Exeter.

CHARLES DIBDIN. DAVY.

f KEY C. S.C.B.

:s	s	:d'	|d'	:m'	d'	:—	|l	:t .d'	r'	:- .m'	|r'.d'	:t .l			
1. Loud	roars the		dread-	ful	thun	-	der,	The	rain	a	de	- luge			
2. Now	dash'd up	-	on	the	bil	-	low,	Her	op	-	'ning tim	- bers			
:m	m	:s	|m	:s	m	:—	|f	:s	f	:- .f	|f	:f			
3. At	length the		wished-	for	mor	-	row	Breaks	through	the ha	-	zy			
4. Her	yield- ing		tim	- bers	sev	-	er,	Her	pitch	- y	seams	are			
:d	d	:m	|d	:s,	d	:—	|f	:f .m	r	:- .r	|r	:r			

s	:—	|—	:m .f	s	:d'	|d'	:m'	d'	:—	|l	:t .d'				
showers;			The	clouds	are	rent	a -	sun	-	der	By				
creak;			Each	fears	a	wa	- t'ry	pil	-	low,	None				
t,	:—	|—	:d .r	m	:m	|m	:s	m	:—	|r	:fe				
sky;			Ab -	sorbed	in	si	- lent	sor	-	row,	Each				
rent;			When	heav'n,	all	boun	- teous	ev	-	er,	Its				
s	:- .l	|s .f	:m .r	d	:d	|d'	:t	l	:- .s	|fe.m	:r .d				

r'	:- .m'	|r'.d'	:t .l	s	:—	|	:d' .t	l	:s	|f	:m				
light -	ning's viv	- id		pow'rs.			The	night	is	drear	and				
stop	the dread-	ful		leak.			To	cling	to	slip	- p'ry				
s	:- .s	|fe	:fe	s	:—	|	:d' .t	l	:s	|f	:m				
heaves	a bit	- ter		sigh.			The	dis	- mal	wreck	to				
bound	- less mer	- cy		sent.			A	sail	in	sight	ap -				
t,	:- .d	|r	:r	s	:—	|	:d' .t	l	:s	|f	:m			

		p								*f*					
r	:— |	:l	r'	:- .m'	|f'.m'	:r'.d'	d'	:t	|s	:l .t	d'	:—			
dark,		Our	poor	de- vot	- ed		bark,		Till	next	day				
shrouds		Each	breath	- less sea	- man		crowds,		As	she	lay				
r	:— |	:l	l	:- .s	|f	:l	m	:r	|m	:f	m	:f .s			
view,		Strikes	hor	- ror to	the		crew,		As	she	lay				
pears,		We	hail	her with	three		cheers,		Now	we	sail				
r	:— |	:l	f	:- .m	|r .m	:f .fe	s	:—	|s	:s,	d	:r .m			

l	:t .d'	|r'	:—	|d'.r'	:m'.f'	s'.f'	:m'.f'	|m'	:r'	d'	:— |				
there she		lay		In the		Bay of		Bis - cay,		O!					
till next		day		In the		Bay of		Bis - cay,		O!					
l	:s	f .s	:l .t	|d'	:t .l	s	:l	|s	:f	m	:— |				
on that		day		In the		Bay of		Bis - cay,		O!					
with the		gale		From the		Bay of		Bis - cay,		O!					
f	:m	r .m	:f .s	l	:s .f	m	:f	|s	:s,	d	:— |				

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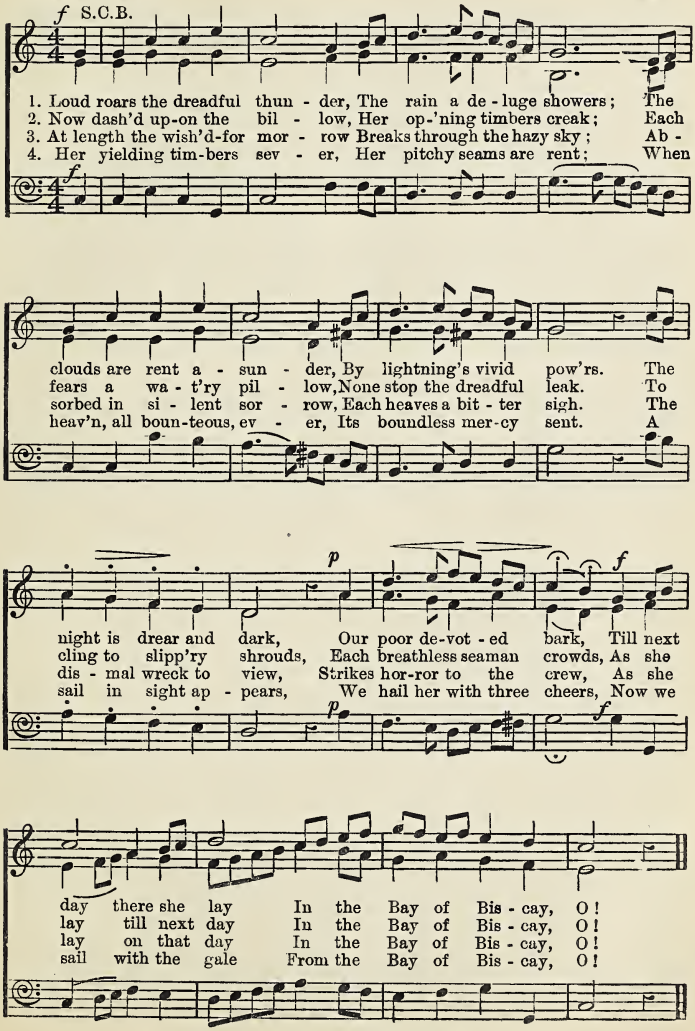
Introduced into Dibdin's English opera *The Waterman*, 1774. Words by Andrew Cherry, music by John Davy, a self-made musician, born at Exeter.

CHARLES DIBDIN. DAVY.


f S.C.B.
1. Loud roars the dreadful thun - der, The rain a de - luge showers; The
2. Now dash'd up-on the bil - low, Her op-'ning timbers creak; Each
3. At length the wish'd-for mor - row Breaks through the hazy sky; Ab -
4. Her yielding tim-bers sev - er, Her pitchy seams are rent; When
clouds are rent a - sun - der, By lightning's vivid pow'rs. The
fears a wa - t'ry pil - low, None stop the dreadful leak. To
sorbed in si - lent sor - row, Each heaves a bit - ter sigh. The
heav'n, all boun-teous, ev - er, Its boundless mer-cy sent. A
p
f
night is drear and dark, Our poor de-vot - ed bark, Till next
cling to slipp'ry shrouds, Each breathless seaman crowds, As she
dis - mal wreck to view, Strikes hor-ror to the crew, As she
sail in sight ap - pears, We hail her with three cheers, Now we
day there she lay In the Bay of Bis - cay, O!
lay till next day In the Bay of Bis - cay, O!
lay on that day In the Bay of Bis - cay, O!
sail with the gale From the Bay of Bis - cay, O!

23 Land of my fathers.

(Welsh National Song).

In 1856 two weavers at Pontypridd wrote what has proved to be the Welsh national anthem. Evan James wrote the Welsh words, and his son James James the music. The English version is by Owen Alaw (1861).

mp key E♭. S.C.B. *Moderato.* James James.

:d	m :r :d	s :f :m	d' :d' :l.t	d' :— :l	s :m :d		
1.Oh!	land of my	fa - thers, the	land of the	free, The	home of the		
:d	d :d :d	m :r :d	l :l :f	m :— :f	m :s, :s,		
2.Thou	E - den of	bards and	birthplace of	song, The	sons of thy		
:d	d :d :d	d :d :d	f :f :f	d :— :d	d :d :d		
3.Tho'	slighted and	scorn'd by the	proud and the	strong, The	lan-guage of		

d :t, :d	m :r ˈr	r :— :m.f	s :s :m.f	s :s :l.t			
tel - yn[1] so	sooth-ing to	me, Thy	no - ble de -	fen - ders were			
l, :l, :l,	d :t, :t,	t, :— :d.r	m :m :d.r	m :m :d			
mountains are	val - iant and	strong, The	voice of thy	streamlets is			
l, :l, :l,	s, :s, :s,	s, :— :d	d :d :d	d :d :f			
Cam-bria still	charms us in	song; The	A - wen[3] sur -	vives, nor have			

d' :d' :l.t	d' :— :l	s :m :d	r :m :r	d :— :—			
gal - lant and	brave, For	free - dom their	heart's life they	gave.			
d :d :d	d :— :d	d :d :d	t, :t, :t,	d :— :—			
soft to the	ear, Thy	hills and thy	val - leys how	dear!			
m :m :f	m :— :f	m :d :l,	s, :s, :s,	d :— :—			
en - vi - ous	tales Yet	si - lenc'd the	harp of dear	Wales.			

— :— :	s :— :—	— :— :	d' :— :—	— :— :			
	Wales,		Wales,				
— :— :	m :— :—	— :— :	m :— :—	— :— :			
	Wales.		Wales.				
— :— :	d :— :—	— :— :	d :— :—	— :— :			

s :m :d	d :t, :d	r :— :—	— : :m.f	s :— :m.f	s :— :l.t		
home, sweet	home is	Wales,	Till	death be	pass'd my		
m :d :d	s, :— :s,	t, :— :—	— : :d.r	m :— :d.r	m :— :d		
home, sweet	home is	Wales,	Till	death be	pass'd my		
d :— :d	m :r :d	s, :— :—	— : :d	d :— :d	d :— :f		

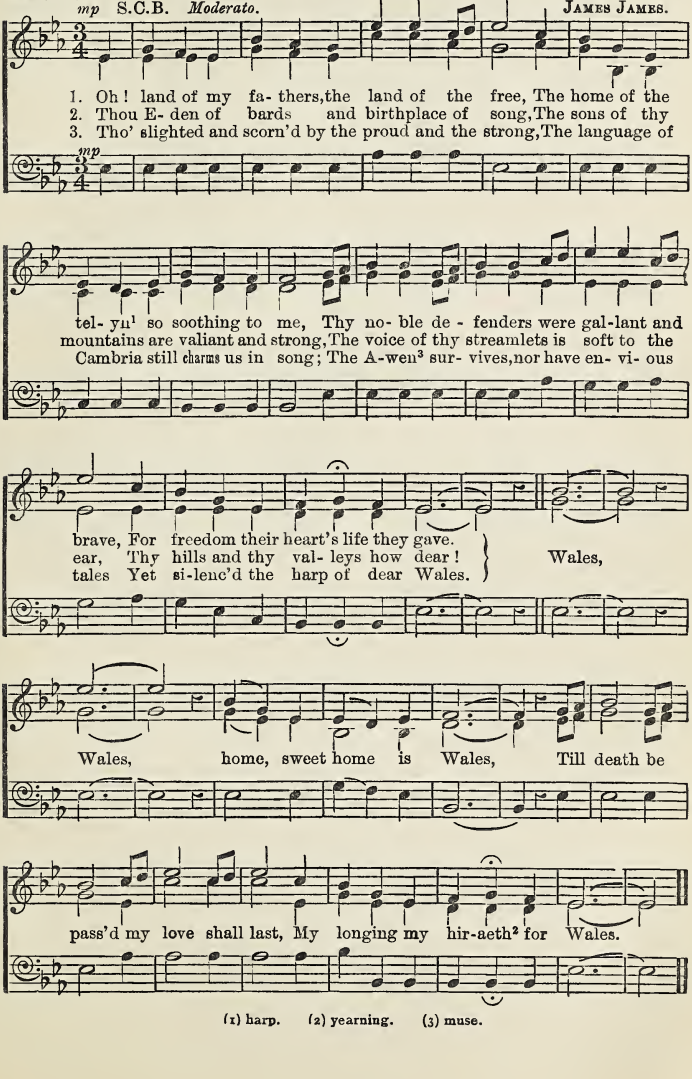
d' :— :l.t	d' :— :l	s :m :d	r :m :r	d :— :—	— :—		
love shall	last, My	long-ing my	hir-aeth[2] for	Wales.			
l :— :l	l :— :d	m :d :d	t, :t, :t,	d :— :—	— :—		
love shall	last, My	long-ing my	hir-aeth[2] for	Wales.			
f :— :f	f :— :f	s :s, :s,	s, :s, :s,	d :— :—	— :—		

(1) harp. (2) yearning. (3) muse.

23 Land of my fathers.

(Welsh National Song).

In 1856 two weavers at Pontypridd wrote what has proved to be the Welsh national anthem. Evan James wrote the Welsh words, and his son James James the music. The English version is by Owen Alaw (1861).


mp S.C.B. *Moderato.*
James James.
1. Oh! land of my fa- thers, the land of the free, The home of the
2. Thou E- den of bards and birthplace of song, The sons of thy
3. Tho' slighted and scorn'd by the proud and the strong, The language of
mp
tel- yn[1] so soothing to me, Thy no- ble de - fenders were gal-lant and
mountains are valiant and strong, The voice of thy streamlets is soft to the
Cambria still charms us in song; The A-wen[3] sur- vives, nor have en- vi- ous
brave, For freedom their heart's life they gave.
ear, Thy hills and thy val- leys how dear!
tales Yet si-lenc'd the harp of dear Wales.
Wales,
Wales, home, sweet home is Wales, Till death be
pass'd my love shall last, My longing my hir-aeth[2] for Wales.

(1) harp. (2) yearning. (3) muse.

24 From the village steeple pealing.

The authorship of the beautiful Welsh air *Ar hyd y nos* is lost in antiquity.

KEY G. S.C.B. Welsh Air.

p *cres.* *p*

1. From the vil - lage stee - ple peal - ing, Hear we the
1. *Un a gef - ais i mi'n gyf - aill, Pwy fel E -*

2. Mel - low are the tones that reach us, Swung from the
2. *Cân yr Hwn sy'n llawn o - gar - iad, Pwy fel E -*

3. Yes! but no - bler thoughts and dear - er Come by the
3. *Yn y tyw - yll fedd fe'm cof - ia, Pwy fel E -*

bells, Through the for - est arch - es steal - ing,
fe! Hwn a gâr yn hwy nag er - aill,

bells, Ma - ny are the truths they teach us,
fe! Byth ni'th ed - y di'n am - ddi - fad,

bells, Heav'n it - self seems oft - en near - er,
fe! Am fy llwch fe lwyr o - fal - a,

Sweet ev - 'ning bells! Sum-mer twi - light ho - vers o'er us,
Pwy fel E- fe! Cyf - new-id - iol yd - yw dyn- ion,

Sweet ev - 'ning bells! Tell-ing us that time is fly - ing,
Pwy fel E- fe! Bwr- w ar - no dy holl o - fal,

Borne on the bells! They of pray'r and praise are sing-ing,
Pwy fel E- fe! Eg - yr Ef ei hun fy ngharchar,

dim *p*

Creep- ing sha - dows are be - fore us, While in soft - ly
A siom - ed - ig yw cyf - eill - ion: Hwn a ber - y

Plea - sure fleet - ing, day - light dy - ing, Wis - dom to our
Dil - yn Jf trwy ddyr - ys an - ial, Dan dy feich - iau

Rest and peace to mor - tals bring - ing, On the breeze their
Mŷn fy nghorff o wael - od dae - ar, Ar ei wedd yn

poco rit.

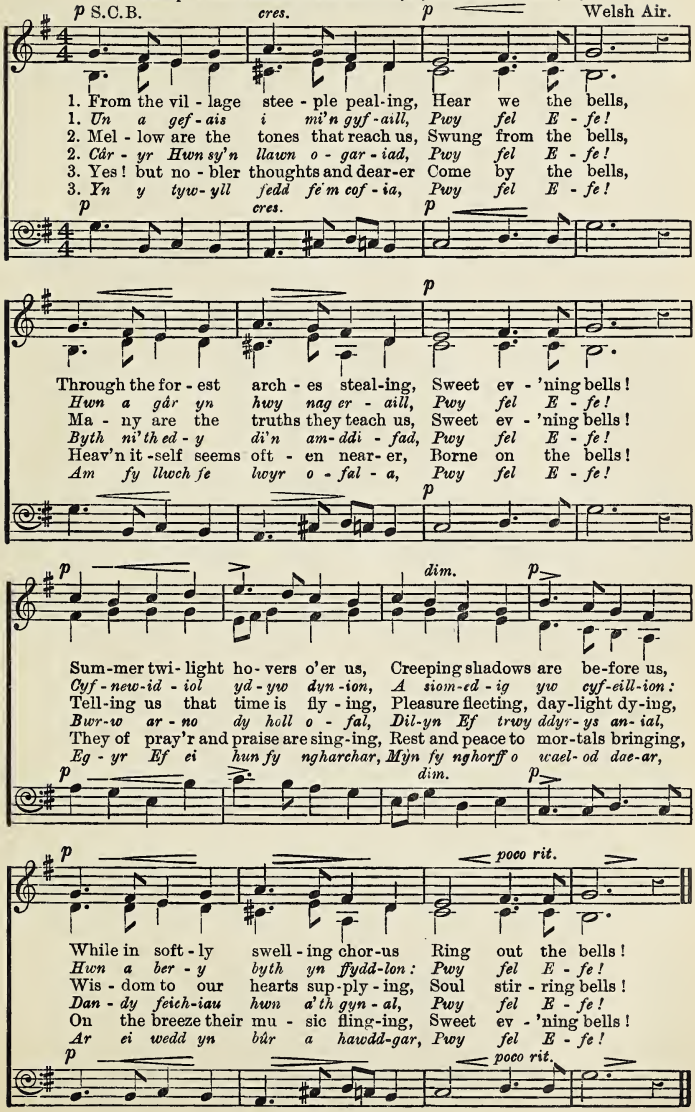
swell - ing cho - rus Ring out the bells!
byth yn ffydd - lon: Pwy fel E- fe!

hearts sup-ply - ing, Soul - stir - ring bells!
hun a'th gyn - al, Pwy fel E- fe!

mu - sic fling - ing, Sweet ev - 'ning bells!
bûr a hawdd - gar, Pwy fel E- fe!

24 From the village steeple pealing.

The authorship of the beautiful Welsh air *Ar hyd y nos* is lost in antiquity.


p S.C.B.
cres.
p
Welsh Air.
1. From the vil - lage stee - ple peal-ing, Hear we the bells,
1. Un a gef - ais i mi'n gyf - aill, Pwy fel E - fe!
2. Mel - low are the tones that reach us, Swung from the bells,
2. Câr - yr Hwn sy'n llawn o - gar - iad, Pwy fel E - fe!
3. Yes! but no - bler thoughts and dear-er Come by the bells,
3. Yn y tyw - yll fedd fe'm cof - ia, Pwy fel E - fe!
p
cres.
p
Through the for - est arch - es steal-ing, Sweet ev - 'ning bells!
Hwn a går yn hwy nag er - aill, Pwy fel E - fe!
Ma - ny are the truths they teach us, Sweet ev - 'ning bells!
Byth ni'th ed - y di'n am - ddi - fad, Pwy fel E - fe!
Heav'n it - self seems oft - en near - er, Borne on the bells!
Am fy llwch fe lwyr o - fal - a, Pwy fel E - fe!
p
dim.
Sum-mer twi - light ho - vers o'er us, Creeping shadows are be-fore us,
Cyf - new-id - iol yd - yw dyn - ion, A siom-ed - ig yw cyf-eill-ion:
Tell-ing us that time is fly - ing, Pleasure fleeting, day-light dy-ing,
Bwr-w ar - no dy holl o - fal, Dil-yn Ef trwy ddyr - ys an - ial,
They of pray'r and praise are sing-ing, Rest and peace to mor-tals bringing,
Eg - yr Ef ei hun fy ngharchar, Myn fy nghorff o wael - od dae-ar,
dim.
poco rit.
While in soft - ly swell - ing chor-us Ring out the bells!
Hwn a ber - y byth yn ffydd-lon: Pwy fel E - fe!
Wis - dom to our hearts sup - ply - ing, Soul stir - ring bells!
Dan - dy feich-iau hwn a'th gyn - al, Pwy fel E - fe!
On the breeze their mu - sic fling-ing, Sweet ev - 'ning bells!
Ar ei wedd yn bûr a hawdd-gar, Pwy fel E - fe!
poco rit.

25 The Ash Grove.

This air is so simple and perfect in form that it is everywhere known, but its origin is lost in the past. The words utter regret for a vanished friend.

mf KEY A♭. S.C.B. *Con moto.* Welsh Air.

:s₁	d	:m	:s	m	:d	:d	r	:f .m	:r .d
1.How	dear	are	these	haunts	when	at	e -	ven	I
1.*Mae'r*	*haul*	*we* -	*di*	*mach* -	*lud*	*a'r*	*lleu* -	*ad*	*yn*
:s₁	s₁	:s₁	:s₁	s₁	:m₁	:s₁	l₁	:l₁	:l₁
2.And	where,	as	I	pass,	the	bark,	carv'd	with	rude
2.*Fe*	*ru* -	*ai*	*bwyst* -	*fil* -	*od,*	*a'r*	*nos*	*wnai*	*dy* -
:s₁	m₁	:d	:t₁	d	:d	:m₁	f₁	:r₁	:f₁
3.Ah!	'tis	but	an	im -	age:	my	fair	El -	len's

t₁	:s₁	:t₁	d	:m .r	:d .t₁	l₁	:f₁	:l₁
hear	-	The	breeze	fall	in	sighs	on	my
co -	*di,*	*A*	*bach* -	*gen*	*o*	*Gym* -	*ro*	*yn*
s₁	:s₁	:s₁	s₁	:s₁	:s₁	f₁	:f₁	:f₁
art,		De -	clares	what	is	gra -	ven	more
wyll -	*u,*	*Tra'r*	*dwfr*	*yn*	*ei*	*wyn* -	*eb*	*a'r*
s₁	:t₁ .l₁	:s₁ .f₁	m₁	:d₁	:m₁	f₁	:l₁	:f₁
gone!		And	still	shall	I	wan -	der	un -

p

s₁	:d	:t₁	d	:—	:s₁	d	:m	:s
fan -	ci -	ful	ear,		And	Phil -	o -	mel
flin -	*gan*	*ei*	*daith;*		*Yn*	*crwy* -	*dro*	*mewn*
m₁	:m₁	:r₁	m₁	:—	:s₁	s₁	:s₁	:s₁
deep	on	my	heart,		Through	tan -	gled	boughs
coed	*yn*	*ei*	*gefn;*		*Yn*	*nghab* -	*an*	*y*
s₁	:s₁	:s₁	d₁	:—	:s₁	m₁	:d	:t₁
con -	cious	a -	lone,		Can re-	gret	fur -	nish

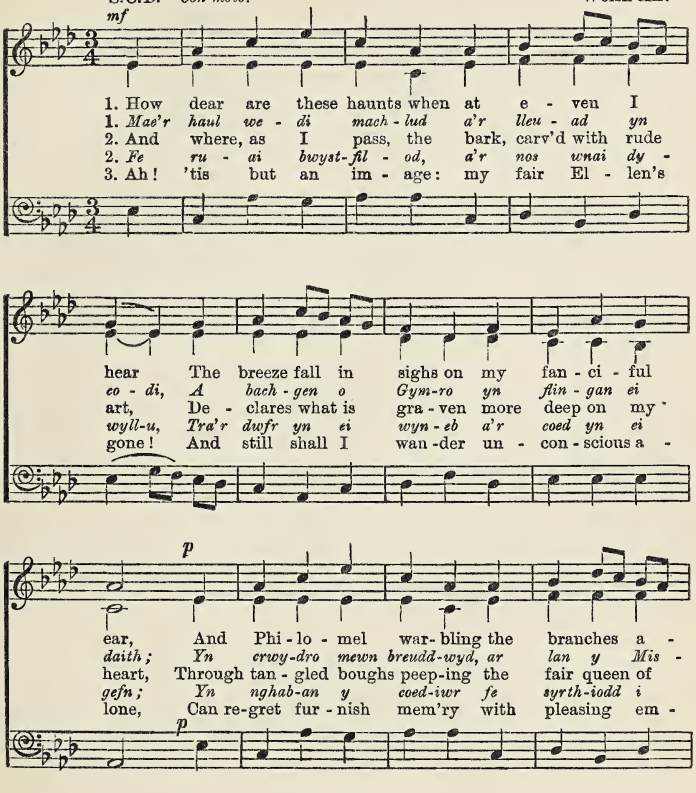
m	:d	:d	r	:f .m	:r .d	t₁	:s₁	:t₁
war -	bling	the	branch -	es	a -	mong,		In
breudd -	*wyd,*	*ar*	*lan*	*y*	*Mis* -	*sou* -	*ri,*	*I*
s₁	:m₁	:s₁	l₁	:l₁	:l₁	s₁	:s₁	:s₁
peep -	ing	the	fair	queen	of	night		On
coed -	*iwr*	*fe*	*syrth* -	*iodd*	*i*	*gys* -	*gu,*	*Ac*
d	:d	:m₁	f₁	:r₁	:f₁	s₁	:t₁ .l₁	:s₁ .f₁
mem -	'ry	with	pleas -	ing	em -	ploy.		And the

d	:m .r	:d .t₁	l₁	:f₁	:l₁	s₁	:d	:t₁
sym -	pa -	thy	pours	her	me -	lo -	di -	ous
ehwil -	*io*	*am*	*lwyth*	*a*	*le* -	*far* -	*ent*	*ein*
s₁	:s₁	:s₁	f₁	:f₁	:f₁	m₁	:m₁	:r₁
sweet	El -	len's	name	sheds	her	pale	sil -	ver
yn -	*o*	*breudd*	*wyd* -	*iodd*	*ei*	*freudd* -	*wyd*	*dra* -
m₁	:d₁	:m₁	f₁	:l₁	:f₁	s₁	:s₁	:s₁
mind	brood	with	fond -	ness	on	scenes	of	past

25 The Ash Grove.

This air is so simple and perfect in form that it is everywhere known, but its origin is lost in the past. The words utter regret for a vanished friend.

S.C.B. *Con moto.* Welsh Air.


mf
1. How dear are these haunts when at e - ven I
1. Mae'r haul we - di mach - lud a'r lleu - ad yn
2. And where, as I pass, the bark, carv'd with rude
2. Fe ru - ai bwyst - fil - od, a'r nos wnai dy -
3. Ah! 'tis but an im - age: my fair El - len's
hear The breeze fall in sighs on my fan - ci - ful
co - di, A bach - gen o Gym-ro yn flin - gan ei
art, De - clares what is gra - ven more deep on my
wyll-u, Tra'r dwfr yn ei wyn - eb a'r coed yn ei
gone! And still shall I wan - der un - con - scious a -
p
ear, And Phi - lo - mel war - bling the branches a -
daith; Yn crwy-dro mewn breudd-wyd, ar lan y Mis -
heart, Through tan - gled boughs peep-ing the fair queen of
gefn; Yn nghab-an y coed-iwr fe syrth-iodd i
lone, Can re-gret fur - nish mem'ry with pleasing em -
p
mong, In sym-pa - thy pours her me - lo - di - ous
sou - ri, I chwil-io am lwyth a le - far - ent ein
night On sweet El - len's name sheds her pale sil - ver
gys - gu, Ac yn - o breudd wyd - iodd ei freudd-wyd dra -
ploy, And the mind brood with fond-ness on scenes of past

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f

d	:—	:m .f	s	:m .f	:s .l	s	:f	:m
song.		How	dear	are	these	haunts,	how	de -
haiaith.		*Ym -*	*droch*	*- ai*	*y*	*ser*	*yn*	*y*
m$_l$	:—	:s$_l$	d	:d	:m	r	:r	:d
light.		Each	spot	where	I	lin -	ger,	each
ehefn !		*Fe*	*wel*	*- ai*	*Fry -*	*thon*	*- iaid,*	*Cym -*
d$_l$	:—	:d .r	m	:d	:d	t$_l$	:t$_l$	:d
joy ?		Still	dear	are	those	haunts,	still	de -

f	:r .m	:f .s	f	:m	:r	m	:d .r	:m .f
light -	ful	the	grove		Where	first	I	held
ton -	*nau*	*try -*	*loe -*	*won,*	*Ae*	*yn -*	*tau*	*fel*
t$_l$	:t$_l$ .d	:r .m	d	:d	:s$_l$	s$_l$	:s$_l$ .t$_l$	:d .t$_l$
path	where	I	rove		Re -	calls	the	dear
raeg	*wnaent*	*le -*	*far -*	*u,*	*Ad -*	*rodd -*	*ent*	*eu*
s$_l$	:s$_l$	:s$_l$	l$_l$ .t$_l$	:d	:t$_l$	d	:m$_l$ .s$_l$	:d .r
light -	ful	the	grove,		Though 'twas	here	that	I

p

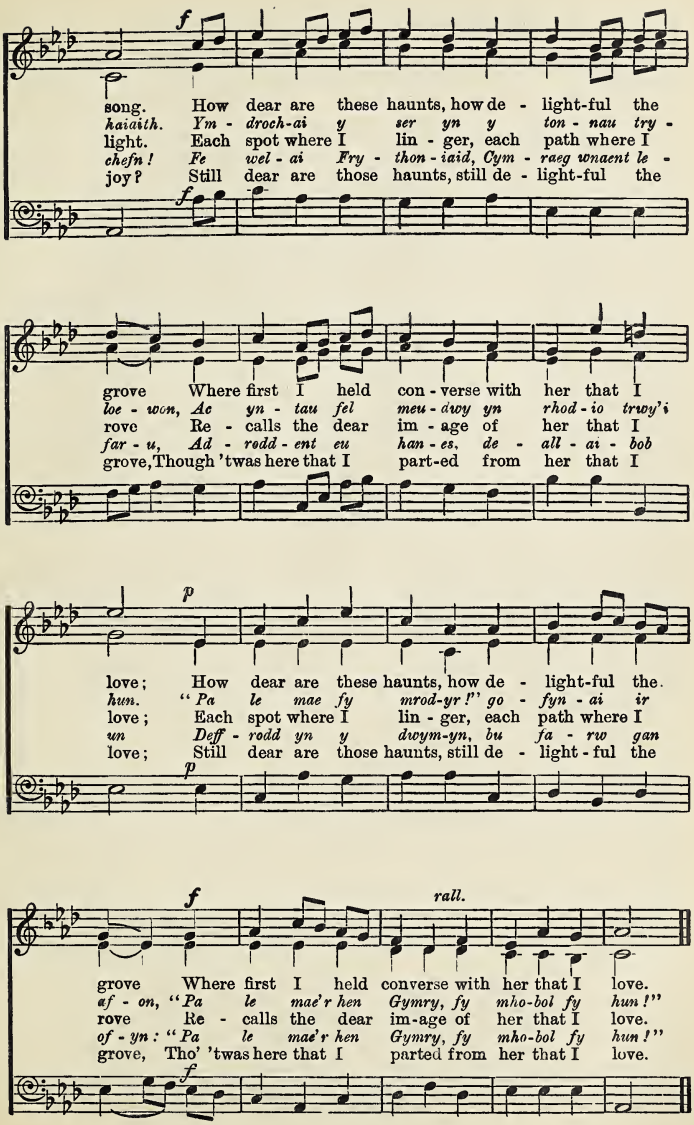
m	:r	:d	t$_l$	:s	:fe	s	:—	:s$_l$
con -	verse	with	her	that	I	love ;		How
meu -	*dwy*	*yn*	*rhod -*	*io*	*trwy'i*	*hun.*		*"Pa*
d	:s$_l$	:l$_l$	s$_l$	:t$_l$	:l$_l$	t$_l$	:—	:s$_l$
im -	age	of	her	that	I	love ;		Each
han -	*es,*	*de -*	*all -*	*ai*	*bob*	*un*		*Deff -*
d	:t$_l$	:l$_l$	r	:r	:r$_l$	s$_l$	:—	:s$_l$
part -	ed	from	her	that	I	love ;		Still

f

d	:m	:s	m	:d	:d	r	:f .m	:r .d
dear	are	these	haunts,	how	de -	light -	ful	the
le	*mae*	*fy*	*mrod -*	*yr !"*	*go -*	*fyn -*	*ai*	*ir*
s$_l$	:s$_l$	:s$_l$	s$_l$	:m$_l$	:s$_l$	l$_l$	:l$_l$	:l$_l$
spot	where	I	lin -	ger,	each	path	where	I
rodd	*yn*	*y*	*dwym-*	*yn,*	*bu*	*fa -*	*rw*	*gan*
m$_l$	:d	:t$_l$	d	:d	:m$_l$	f$_l$	:r$_l$	:f$_l$
dear	are	those	haunts,	still	de -	light -	ful	the

t$_l$	:s$_l$		:t$_l$
grove			Where
af -	*on,*		*"Pa*
s$_l$	:s$_l$		:s$_l$
rove			Re -
of -	*yn :*		*"Pa*
s$_l$	:t$_l$ .l$_l$		:s$_l$ .f$_l$
grove,	Tho' 'twas		

rall.

d	:m .r	:d .t$_l$	l$_l$	:f$_l$	:l$_l$	s$_l$	:d	:t$_l$	d	:—	
first	I	held	con -	verse	with	her	that	I	love.		
le	*mae'r*	*hen*	*Gym -*	*ry,*	*fy*	*mho -*	*bol*	*fy*	*hun !"*		
s$_l$	:s$_l$	:s$_l$	f$_l$	:f$_l$	:f$_l$	m$_l$	:m$_l$	:r$_l$	m$_l$	:—	
calls	the	dear	im -	age	of	her	that	I	love.		
le	*mae'r*	*hen*	*Gym -*	*ry,*	*fy*	*mho -*	*bol*	*fy*	*hun !"*		
m$_l$	:d$_l$	:m$_l$	f$_l$	:l$_l$	:f$_l$	s$_l$	:s$_l$	:s$_l$	d$_l$	:—	
here	that	I	part -	ed	from	her	that	I	love.		

f
song. How dear are these haunts, how de - light-ful the
haiaith. Ym - droch-ai y ser yn y ton - nau try -
light. Each spot where I lin - ger, each path where I
chefn! Fe wel - ai Fry - thon - iaid, Cym - raeg wnaent le -
joy? Still dear are those haunts, still de - light-ful the
f
grove Where first I held con - verse with her that I
loe - won, Ac yn - tau fel meu - dwy yn rhod - io trwy'i
rove Re - calls the dear im - age of her that I
far - u, Ad - rodd - ent eu han - es, de - all - ai - bob
grove, Though 'twas here that I part-ed from her that I
p
love; How dear are these haunts, how de - light-ful the.
hun. "Pa le mae fy mrod-yr!" go - fyn - ai ir
love; Each spot where I lin - ger, each path where I
un Deff - rodd yn y dwym-yn, bu fa - rw gan
love; Still dear are those haunts, still de - light - ful the
p
f
rall.
grove Where first I held converse with her that I love.
af - on, "Pa le mae'r hen Gymry, fy mho-bol fy hun!"
rove Re - calls the dear im-age of her that I love.
of - yn: "Pa le mae'r hen Gymry, fy mho-bol fy hun!"
grove, Tho' 'twas here that I parted from her that I love.
f

26 March of the Men of Harlech.

Probably this fine martial air had its birth during the wars of the roses, when Harlech Castle, which stands on a lofty eminence on the coast of Merionethshire, was besieged by the Earl of Pembroke on behalf of Edward IV.

English Words by JOHN GUARD. Welsh Air.

f KEY B♭. S.C.B. M. 120.

d	:- .,t$_1$	l$_1$	:- .,t$_1$	d	:r	|m	:d	f	:m	|r	:d
1.Tongues	of fire		on	Id -	ris	flar -	ing,	News of		foe -	men
1.*We*	- *le goel*	-	*gerth*	*wen*	*yn*	*fflam* -	*io,*	*A*	*tha* -	*fod*	- *au*
m$_1$	:- .,m$_1$	f$_1$	:- .,f$_1$	m$_1$	:s$_1$	|s$_1$	:m$_1$	d	:de	|r	:l$_1$
2.Loud	the mar -	tial		pipes	are	sound -	ing,	Ev -	'ry	man -	ly
2.*Ni*	*chaiff ge* -	*lyn*		*ladd*	*ac*	*ym* -	*lid,*	*Har* -	*lech !*	*Har* -	*lech !*
d	:- .,d	|d	:- .,d	d	:t$_1$	|d	:d$_1$	l$_1$	:s$_1$	|f$_1$	:fe$_1$

t$_1$	:- .l$_1$	|t$_1$	:s$_1$	d	:- .,t$_1$	|l$_1$	:- .,t$_1$	d	:r	|m	:l
near	de -	clar -	ing,	To	he-ro	-	ic	deeds of	dar	-	ing,
tân	*yn*	*bloedd-io,*		*Ar*	*i'r dewr*	-	*ion*	*ddod i*	*da*	-	*ro,*
s$_1$	:- .fe$_1$	|s$_1$	:s$_1$	m$_1$	:- .,m$_1$	|f$_1$	:- .,f$_1$	s$_1$	:t$_1$	|d	:d
heart is	bound -	ing,		As,	our trust	-	ed	chief sur	- round -		ing,
cwyd i'w	*her* -	*lid,*		*Y*	*mae Rhodd*	-	*wr*	*mrwr ein*	*rhy*	-	*ddid*
s$_1$	:r$_1$	|s$_1$	:s$_1$	d$_1$	:- .,d$_1$	|f$_1$	:- .,f$_1$	m$_1$	:s$_1$	|d	:f$_1$

s$_1$.m	:—	|r	:- .,m	d	:—	|—	:	d	:- .,t$_1$	|l$_1$	:- .,t$_1$
Call you,		Har -	lech	men.				Groans	of wound	-	ed
Unwaith		*et* -	*o'n*	*un :*				*Gan*	*fan-llef*	-	*au'r*
m .d	:—	|t$_1$	:- .,d	d	:—	|—	:	m$_1$	:- .,m$_1$	|f$_1$	:- .,f$_1$
March we		Har -	lech	men.				Short	the sleep		the
Yn rhoi		*nerth*	*i*	*ni ;*				*We*	- *le Gym*	-	*ru*
s$_1$.s$_1$	:—	|s$_1$	:- .,s$_1$	d$_1$	:—	|—	:	d	:- .,d	|d	:- .,d

d	:r	|m	:d	f	:m	|r	:d	t$_1$	:- .l$_1$	|t$_1$	:s$_1$
pea -	sants	dy -	ing,	Wails of	wives	and		chil -	dren fly	-	ing,
ty -	*wys* -	*og* -	*ion,*	*Llais ge* -	*lyn* -	*ion,*		*trwst*	*ar* - *fog*	-	*ion*
m$_1$	:s$_1$	|s$_1$	:m$_1$	d	:de	|r	:l$_1$	s$_1$	:- .fe$_1$	|s$_1$	:s$_1$
foe is	tak	ing :		Ere the	mor -	row's		morn is	break -		ing
a'i by -	*ddin* -	*oedd,*		*Yn ym* -	*dyw* -	*allt*		*o'r my* -	*nydd* -		*oedd,*
d	:t$_1$	|d	:d$_1$	l$_1$	:s$_1$	|f$_1$	:fe$_1$	s$_1$	:r$_1$	|s$_1$	:s$_1$

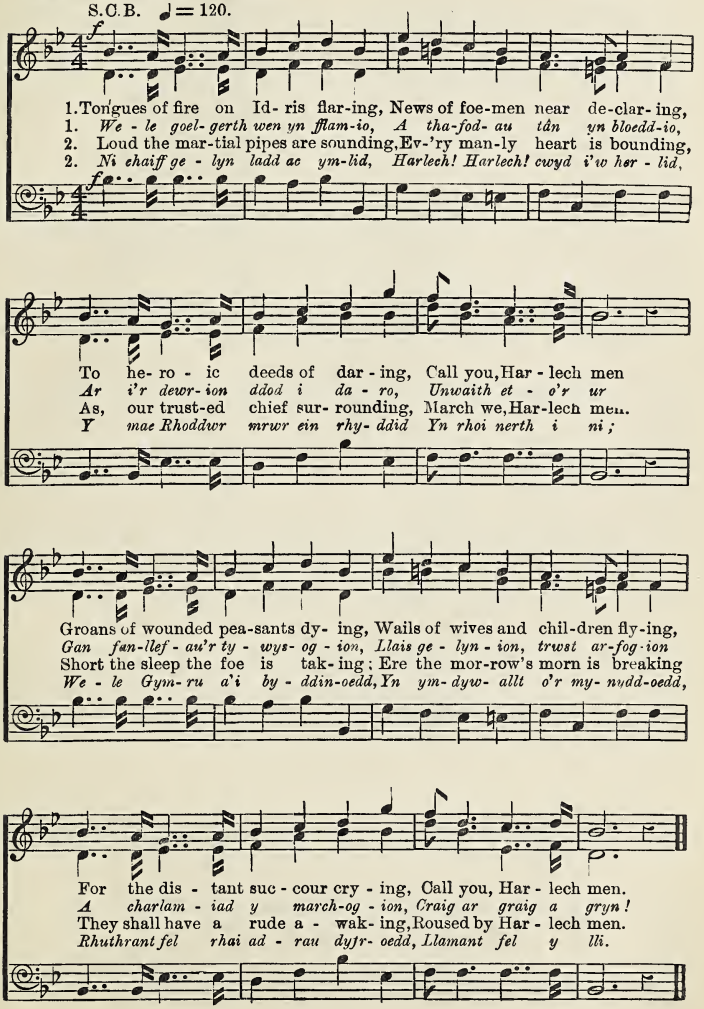
d	:-.,t$_1$	|l$_1$	:-.,t$_1$	d	:r	|m	:l	s .m	:—	|r	:-.,m	d	:—	|—	:
For	the dis -	tant		suc -	cour	cry -	ing.	Call you,		Har -	lech	men			
A	*charlam* -	*iad*		*y*	*marchog* -		*ion,*	*Craig ar*		*graig*	*a*	*gryn !*			
m$_1$	:-.,m$_1$	|f$_1$	:-.,f$_1$	s$_1$	:t$_1$	|d	:d	m .d	:—	|f$_1$	:-.,s$_1$	m$_1$	:—	|—	:
They	shall have	a		rude a -	wak -	ing,		Roused by	Har -	lech		men.			
Rhuthrant	*fel rhai*			*ad* -	*rau*	*dyfroedd,*		*Llamant*	*fel*	*y*		*lli.*			
d$_1$	:-.,d$_1$	|f$_1$	:-.,f$_1$	m$_1$	:s$_1$	|d	:f$_1$	s$_1$.s$_1$	:—	|s$_1$	:-.,s$_1$	d$_1$	:—	|—	:

26 March of the Men of Harlech.

Probably this fine martial air had its birth during the wars of the roses, when Harlech Castle, which stands on a lofty eminence on the coast of Merionethshire, was besieged by the Earl of Pembroke on behalf of Edward IV.

English Words by JOHN GUARD. Welsh Air.

S.C.B. ♩ = 120.


f
1. Tongues of fire on Id- ris flar-ing, News of foe-men near de-clar- ing,
1. *We - le goel- gerth wen yn fflam-io, A tha-fod- au tân yn bloedd-io,*
2. Loud the mar-tial pipes are sounding, Ev-'ry man-ly heart is bounding,
2. *Ni chaiff ge - lyn ladd ac ym-lid, Harlech! Harlech! cwyd i'w her - lid,*
f
To he- ro - ic deeds of dar - ing, Call you, Har - lech men
Ar i'r dewr- ion ddod i da - ro, Unwaith et - o'r ur
As, our trust-ed chief sur- rounding, March we, Har-lech men.
Y mae Rhoddwr mrwy ein rhy- ddid Yn rhoi nerth i ni;
Groans of wounded pea-sants dy- ing, Wails of wives and chil-dren fly-ing,
Gan fan-llef - au'r ty - wys- og - ion, Llais ge - lyn - ion, trwst ar-fog-ion
Short the sleep the foe is tak- ing; Ere the mor-row's morn is breaking
We - le Gym- ru a'i by - ddin-oedd, Yn ym- dyw- allt o'r my- nydd-oedd,
For the dis - tant suc - cour cry - ing, Call you, Har - lech men.
A charlam - iad y march-og - ion, Craig ar graig a gryn!
They shall have a rude a - wak- ing, Roused by Har - lech men.
Rhuthrant fel rhai ad - rau dyfr- oedd, Llamant fel y lli.

Sp

r :- .,d | t$_1$:- .,d	r :r | :	s :- .,f | m :- .,f
Shall the voice of	wail - ing	Now be un - a
Cwym - pa lla - wer	*lly - wydd,*	*Ar - fon byth ni*
t$_1$:- .,l$_1$ | s$_1$:- .,l$_1$	t$_1$:t$_1$ | :	m :- .,r | d :- .,r
Mo - thers, cease your	weep - ing,	Calm may be your
Llwydd - iant i'n lly-	*wydd - ion,*	*Rhwy - tro bâr yr*
s$_1$:- .,s$_1$ | s$_1$:- .,s$_1$	s$_1$:s$_1$ | :	d :- .,d | d :- .,d

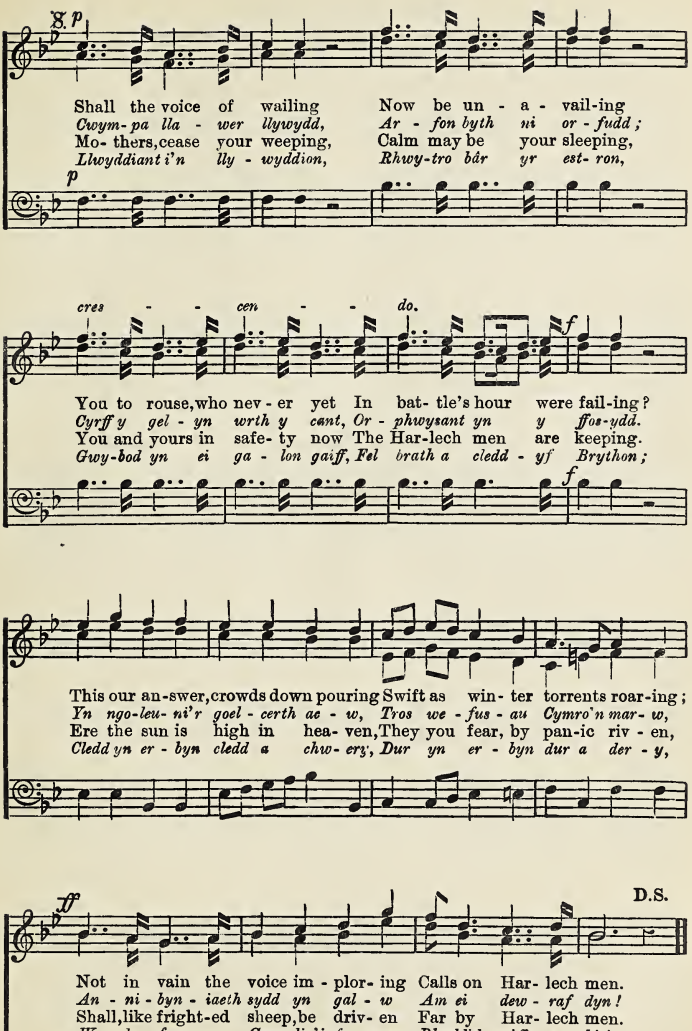
s :s | :	*cres - - - -*	*cen - - -*	
vail - ing	s :- .,f | m :- .,f	s :- .,f | m :- .,f
or - fudd ;	You to rouse, who	nev - er yet In
m :m | :	*Cyrff y gel - yn*	*wrth y eant, Or-*
sleep - ing,	m :- .,r | d :- .,r	m :- .,r | d :- .,r
est - ron,	You and yours in	safe - ty now The
d :d | :	*Gwy - bod yn ei*	*ga - lon gaiff, Fel*
	d :- .,d | d :- .,d	d :- .,d | d :- .,d

do. *f*

s :- .,f | m .,r :m .,f	s :s | :	f :l | s :s
bat - tle's hour were	fail - ing	This our an - swer,
phwy - sant yn y	*ffos - ydd.*	*Yn ngo - leu - ni'r*
m :- .,r | d .,t$_1$:d .,r	m :m | :	r :f | m :m
Har - lech men are	keep - ing.	Ere the sun is
brath a eledd - yf	*Brython ;*	*Cledd yn er - hyn*
d :- .,d | d :- .,d	d :d | :	f$_1$:f$_1$ | d$_1$:d$_1$

f :f | m :m	r .m :f .m | r :d	t$_1$:- .l$_1$ | t$_1$:s$_1$
crowds down pour - ing	Swift as win - ter	tor - rents roar - ing ;
goel - certh ac - w,	*Tros we - fus - au*	*Cym - ro'n mar - w,*
r :r | d :d	f$_1$ .s$_1$:l$_1$ .s$_1$ | f$_1$:m$_1$	r$_1$:fe$_1$ | s$_1$:s$_1$
high in hea - ven,	They you fear, by	pan - ic riv - en,
eledd a ehw - ery,	*Dur yn er - byn*	*dur a der - y,*
f$_1$ .s$_1$:l$_1$ .t$_1$ | d :d$_1$	r$_1$:r$_1$ .m$_1$ | f$_1$:fe$_1$	s$_1$:r$_1$ | s$_1$:s$_1$

ff D.S.

d :-.,t$_1$ | l$_1$:-.,t$_1$	d :r | m :l	s .m :— | r :-.,m	d :— | — :	
Not in vain the	voice im - plor-ing	Calls on Har - lech	men.	
An - ni-byn - iaeth	*sydd yn gal- w*	*Am ei dew - raf*	*dyn !*	
d :-.,t$_1$ | l$_1$:-.,t$_1$	d :t$_1$ | d :f	m .d :— | t$_1$:-.,t$_1$	d :— | — :	
Shall, like fright - ed	sheep, be driv-en	Far by Har - lech	men.	
We - le fan - er	*Gwa-lia'i fy - ny*	*Rhyddid aiff a*	*hi !*	
d :-.,t$_1$ | l$_1$:-.,t$_1$	d :s$_1$ | d :f$_1$	s$_1$ .s$_1$:— | s$_1$:-.,s$_1$	d :— | — :	

Shall the voice of wailing Now be un - a - vail-ing
Cwym-pa lla - wer llywydd, Ar - fon byth ni or - fudd;
Mo- thers, cease your weeping, Calm may be your sleeping,
Llwyddiant i'n lly - wyddion, Rhwy-tro bâr yr est- ron,
cres - - cen - - do.
You to rouse, who nev - er yet In bat- tle's hour were fail-ing?
Cyrff y gel - yn wrth y cant, Or - phwysant yn y ffos-ydd.
You and yours in safe- ty now The Har-lech men are keeping.
Gwy-bod yn ei ga - lon gaiff, Fel brath a cledd - yf Brython;
This our an-swer, crowds down pouring Swift as win- ter torrents roar-ing;
Yn ngo-leu- ni'r goel - certh ac - w, Tros we - fus - au Cymro'n mar- w,
Ere the sun is high in hea- ven, They you fear, by pan-ic riv - en,
Cledd yn er - byn cledd a chw- ery', Dur yn er - byn dur a der - y,
D.S.
Not in vain the voice im - plor- ing Calls on Har- lech men.
An - ni - byn - iaeth sydd yn gal - w Am ei dew - raf dyn!
Shall, like fright-ed sheep, be driv- en Far by Har- lech men.
We - le fan - er Gwa- lia'i fy - ny Rhyddid aiff a hi!

27 The boatie rows.

Air and words of uncertain origin, inspired by the coast fisheries of Scotland.

JOHN M'EWEN. Scots Song.

KEY D. S.C.B. M. 120.

:d	m	:s	| s	:-.l	| s	:d'	| r'.d'	:t .l	| s	:m	| r	:d	
1.O	weel		may	the	boat- ie		row,	And		bet - ter		may	she		
:d	d	:m	| m	:-.f	| m	:s	| f	:r	| s	:d	| d	:d	
2.When	Sand-y,		Jock,	and	Jan - et	- ie		Are		up	and	got -	ten		
:d	d	:d	| d	:-.d	| d	:m	| f	:f	| m	:d	| l,	:l,	
3.And	when wi'		age	we're	worn		doon,	And		hirp - lin'		roond	the		

m	:—	| r	:d	| m	:s	| s	:-.l	| s	:d'	| r'.d'	:t .l		
speed ;			O		weel		may	the		boat - ie		row	That		
d	:—	| t,	:d	| d	:m	| m	:-.f	| m	:s	| f	:f		
lear,			They'll		help	to	gar	the		boat - ie		row,	And		
s,	:—	| —	:d	| d	:d	| d	:-.d	| d	:m	| f	:r		
door,			They'll		row	to	keep	us		hale and		warm,	As		

s	:m	| r	:-.m	| d	:—	| —	:s	| d'	:s	| s	:l .t		
wins	the	bairn	- ie's	breid.			The		boat - ie		rows,	the		
d	:d	| t,	:-.t,	| d	:—	| —	:t,	| d	:d	| d	:d		
lich - ten		a'	our	care.			The		boat - ie		rows,	the		
m	:s,	| s,	:-.s,	| d	:—	| —	:r	| m	:m	| m	:f		
we	did	them	be-	fore.			The		boat - ie		rows,	the		

d'	:s	| s	:d'.t	| l	:s	| l	:d'	| r'	:—	| —	:t		
boat - ie		rows,	The	boat - ie		rows	fu'		weel ;			And		
d	:d	| d	:d	| d	:d	| d	:s	| f	:—	| —	:s		
boat - ie		rows,	The	boat - ie		rows	fu'		weel ;			And		
m	:m	| m	:m	| f	:m	| f	:m	| s	:—	| —	:f		

d',m'	:—	| l	:-.d'	| s	:d'.t	| l.s	:f.m	| r	:-.d	| r	:m	| d	:—	| —
muckle		luck	at-	tend	the	boat,	The		mur - lain		and	the	creel.		
s .s	:—	| f	:-.f	| s	:s	| f	:d	| d	:-.d	| t,	:t,	| d	:—	| —
muckle		luck	at-	tend	the	boat,	The		mur - lain		and	the	creel.		
m .d	:—	| f	:-.f	| m	:m	| f	:l.s	| f	:-.l	| s	:s,	| d	:—	| —

28 We're a' noddin'.

The origin of words and music is uncertain. A song of fireside foregathering.

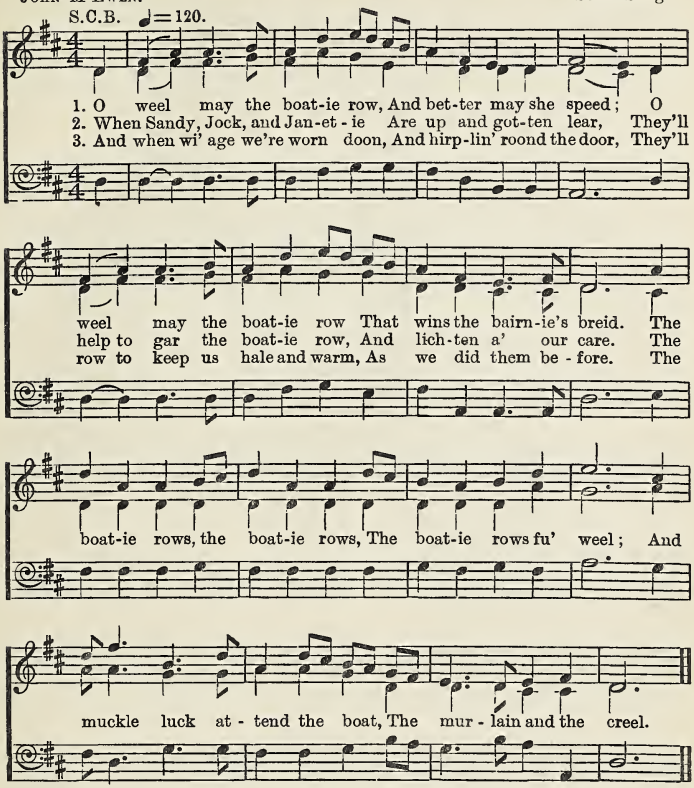
mf KEY F. S.C.B. Scots Song.

:d .r	m	:—	| r	:d	| r	:r	| m .r	:d .r	| m	:—	| r	:d .d	
And we're	a'		nod -	din',	nid,nid,noddin',				And we're		a'		nod -	din' at	
:m, .f,	s,	:—	| f,	:m,	| t,	:t,	| t, .t,	:l, .t,	| d	:—	| t,	:d .m,			
And we're	a'		nod -	din',	nid,nid,noddin',				And we're		a'		nod -	din' at	
:d .d	d	:—	| d	:d	| s,	:s,	| s, .s,	:s, .s,	| d	:—	| s,	:d .d			

27 The boatie rows.

Air and words of uncertain origin, inspired by the coast fisheries of Scotland.

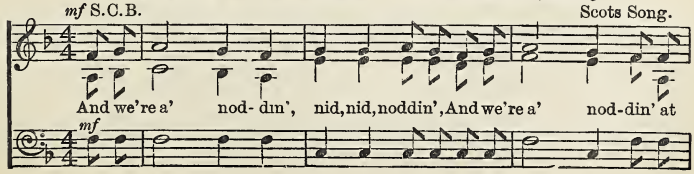
JOHN M'EWEN. Scots Song.


S.C.B. ♩=120.
1. O weel may the boat-ie row, And bet-ter may she speed; O
2. When Sandy, Jock, and Jan-et-ie Are up and got-ten lear, They'll
3. And when wi' age we're worn doon, And hirp-lin' roond the door, They'll
weel may the boat-ie row That wins the bairn-ie's breid. The
help to gar the boat-ie row, And lich-ten a' our care. The
row to keep us hale and warm, As we did them be-fore. The
boat-ie rows, the boat-ie rows, The boat-ie rows fu' weel; And
muckle luck at-tend the boat, The mur-lain and the creel.

28 We're a' noddin'.

The origin of words and music is uncertain. A song of fireside foregathering.

mf S.C.B. Scots Song.



S p

m .r :d .t₁ |d :m .f	s :s .s |s .s :d¹ .l	s :s .s |s :m .f
our house at hame ! 1. Guide	e'en to ye, kim-mer, And	are ye a - lane? O
s₁ .f₁ :m₁ .r₁ |m₁ :d .r	m :t₁ .t₁ |d .d :d	m :f .f |m :d .r
our house at hame ! 2. O	sair ha'e I fought, Ear'and	late did I toil, My
f₁ :s₁ .s₁ |d :d	d :r .r |m .m :f	s :s₁ .s₁ |d :d
our house at hame ! 3. When he	knocket at the door, I	thocht I ken the rap, And

s .s :s .s |l .ta :l .s	f .m :r .d |(t₁) :s .f	m .m :m .f
come and see how blythe are we, For	Jam-ie he's cam' hame ; And	O, but he's been
m .m :t₁ .d |d .d :d .ta₁	l₁ .d :l₁ .l₁ |s₁ :r	d .d :d .d
bairnies for to feed and clead, [1] My	comfort was their smile ; When I	thocht on Jamie
d .d :r .m |f .f :f .f	f .f :f₁ .f₁ |s₁ :t₁	d .t₁ :l₁ .l₁
lit-tle Kat-ie cried a loud, "My	daddie he's cam' back !" A	stoun [3] gaed thro' my

|s .s :d¹ .l	s .s :s .s |(s) :m .f	s .s :s .s |l .s :f .m
lang a wa', And	O, my heart was sair, As I	sob-bed out a lang farewell, May
|m .m :d .d	m .m :r .m |f :d .r	m .m :m .m |f .m :r .d
far a - wa', An'	o' his love sae fain, [2] A	bod-in' thrill cam' thro' my heart, We'll
|s₁ .s₁ :l₁ .f₁	d .d :t₁ .d |s₁ :d .d	d .d :d .d |d .d :d .d
anxious breast, As	thochtfully I sat, I	rase—I gazed—fell in his arms, And

mf

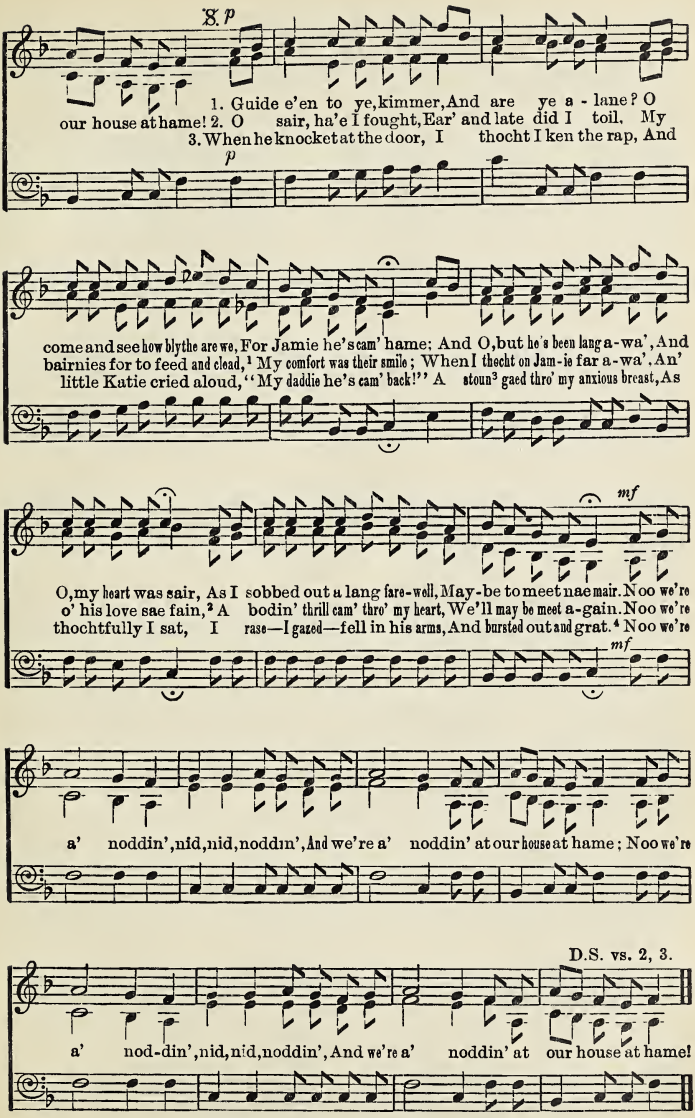
f .m :r .d |(t₁) :d .r	m :— |r :d	r :r |m .r :d .r
be to meet nae mair. Noo we're	a' nod - din',	nid, nid, noddin', And we're
l₁ .s₁ :f₁ .m₁ |r₁ :m₁ .f₁	s₁ :— |f₁ :m₁	t₁ :t₁ |t₁ .t₁ :l₁ .t₁
may be meet again. Noo we're	a' nod - din',	nid, nid, noddin', And we're
f₁ .f₁ :f₁ .f₁ |s₁ :d .d	d :— |d :d	s₁ :s₁ |s₁ .s₁ :s₁ .s₁
bursted out and grat. [4] Noo we're	a' nod - din',	nid, nid, noddin', And we're

m :— |r :d .d	m .r :d .t₁ |d :d .r	m :— |r :d
a' nod - din' at	our house at hame: Noo we're	a' nod - din',
d :— |t₁ :m₁ .m₁	s₁ .f₁ :m₁ .r₁ |m₁ :m₁ .f₁	s₁ :— |f₁ :m₁
a' nod - din' at	our house at hame; Noo we're	a' nod - din',
d :— |s₁ :d .d	f₁ :s₁ .s₁ |d :d .d	d :— |d :d

D.S. vs. 2, 3.

r :r |m .r :d .r	m :— |r :d .d	m .r :d .t₁ |d
nid, nid, nod-ding, And we're	a' nod - din' at	our house at hame !
t₁ :t₁ |t₁ .t₁ :l₁ .t₁	d :— |t₁ :d .m₁	s₁ .f₁ :m₁ .r₁ |m₁
nid, nid, nod-ding, And we're	a' nod - din' at	our house at hame !
s₁ :s₁ |s₁ .s₁ :s₁ .s₁	d :— |s₁ :d .d	f₁ :s₁ .s₁ |d

1. Clothe 2. Fond. 3. Pang. 4. Wept.


8. p
1. Guide e'en to ye, kimmer, And are ye a - lane? O
our house at hame! 2. O sair, ha'e I fought, Ear' and late did I toil. My
3. When he knocket at the door, I thocht I ken the rap, And
p
come and see how blythe are we, For Jamie he's cam' hame: And O, but he's been lang a-wa', And
bairnies for to feed and clead,[1] My comfort was their smile; When I thecht on Jam-ie far a-wa'. An'
little Katie cried aloud, "My daddie he's cam' back!" A stoun[3] gaed thro' my anxious breast, As
mf
O, my heart was sair, As I sobbed out a lang fare-well, May-be to meet nae mair. Noo we're
o' his love sae fain,[2] A bodin' thrill cam' thro' my heart, We'll may be meet a-gain. Noo we're
thochtfully I sat, I rase—I gazed—fell in his arms, And bursted out and grat.[4] Noo we're
mf
a' noddin', nid, nid, noddin', And we're a' noddin' at our house at hame; Noo we're
D.S. vs. 2, 3.
a' nod-din', nid, nid, noddin', And we're a' noddin' at our house at hame!

1. Clothe. 2. Fond. 3. Pang. 4. Wept.

29 Auld Langsyne.

The verses are partly by Robert Burns. Author of melody uncertain. Langsyne—long ago; braes—hills; gowans—daisies; bit—foot; dine—dinner time (midday).

KEY G. S.C.B. *Moderato.* M. 80. Scots Song.

:s, | d :- .d | d :m | r :- .d | r :m | d .d :—
1. Should auld ac - quaint- ance be for- got, And never
2. We twa hae run a - boot the braes, And pu'd the
:s, | m, :- .m, | s, :d | t, :- .l, | t, :t, | d .d :—
3. We twa hae paidl - 't in the burn, Frae morning
4. And here's a hand, my trus - ty frien', And gies a
:s, | d :- .d | m :d | s, :- .s, | s, :m, | l, .l, :—

|m :- .s | l :— |— :d' | s :- .m | m :d
brocht to mind? Should auld ac - quaint - ance
gow - ans fine, We've wan - der'd mony a
|d :- .d | d :— |— :d | d :- .d | d :d
sun till dine, But seas be-tween us,
hand o' thine; We'll tak' a cup o'
|s, :- .m, | f, :— |— :f, | m, :- .d | d :l,

|r :- .d | r :m .r | d :- .l, | l, :s, | d :— |—
be for-got, And days o' Lang - syne?
wea - ry fit Since Auld Lang - syne.
|t, :- .l, | t, :se, | l, :- .l, | f, :— | m, :— |—
braid, ha'e roar'd Since Auld Lang - syne.
kind - ness yet For Auld Lang - syne.
|s, :- .s, | s, :m, | l, :- .f, | f, :s, | d, :— |—

Chorus.

:l | s .m :— | m :- .d | r :- .d | r :m | s .m :—
For Auld Lang - syne, my dear, For Auld
:f | m .d :— | d :— | t, :- .l, | t, :d | m .d :—
For Auld Lang - syne, my dear, For Auld
:f, | d :— | m, .f, :s, .l, | r, :- .r, | s, :d | d :—

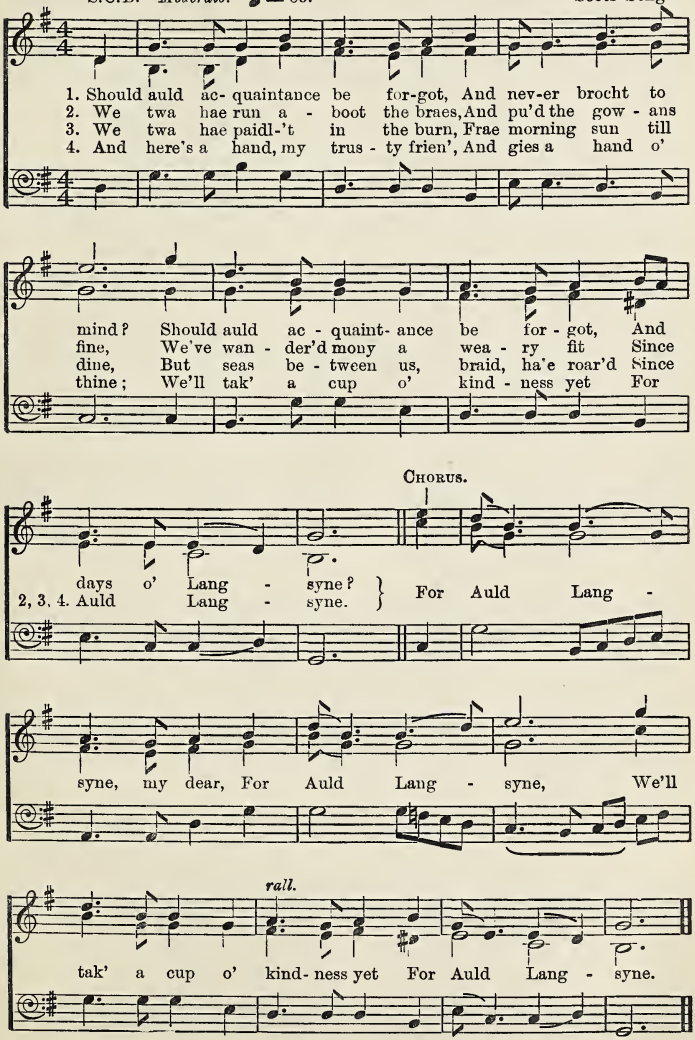
|m :- .s | l :— |— :d' | s :- .m | m :d
Lang - syne. We'll tak' a cup o'
|d :— | d :— |— :f | m :- .d | d :d
Lang - syne. We'll tak' a cup o'
|d .ta, :l, .s, | f, :- .m, | f, .s, :l, .t, | d :- .d | d :l,

rall.

|r :- .d | r :m | d .l, :— | l, :s, | d :— |—
kind - ness yet For Auld Lang - syne.
|t, :- .l, | t, :se, | l, :— | f, :— | m, :— |—
kind - ness yet For Auld Lang - syne.
|s, :- .s, | s, :m, | l, .f, :— | f, :s, | d, :— |—

29 Auld Langsyne.

The verses are partly by Robert Burns. Author of melody uncertain. Langsyne—long ago; braes—hills; gowans—daisies; bit—foot; dine—dinner time (midday).

S.C.B. *Moderato.* ♩ = 80. Scots Song.

1. Should auld ac- quaintance be for-got, And nev-er brocht to
2. We twa hae run a - boot the braes, And pu'd the gow - ans
3. We twa hae paidl-'t in the burn, Frae morning sun till
4. And here's a hand, my trus - ty frien', And gies a hand o'
mind? Should auld ac - quaint- ance be for - got, And
fine, We've wan - der'd mony a wea - ry fit Since
dine, But seas be - tween us, braid, ha'e roar'd Since
thine; We'll tak' a cup o' kind - ness yet For
Chorus.
days o' Lang - syne?
2, 3, 4. Auld Lang - syne.
For Auld Lang -
syne, my dear, For Auld Lang - syne, We'll
rall.
tak' a cup o' kind- ness yet For Auld Lang - syne.

30 Scots, wha ha'e.

Words by Robert Burns (1793), who mentions a tradition that the tune was Robert Bruce's march at the battle of Bannockburn.

BURNS. Scots Song.

KEY B♭. S.C.B. M. 58.

s,	,s,	:s,	,m,	s,	,l,	:d		l,	,l,	:l,	,s,
1.Scots,	wha	ha'e	wi'	Wal	-	lace bled !		Scots,	wham	Bruce	has
m,	,m,	:m,	,d,	d,	,f,	:m,		f,	,f,	:f,	,m,
2.Wha	will	be	a	trait	-	or knave ?		Wha	can	fill	a
d,	,d,	:d,	,d,	m,	,f,	:d,		f,	,f,	:f,	,d,
3.By	op-	pres -	sion's	woes		and pains,		By	our	sons	in

l,	,t,	:d	,r	m	,m	:r	,d	d	,r	:m	
af	-	ten led !		Wel	-	come to	your	go	-	ry bed,	
f,	,f,	:m,	,t,	d	,d	:s,	,m,	l,	,t,	:d	
cow	-	ard's grave ?		Wha		sae base	as	be		a slave	
f,	,r,	:l,	,s,	d	,l,	:t,	,d	l,	,s,	:d,	
ser	-	vile chains,		We		will drain	our	dear	-	est veins,	

d	,l,	:l,	,s,	s,		:—		m	,m	:m	,r
Or	to	vic -	to-	ry !				Now's	the	day,	an'
s,	,f,	:f,	,m,	m,		:—		s,	,s,	:s,	,t,
Let	him	turn	an'	flee !				Wha	for	Scot -	land's
m,	,f,	:f,	,d,	d,		:—		d	,d	:d	,s,
But	they	shall	be	free !				Lay	the	proud	u-

m	,f	:s		r	,r	:r	,d	r	,m	:f	
now's	the	hour ;		See	the	front	of	bat	-	tle low'r !	
d	,r	:m		t,	,t,	:t,	,d	l,	,l,	:l,	,t,
king	an'	law		Free	-	dom's sword	will	strong	-	ly draw !	
d	,d	:d		s,	,s,	:s,	,l,	f,	,m,	:r,	
surp	-	ers low !		Ty	-	rants fall	in	ev	-	'ry foe,	

s	,m	:r	,d	d	,r	:m		d	,l,	:l,	,s,
See	approach	proud		Ed-	ward's	pow'r		Chains	and	sla -	ver-
d	,d	:t,	,d	l,	,t,	:s,		l,	,l,	:f,	,m,
Free-	man	stand	or	free -	man	fa',		Let	him	fol -	low
m,	,d,	:s,	,se,	l,	,s,	:d		f,	,f,	:f,	,d,
Li -	berty's	in		ev -	'ry	blow,		Let	us	do	or

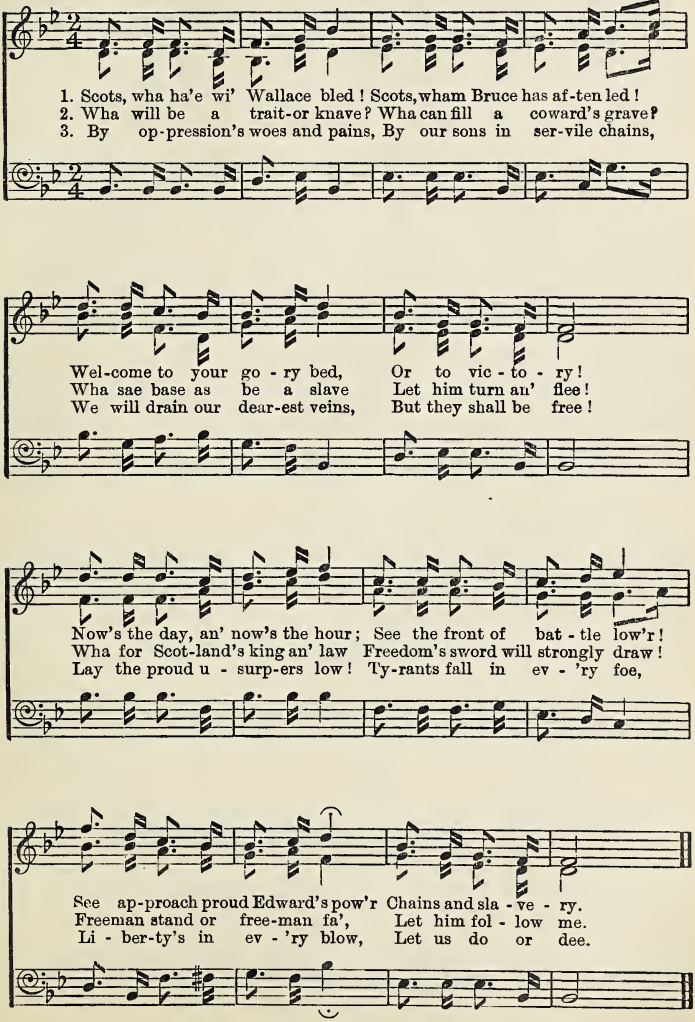
s,		:—	
y.			
m,		:—	
me.			
d,		:—	
dee.			

30 Scots, wha ha'e.

Words by Robert Burns (1793), who mentions a tradition that the tune was Robert Bruce's march at the battle of Bannockburn.

BURNS. Scots Song.

S.C.B. ♩ = 58.


1. Scots, wha ha'e wi' Wallace bled ! Scots, wham Bruce has af-ten led !
2. Wha will be a trait-or knave? Wha can fill a coward's grave?
3. By op-pression's woes and pains, By our sons in ser-vile chains,
Wel-come to your go - ry bed, Or to vic - to - ry !
Wha sae base as be a slave Let him turn an' flee !
We will drain our dear-est veins, But they shall be free !
Now's the day, an' now's the hour; See the front of bat - tle low'r !
Wha for Scot-land's king an' law Freedom's sword will strongly draw !
Lay the proud u - surp-ers low ! Ty-rants fall in ev - 'ry foe,
See ap-proach proud Edward's pow'r Chains and sla - ve - ry.
Freeman stand or free-man fa', Let him fol - low me.
Li - ber-ty's in ev - 'ry blow, Let us do or dee.

31 Annie Laurie.

Words and part of the music by Lady John Scott (1811-1900). The tradition which the words deal with belongs to Maxwelton House, Monavie, co. Dumfries.

KEY D. S.C.B. M. 96. Scots Song.

: (d)	d :d .d	|d' :d'	t :l	:l	s :m
	1.Maxwellton braes are	bon - nie,	Where ear - ly
: (d)	d :d .d	|d :m	f :f	:d	d :d
2.Her brow is like the	snaw - drift,	Her neck is
: (d)	d :d .d	|m :d	f :f	:f	m :d
3.Like dew on the gow - an	ly - ing,	Is the fa' o' her

|m :r .d	m :—	|r	:m .r	d :- .d	|d' :d'
fa's the	dew,	And it's	there that An - nie
|d :d	d :—	|t|	:t| .t|	d :- .d	|m :d
like the	swan,	Her	face it is the
|l| :l|	s| :—	|—	:s| .s|	d :- .d	|l| :m
fai - ry	feet,	And like	winds in sum - mer

t :l	:l	s :f .m	|m :- .r	d :—	:s
Lau - rie	Gi'ed	me her	prom - ise	true;	Gi'ed
d :f	:f	r :r .d	|t| :- .t|	d :—	:s
fair - est	That	e'er the	sun shone	on;	That
f :f	:r	t| :d	|s| :- .s|	d :—	:s .f
sigh - ing,	Her	voice is	low and	sweet,	Her

d' :- .d'	|r' :- .r'	m' :—	:s	d' :- .d'
me her	prom - ise	true,	Which	ne'er for-
s :- .s	|t :- .t	d' :—	:m	m :- .m
e'er the	sun shone	on,	And	dark blue
m :- .m	|s :- .s	d :—	:d	l :- .l
voice is	low and	sweet;	And she's	a' the

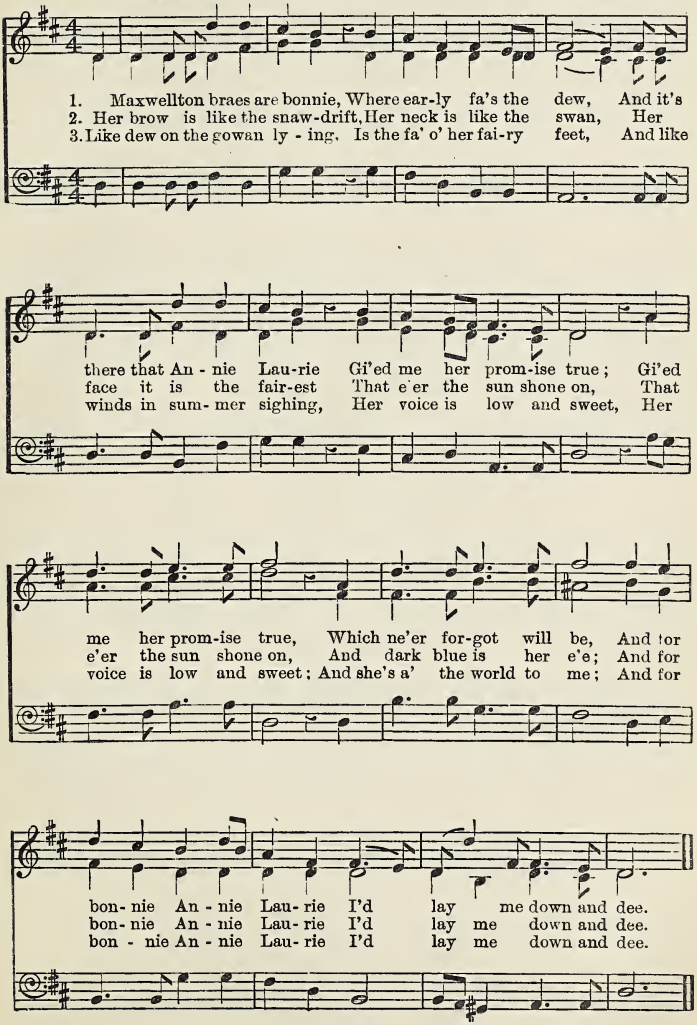
|r' :- .r'	m' :—	|m'	:r'	d' :t	|l	:d' .l
got will	be,	And	for	bon - nie	An - nie
|l :- .l	se :—	|l	:f	m :r	|d	:d
is her	e'e;	And	for	bon - nie	An - nie
|f :- .f	m :—	|d	:r	l| :- .l|	f :f
world to	me;	And	for	bon - nie	An - nie

s :m	|m :- .r	d .d' :- .m	|m :- .r	d :—	|—
Lau - rie	I'd	lay	me down	and	dee.
d :d	|d :—	d :l|	|d :- .t|	d :—	|—
Lau - rie	I'd	lay	me down	and	dee.
m :d	|l| :—	l| .s|	:fe|	|s| :- .s|	d :—	|—
Lau - rie	I'd	lay	me down	and	dee.

31 Annie Laurie.

Words and part of the music by Lady John Scott (1811-1900). The tradition which the words deal with belongs to Maxwelton House, Monavie, co. Dumfries.

S.C.B. ♩ = 96. Scots Song.


1. Maxwellton braes are bonnie, Where ear-ly fa's the dew, And it's
2. Her brow is like the snaw-drift, Her neck is like the swan, Her
3. Like dew on the gowan ly - ing, Is the fa' o' her fai-ry feet, And like
there that An - nie Lau-rie Gi'ed me her prom-ise true; Gi'ed
face it is the fair-est That e'er the sun shone on, That
winds in sum-mer sighing, Her voice is low and sweet, Her
me her prom-ise true, Which ne'er for-got will be, And for
e'er the sun shone on, And dark blue is her e'e; And for
voice is low and sweet; And she's a' the world to me; And for
bon-nie An - nie Lau-rie I'd lay me down and dee.
bon-nie An - nie Lau-rie I'd lay me down and dee.
bon - nie An - nie Lau-rie I'd lay me down and dee.

32 The Blue Bell of Scotland.

Words very old. Sung to this tune in 1800 by Mrs. Jordan.

KEY D. S.C.B. Scots Song.

:s	d' :—	|r' .d' :t .d'	s :—	|l :t .d'	m :m	|f :r	
1.Oh	where,	and oh	where	is your	High-land	lad - die	
2.Oh	where,	and oh	where	did your	High-land	lad - die	
:s	m :—	|f :f	m :—	|f :r	d :d	|t, :t,	
3.In what	clothes,	in what	clothes	is your	High-land	lad - die	
4.Sup-	pose,	and sup -	pose	that your	High-land	lad should	
:s	d :—	|d :d	d :—	|f :fe	s :s	|s, :s,	

D.C.

d :—	|—	s .f	m :d	|m :s	d' :—	|l :t .d'	
gone?		He's	gone to .	fight the	foe,	for King	
dwell?		He	dwelt in	mer - ry	Scot -	land, at the	
d :—	|—	r	d :d	|d :r	m :—	|fe :fe .fe	
clad?		His	bon - net	of the	Sax - on	green, and his	
die?		The	bag - pipes	should play	o'er	him, and I'd	
d :—	|—	t,	d :d	|d :t,	l, :—	|r :r .r	

t :s	|l :fe	s :—	| :l .t	d' :—	|t :l		
Ed - ward	on the	throne;	And it's	oh,	in my		
sign of	the Blue	Bell;	And it's	oh,	in my		
s :t,	|m :r .d	t, :—	| :f .f	m :—	|s :f		
waist- coat	of the	plaid;	And it's	oh,	in my		
set me	down and	cry!	But it's	oh,	in my		
s :m	|d :r	s, :—	| :s .s	d :—	|d :d		

s :—	|l :t .d'	m :m	|f :r	d :—			
heart,	I	wish him	safe at	home.			
heart,	I	love my	lad - die	well.			
m :—	|d :—	d :d	|t, :t,	d :—	|		
heart,	I	love my	High - land	lad.			
heart,	I	hope he	may not	die.			
d :—	|f :—	s :s	|s, :s,	d :—	|		

33 Killarney.

Composed for a pictorial entertainment in London about forty years ago. Reflex—reflection; broiders—embroiders; besprints—besprinkle; natal day—new-born day; daff—toss aside.

E. Falconer. M. W. Balfe.

my KEY G. S.C.B. *Moderato.* M. 88.

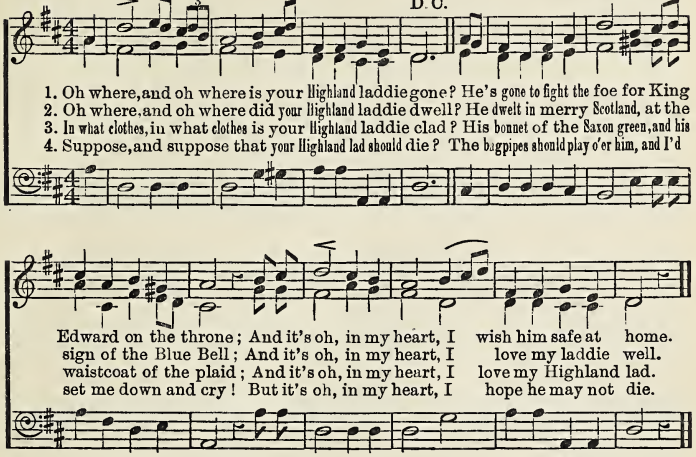
s :- .,m | r	:d,l,,s,	d :d	|d :—	s :- .,f	|m :r,m,,s		
1.By Killar -	ney's	lakes and	fells,	Em -	'rald isles and		
m, :- .,m, |m,	:f,	m, :f,	|m, :—	m :- .,r	|d :d		
2.No place else	can	charm the	eye	With such	bright and		
d :- .,d |d	:d	d :l,	|d :—	d :- .,d	|d :m,		
3.Mu - sic	there for	ech - o	dwells,	Makes each	sound a		

l :r	|r :—	s :- .,m	|r :d,l,,s,	d :d	|d :—		
wind - ing	bays,	Moun -	tain paths and	wood - land	dells,		
d :d	|t, :—	m, :- .,m,	|m, :f,	m, :f,	|m, :—		
va - ried	tints,	Ev -	'ry rock that	you pass	by		
f, :fe,	|s, :—	d, :- .,d	|d :d	d :l,	|d :—		
har - mo -	ny,	Ma -	ny-voic'd the	cho - rus	swells		

32 The Blue Bell of Scotland.

Words very old. Sung to this tune in 1800 by Mrs. Jordan.

S.C.B. D.C. Scots Song.

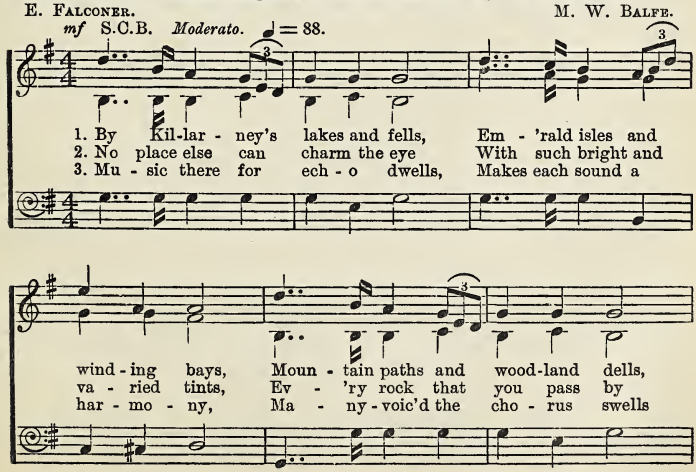

1. Oh where, and oh where is your Highland laddie gone? He's gone to fight the foe for King
2. Oh where, and oh where did your Highland laddie dwell? He dwelt in merry Scotland, at the
3. In what clothes, in what clothes is your Highland laddie clad? His bonnet of the Saxon green, and his
4. Suppose, and suppose that your Highland lad should die? The bagpipes should play o'er him, and I'd
Edward on the throne; And it's oh, in my heart, I wish him safe at home.
sign of the Blue Bell; And it's oh, in my heart, I love my laddie well.
waistcoat of the plaid; And it's oh, in my heart, I love my Highland lad.
set me down and cry! But it's oh, in my heart, I hope he may not die.

33 Killarney.

Composed for a pictorial entertainment in London about forty years ago. Reflex—reflection; broiders—embroiders; besprints—besprinkle; natal day—new-born day; daff—toss aside.

E. Falconer. M. W. Balfe.

mf S.C.B. *Moderato.* ♩ = 88.


1. By Kil-lar - ney's lakes and fells, Em - 'rald isles and
2. No place else can charm the eye With such bright and
3. Mu - sic there for ech - o dwells, Makes each sound a
wind - ing bays, Moun - tain paths and wood-land dells,
va - ried tints, Ev - 'ry rock that you pass by
har - mo - ny, Ma - ny - voic'd the cho - rus swells

mp

m	:- .f	|s .d	:f .m	r	:- .,d	|d	:—	d	:- .,d	|r	:l,
Mem	- 'ry ev	- er		fond	- ly strays.			Boun	- teous na	- ture	
s,	:s,	|s,	:l, .s,	f,	:- .,m,	|m,	:—	l,	:l,	|l,	:l,
Ver	- dure	broid - ers		or	be-sprints.			Vir	- gin	there	the
d	:- .r	|m	:f	s	:s,	|d	:—	l,	:l,	|f,	:f,
Till	it	faints in		ec	- sta - sy.			With	the	charm-ful	

d	:d	|m .s	:-.	m	:- .m	|s .f	:m .r	d .l,	:l, .d	|r	:—
loves	all	lands,		Beau	- ty wan	- ders		ev	- 'ry	- where,	
s,	:l,	|d	:—	de	:de	|r	:f,	m,	:l,	|t,	:—
green	grass	grows,		Ev	- 'ry	morn springs		na	- tal	day,	
m,	:f,	|d	:-.	l,	:l,	|r,	:r,	l,	:d	|s,	:—
tints	be -	low		Seems	the	heav'n a -		bove	to	vie.	

legato. *cres.*

l	:r	|s	:d	f	:t,	|m	:d .	t,	:- .d	|r	:m,fe,s
Foot	- prints	leaves	on	ma	- ny	strands,		But		her home	is
d	:t,	|t,	:l,	l,	:se,	|s,	:- .	s,	:- .s,	|s,	:s,
Bright-hued	ber -	ries		daff	the	snows,		Smil	- ing	Win - ter's	
f,	:f	|m	:f	r	:m	|d	:m .	s,	:l,	|t,	:d
All	rich	co - lours		that	we	know		Tinge	the	cloud-wreaths	

rit *pp Very softly and sweetly.*

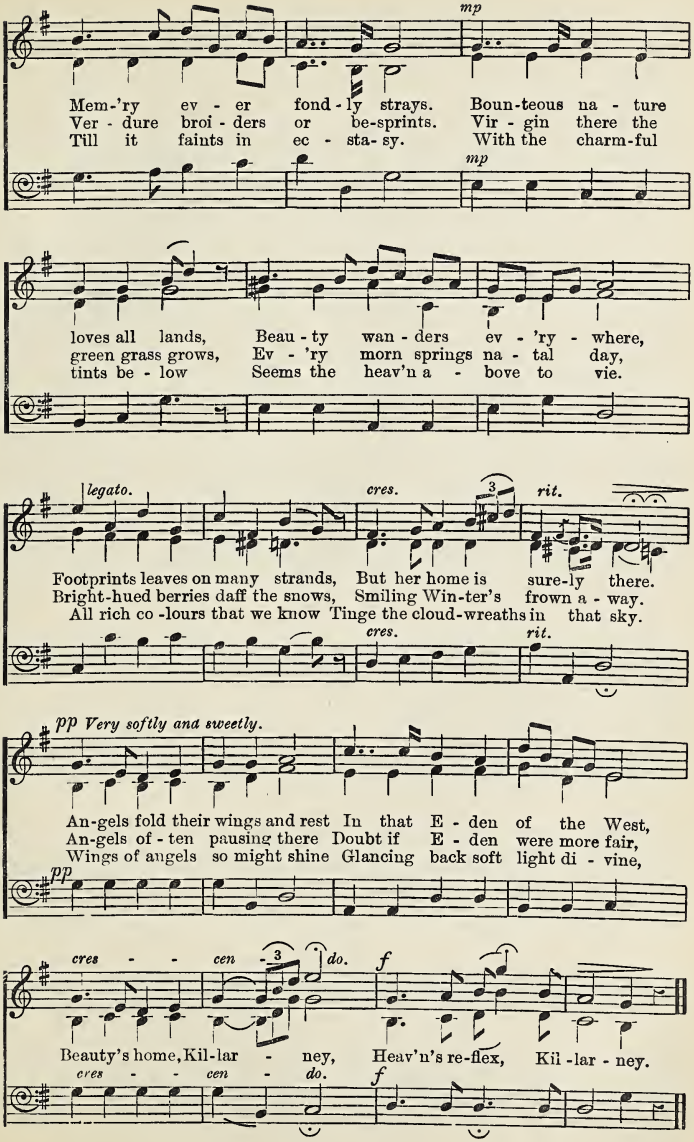
t,	:l, .,s,	|s,	:—	d	:- .l,	|s,	:l,	d	:d	|r	:—
sure	- ly	there.		An	- gels fold		their	wings	and	rest	
s,	:fe, .,s,	|s,	:f,	m,	:f,	|m,	:f,	m,	:s,	|t,	:—
frown	a -	way.		An	- gels	of - ten		paus	- ing	there	
r	:r,	|s,	:—	d	:d	|d	:d	d	:m,	|s,	:—
in	that	sky.		Wings	of	an - gels		so	might	shine	

cres.

f	:- .,f	|m	:r	s .m	:r .d	|l,	:—	d	:- .l,	|s,	:l,
In	that E	- den		of	the	West,		Beau	- ty's	home,	Kil -
l,	:l,	|t,	:t,	d	:s,	|l,	:—	m,	:f,	|m,	:f,
Doubt	if E	- den		were	more	fair,		Beau	- ty's	home,	Kil -
r,	:r,	|s,	:s,	m,	:m,	|f,	:—	d	:d	|d	:d
Glanc-ing	back	soft		light	di -	vine,		Beau	- ty's	home,	Kil -

cen - do. *f*

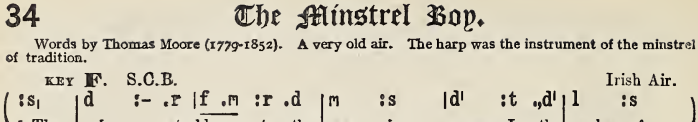
d	:- .m .s,	|l	:—	d	:- .r	|m .d'	:- .m	r	:—	|d	:
lar	-	ney,		Heav'n's	re -	flex,	Kil-	lar	-	ney.	
m,	:- .s, .d	|d	:—	m,	:- .f,	|s, .m	:- .s,	f,	:—	|m,	:
lar	-	ney,		Heav'n's	re -	flex,	Kil-	lar	-	ney.	
d	:m,	|f,	:—	s,	:- .s,	|s,	:- .s,	s,	:—	|d	:
lar	-	ney,		Heav'n's	re -	flex,	Kil-	lar	-	ney.	

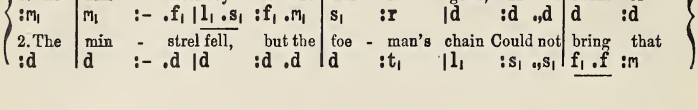

mp
Mem-'ry ev - er fond - ly strays. Boun-teous na - ture
Ver - dure broi - ders or be-sprints. Vir - gin there the
Till it faints in ec - sta- sy. With the charm-ful
mp
loves all lands, Beau - ty wan - ders ev - 'ry - where,
green grass grows, Ev - 'ry morn springs na - tal day,
tints be - low Seems the heav'n a - bove to vie.
legato.
cres.
3
rit.
Footprints leaves on many strands, But her home is sure-ly there.
Bright-hued berries daff the snows, Smiling Win-ter's frown a - way.
All rich co -lours that we know Tinge the cloud-wreaths in that sky.
cres.
rit.
pp Very softly and sweetly.
An-gels fold their wings and rest In that E - den of the West,
An-gels of - ten pausing there Doubt if E - den were more fair,
Wings of angels so might shine Glancing back soft light di - vine,
pp
cres - - cen - 3 do.
f
Beauty's home, Kil-lar - ney, Heav'n's re-flex, Kil -lar - ney.
cres - - cen - do.
f

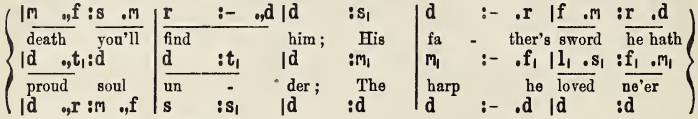
34 The Minstrel Boy.

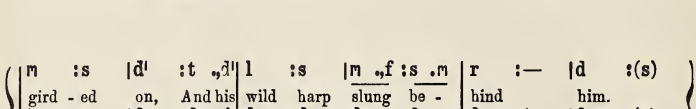
Words by Thomas Moore (1779-1852). A very old air. The harp was the instrument of the minstrel of tradition.

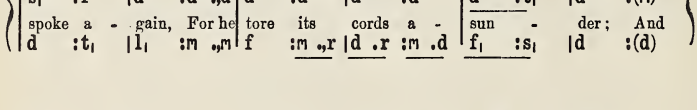
KEY F. S.C.B. Irish Air.

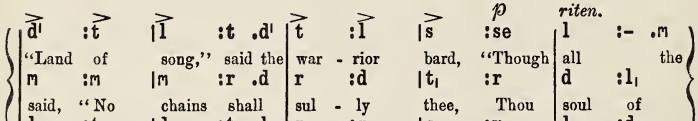






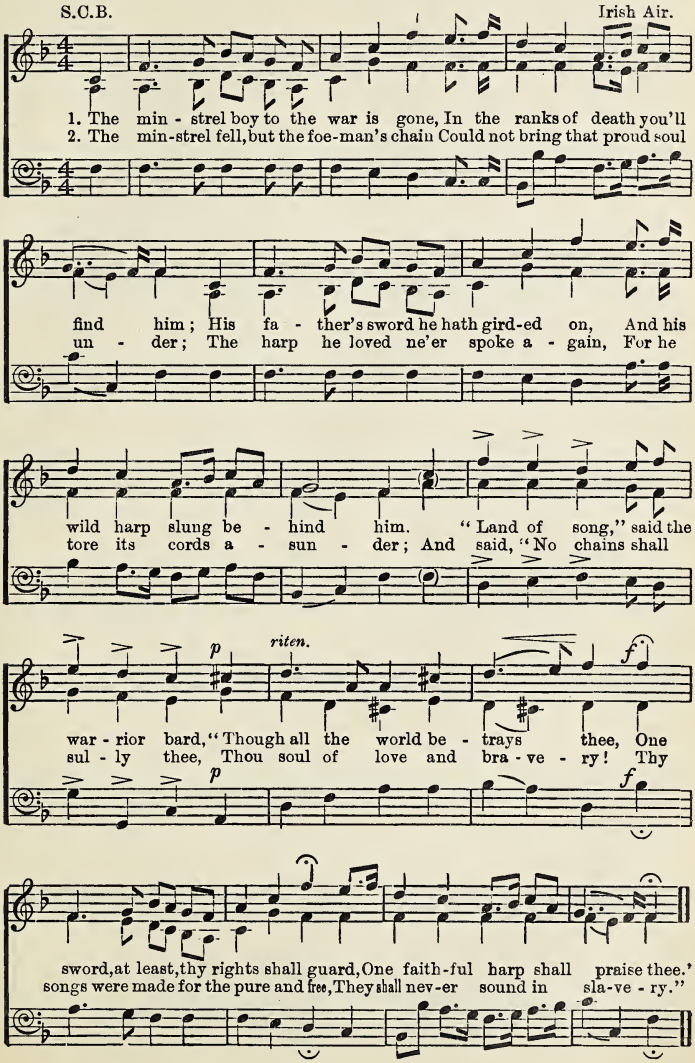






34 The Minstrel Boy.

Words by Thomas Moore (1779-1852). A very old air. The harp was the instrument of the minstrel of tradition.

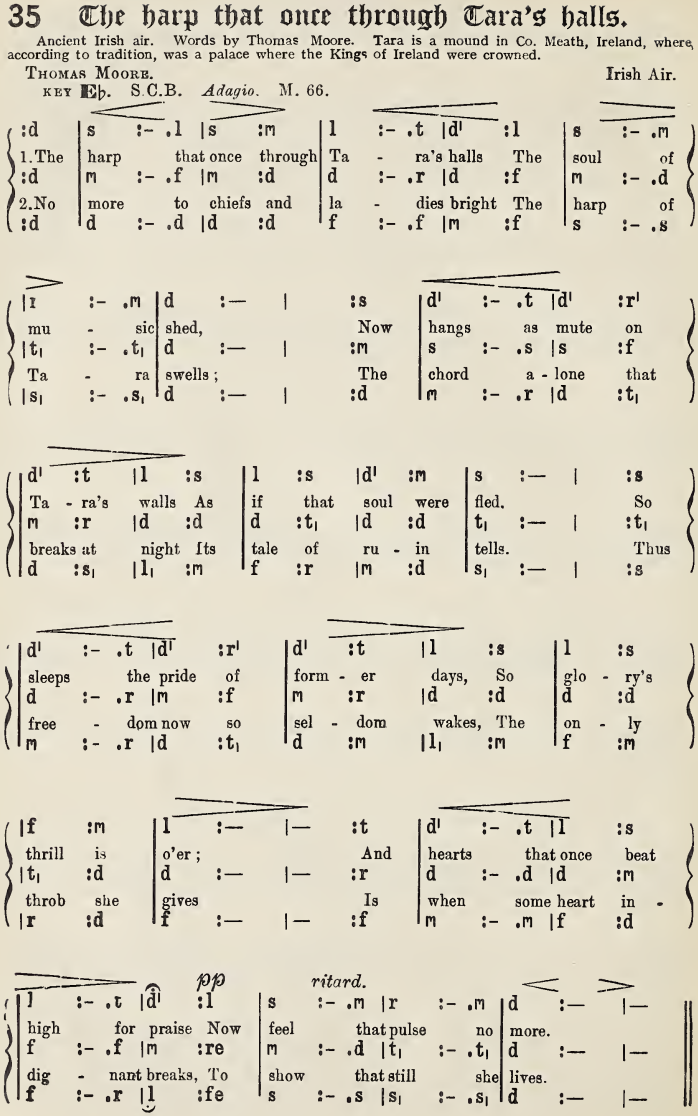

S.C.B.
Irish Air.
1. The min - strel boy to the war is gone, In the ranks of death you'll
2. The min-strel fell, but the foe-man's chain Could not bring that proud soul
find him; His fa - ther's sword he hath gird-ed on, And his
un - der; The harp he loved ne'er spoke a - gain, For he
wild harp slung be - hind him. "Land of song," said the
tore its cords a - sun - der; And said, "No chains shall
p
riten.
f
war - rior bard, "Though all the world be - trays thee, One
sul - ly thee, Thou soul of love and bra - ve - ry! Thy
p
f
sword, at least, thy rights shall guard, One faith-ful harp shall praise thee.'
songs were made for the pure and free, They shall nev-er sound in sla-ve - ry."

35 The harp that once through Tara's halls.

Ancient Irish air. Words by Thomas Moore. Tara is a mound in Co. Meath, Ireland, where, according to tradition, was a palace where the Kings of Ireland were crowned.

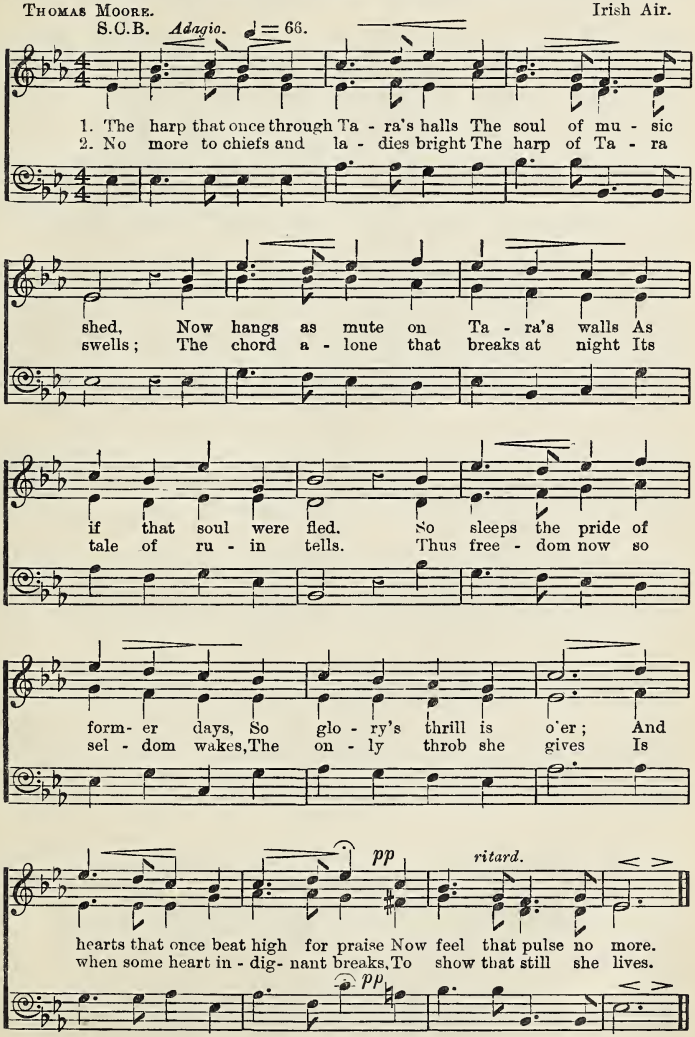
THOMAS MOORE. Irish Air.

KEY E♭. S.C.B. *Adagio.* M. 66.


1.The harp that once through Ta - ra's halls The soul of
2.No more to chiefs and la - dies bright The harp of
mu - sic shed, Now hangs as mute on
Ta - ra swells; The chord a - lone that
Ta - ra's walls As if that soul were fled. So
breaks at night Its tale of ru - in tells. Thus
sleeps the pride of form - er days, So glo - ry's
free - dom now so sel - dom wakes, The on - ly
thrill is o'er; And hearts that once beat
throb she gives Is when some heart in -
high for praise Now feel that pulse no more.
dig - nant breaks, To show that still she lives.
pp
ritard.

35 The harp that once through Tara's halls.

Ancient Irish air. Words by Thomas Moore. Tara is a mound in Co. Meath, Ireland, where according to tradition, was a palace where the Kings of Ireland were crowned.

THOMAS MOORE. Irish Air.

S.C.B. *Adagio.* ♩ = 66.
1. The harp that once through Ta - ra's halls The soul of mu - sic
2. No more to chiefs and la - dies bright The harp of Ta - ra
shed, Now hangs as mute on Ta - ra's walls As
swells; The chord a - lone that breaks at night Its
if that soul were fled. So sleeps the pride of
tale of ru - in tells. Thus free - dom now so
form- er days, So glo - ry's thrill is o'er; And
sel - dom wakes, The on - ly throb she gives Is
pp
ritard.
hearts that once beat high for praise Now feel that pulse no more.
when some heart in - dig- nant breaks, To show that still she lives.
pp

36 The Meeting of the Waters.

Thomas Moore here pictures a spot in Co. Wicklow, known as "the meeting of the waters," and the sentiment aroused by it.

THOMAS MOORE. Irish Air.

KEY G. S.C.B.

:s .f | m :- .r :d | d :l, :s, | s, :l, :d | d :- :r .m
1. There is | not in the wide world a | val - ley so sweet As that
:t, .t, | d :- .t, :d | l, :f, :s, | s, :f, :f, | m, :- :s,
2. Yet it | was not that Na - ture had | shed o'er the scene Her
:s, .s, | d :- .s, :m, | f, :f, :f, | m, :f, :l, | d :- :t, .d
3 'Twas that | friends, the be - lov'd of my | bo - som, were near, Who made

f :f :m .r | r :m :d | s :m :d | r :- :r .m
vale in whose bo - som the | bright wa - ters meet: Oh! the
t, :t, :d .t, | t, :d :s, | d :d :d | t, :- :t, .d
pur - est of crys - tal and | bright-est of green, 'Twas
r :r :d .s, | s, :d :m, | m, :m, :m, | s, :- :s, .d
ev - 'ry dear scene of en - | chant-ment more dear, And who

f :f :m .r | r :m :d | s :m :d | r :- :d .r
last rays of feel - ing and | life must de - part Ere the
r :r :d .t, | t, :d :d | d :d :d | t, :- :s, .t,
not her soft ma - gic of | stream-let or hill, Oh
t, :t, :d .s, | s, :d :m, | m, :m, :m, | s, :- :m, .s,
felt how the best charms of | na - ture im - prove When we

m :- .r :d | d :l, :s, | s, :- .l, :d | f :- :f .m
bloom of that val - ley shall | fade from my heart, Ere the
ta, :- .ta, :ta, | l, :f, :s, | s, :- .f, :l, | d :- :r .d
no! it was some - thing more | ex - qui - site still, Oh
d :- .d :d | f, :f, :f, | m, :- .f, :f, | l, :- :t, .d
see them re - flect - ed from | looks that we love, When we

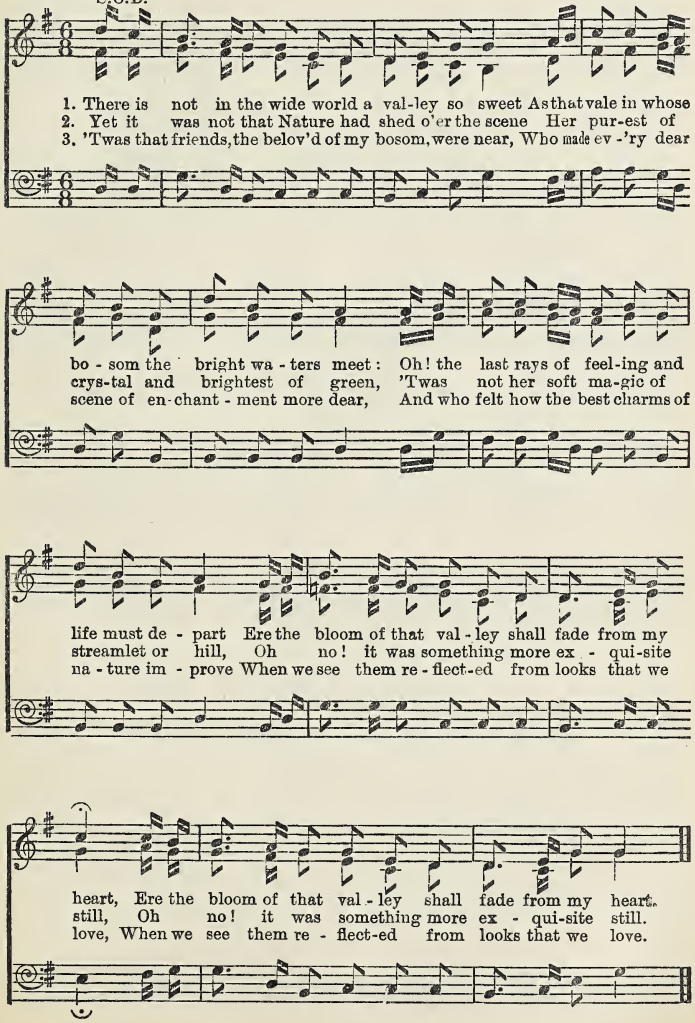
m :- .r :d | d :l, :s, | s, :- .l, :d | d :-
bloom of that val - ley shall | fade from my heart.
d :- .t, :d | l, :f, :s, | s, :- .f, :d | d :-
no! it was some - thing more | ex - qui - site still.
d :- .s, :m, | f, :f, :f, | m, :- .f, :l, | d :-
see them re - flect - ed from | looks that we love.

36 The Meeting of the Waters.

Thomas Moore here pictures a spot in Co. Wicklow, known as "the meeting of the waters," and the sentiment aroused by it.

THOMAS MOORE. Irish Air.

S.C.B.


1. There is not in the wide world a val-ley so sweet As that vale in whose
2. Yet it was not that Nature had shed o'er the scene Her pur-est of
3. 'Twas that friends, the belov'd of my bosom, were near, Who made ev-'ry dear
bo-som the bright wa-ters meet: Oh! the last rays of feel-ing and
crys-tal and brightest of green, 'Twas not her soft ma-gic of
scene of en-chant-ment more dear, And who felt how the best charms of
life must de-part Ere the bloom of that val-ley shall fade from my
streamlet or hill, Oh no! it was something more ex-qui-site
na-ture im-prove When we see them re-flect-ed from looks that we
heart, Ere the bloom of that val-ley shall fade from my heart.
still, Oh no! it was something more ex-qui-site still.
love, When we see them re-flect-ed from looks that we love.

37 The First Nowell.

Nowell (or Noël) is derived from the Latin *natalis*—the *dies natalis*, or birth-day of our Lord, and is supposed to have been introduced into England at the time of the Norman Conquest. The term was often used in the sense of news or tidings.

KEY E♭. S.C.B. Old Carol.

:m .r	d :- .r	:m .f	s :—	:l .t	d' :t	:l	s :—	:l .t
1. The	First	Now-	ell	the	an - gel	did	say	Was to
2. They	look -	ed	up	and	saw	a	star,	Shin-ing
3. And	by	the	light	of	that	same	star	Three
:d	d :—	:d	r :-	:r	d :d	:d	m :—	:f .s
4. This	star	drew	nigh	to	the	north	west,	O'er
5. Then	en -	tered	in	those	wise	men	three,	Full
6. Then	let	us	all,	with	one	ac -	cord,	Sing
:d	d :—	:d	t_l :-	:t_l	l_l :m	:f	d :—	:d .d

d' :t	:l	s :l	:t	d' :s	:f	m :—	:s .f	m :- .f	:s .l
cer - tain	poor	shepherds	in	fields as	they	lay;	In	fields	where
in	the	East	be -	yond	them	far,	And	to	the
wise	men	came	from	coun -	try	far;	To	seek	a
l :s	:f	m :f	:f	m .r:m	:r	d :—	:m .r	d :- .r	:m .f
Beth -	le -	hem	it	took	its	rest,	And	there	it
rev -	er -	ent - ly	up -	on	their	knee,	And	of -	fered
prais -	es	to	our	heaven -	ly	Lord,	That	hath	made
f_l :f_l	:l_l	d :f	:r	m .f:s	:s_l	d :—	:d	d :—	:d

s :—	:l .t	d' :t	:l	s :—	:l .t	d' :t	:l	s :l	:t
they	lay	keep-ing	their	sheep,	On a	cold win -	ter's	night	that
earth	it	gave	great	light,	And	so it con-	tin - ued	both	
King	was	their	in -	tent,	And to	fol - low	the	star	wher-
r :—	:s	m :s	:f	m :—	:f .s	l :s	:f	m :f	:f
did	both	stop	and	stay	Right	o - ver	the	place	where
there	in	His	pres-	ence	Their	gold	and	myrrh	and
heaven	and	earth	of	naught,	And	with	His	blood	man-
t_l :—	:t_l	l_l :m	:f	d :—	:d .d	f_l :f_l	:l_l	d :f	:r

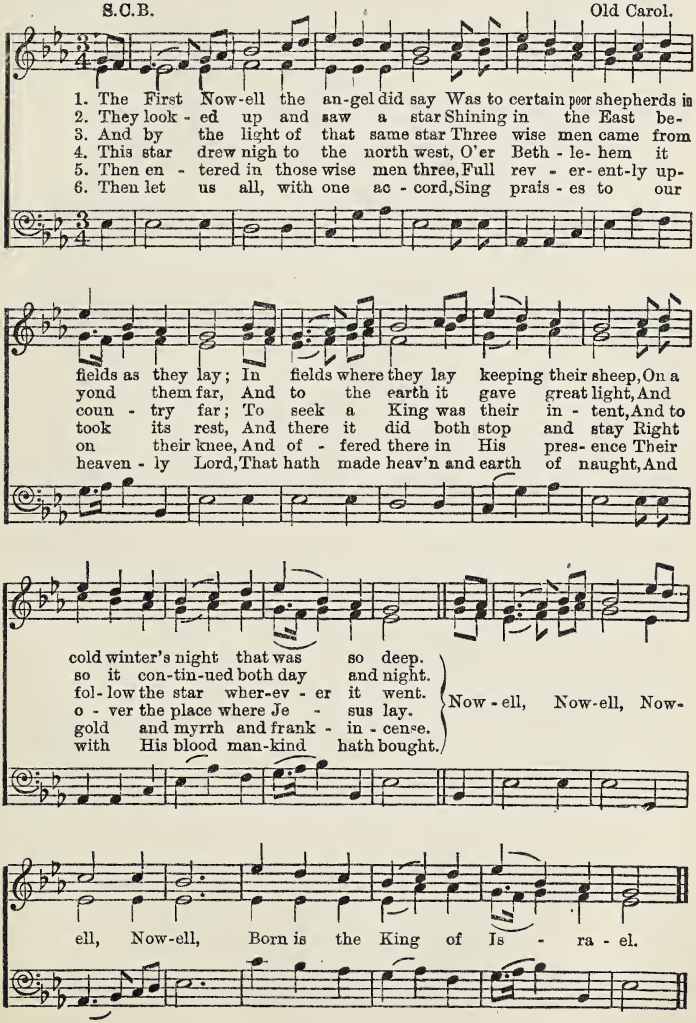
d' :s	:f	m :—	s .f	m :- .f	:s .l	s :—	:d' .t	l :—	:l
was	so	deep.							
day	and	night.	Now-	ell,	Now-	ell,	Now-	ell,	Now-
ev - er	it	went.							
m .,r:m	:r	d :—	m .r	d :- .r	:m .f	m :—	:d	d :—	:d
Je -	sus	lay.							
frank -	in-	cense.	Now-	ell,	Now-	ell,	Now-	ell,	Now-
kind	hath	bought.							
m .,f:s	:s_l	d :—	s_l	d :—	:d	d :—	:m_l	f_l :- .s_l	:l_l.t_l

s :—	:—	d' :t	:l	s :l	:t	d' :s	:f	m :—
ell,		Born is	the	King	of	Is -	ra -	el.	
d :—	:—	d :d	:d	d :f	:f	m .,r :m	:r	d :—	
ell,		Born is	the	King	of	Is -	ra -	el.	
d :—	:—	l :s	:f	m :f	:r	m .,f :s	:s_l	d :—	

37 The First Nowell.

Nowell (or Noël) is derived from the Latin *natalis*—the *dies natalis*, or birth-day of our Lord, and is supposed to have been introduced into England at the time of the Norman Conquest. The term was often used in the sense of news or tidings.

S.C.B. Old Carol.


1. The First Now-ell the an-gel did say Was to certain poor shepherds in
2. They look - ed up and saw a star Shining in the East be-
3. And by the light of that same star Three wise men came from
4. This star drew nigh to the north west, O'er Beth - le- hem it
5. Then en - tered in those wise men three, Full rev - er- ent-ly up-
6. Then let us all, with one ac - cord, Sing prais - es to our
fields as they lay; In fields where they lay keeping their sheep, On a
yond them far, And to the earth it gave great light, And
coun - try far; To seek a King was their in - tent, And to
took its rest, And there it did both stop and stay Right
on their knee, And of - fered there in His pres- ence Their
heaven - ly Lord, That hath made heav'n and earth of naught, And
cold winter's night that was so deep.
so it con-tin-ued both day and night.
fol- low the star wher-ev - er it went.
o - ver the place where Je - sus lay.
gold and myrrh and frank - in - cense.
with His blood man-kind hath bought.
Now - ell, Now-ell, Now-
ell, Now-ell, Born is the King of Is - ra - el.

38 Good King Wenceslas.

Dr. Neale, who wrote this carol, did much to revive interest in mediæval hymns and legends. The story concerns a King in Germany.

Rev. Dr. Neale. Traditional Carol.

f key **A.** S.C.B. Twice to the measure.

d :d |d :r	d :d |s, :—	l, :s, |l, :t,	
1. Good King Wen - ces -	las looked out	On the Feast of	
2. "Hi-ther, page, and	stand by me,	If thou know'st it	
m, :m, |m, :s,	m, :f, |s, :—	f, :s, |f, :f,	
3. "Bring me flesh, and	bring me wine,	Bring me pine - logs	
4. "Sire, the night is	dark - er now,	And the wind blows	
d :d |l, :t,	d :l, |m, :—	f, :m, |f, :r,	
5. In his mas - ter's	steps he trod,	Where the snow lay	

d :— |d :—	d :d |d :r	d :d |s, :—	
Ste - phen,	When the snow lay	round a - bout,	
tell - ing,	Yon - der peas - ant,	who is he?	
m, :— |m, :—	m, :m, |m, :s,	m, :f, |s, :—	
hith - er;	Thou and I will	see him dine,	
strong - er;	Fails my heart, I	know not how,	
d, :— |d, :—	d :d |l, :t,	d :l, |m, :—	
dint - ed;	Heat was in the	ve - ry sod	

l, :s, |l, :t,	d :— |d :—	s :f |m :r	
Deep and crisp and	e - ven:	Brightly shone the	
Where and what his	dwell - ing?"	"Sire he lives a	
f, :s, |f, :f,	m, :— |m, :—	d :l, |d :t,	
When we bear them	thith - er."	Page and mon - arch	
I can go no	long - er."	"Mark my foot - steps,	
f, :m, |f, :r,	d, :— |d, :—	m, :f, |s, :s,	
Which the saint had	print - ed.	There- fore, Christ-ian	

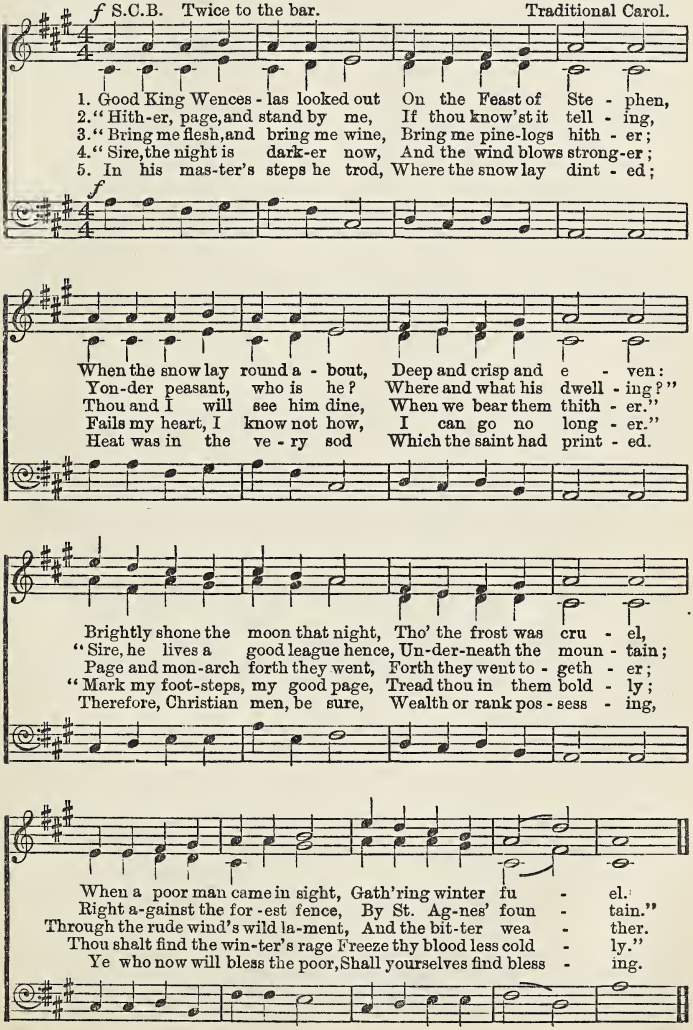
m :r |d :—	l, :s, |l, :t,	d :— |d :—	s, :s, |l, :t,
moon that night,	Tho' the frost was	cru - el,	When a poor man
good league hence,	Un - der - neath the	moun - tain;	Right a - gainst the
d :t, |d :—	f, :s, |f, :f,	m, :— |m, :—	s, :s, |f, :f,
forth they went,	Forth they went to -	geth - er;	Through the rude wind's
my good page,	Tread thou in them	bold - ly;	Thou shalt find the
d :s, |l, :—	f, :m, |f, :r,	d, :— |d, :—	m, :m, |f, :r,
men, be sure,	Wealth or rank pos-	sess - ing,	Ye who now will

d :d |r :—	s :f |m :r	d :— |f :—	d :— |— :—
came in sight,	Gath'ring win - ter	fu -	el."
for - est fence,	By St. Ag - nes'	foun -	tain."
m, :d |t, :—	d :d |d :t,	m, :— |l, :—	m, :— |— :—
wild la - ment,	And the bit - ter	wea -	ther.
win - ter's rage	Freeze thy blood less	cold -	ly."
l, :l, |s, :—	m, :f, |s, :s,	l, :— |f, :—	d :— |— :—
bless the poor,	Shall yourselves find	bless -	ing.

38 Good King Wenceslas.

Dr. Neale, who wrote this carol, did much to revive interest in mediæval hymns and legends. This story concerns a King in Germany.

Rev. Dr. NEALE. *f* S.C.B. Twice to the bar. Traditional Carol.


1. Good King Wences - las looked out On the Feast of Ste - phen,
2. "Hith-er, page, and stand by me, If thou know'st it tell - ing,
3. "Bring me flesh, and bring me wine, Bring me pine-logs hith - er;
4. "Sire, the night is dark-er now, And the wind blows strong-er;
5. In his mas-ter's steps he trod, Where the snow lay dint - ed;
When the snow lay round a - bout, Deep and crisp and e - ven:
Yon-der peasant, who is he? Where and what his dwell - ing?"
Thou and I will see him dine, When we bear them thith - er."
Fails my heart, I know not how, I can go no long - er."
Heat was in the ve - ry sod Which the saint had print - ed.
Brightly shone the moon that night, Tho' the frost was cru - el,
"Sire, he lives a good league hence, Un-der-neath the moun - tain;
Page and mon-arch forth they went, Forth they went to - geth - er;
"Mark my foot-steps, my good page, Tread thou in them bold - ly;
Therefore, Christian men, be sure, Wealth or rank pos - sess - ing,
When a poor man came in sight, Gath'ring winter fu - el.
Right a-gainst the for-est fence, By St. Ag-nes' foun - tain."
Through the rude wind's wild la-ment, And the bit-ter wea - ther.
Thou shalt find the win-ter's rage Freeze thy blood less cold - ly."
Ye who now will bless the poor, Shall yourselves find bless - ing.

39 In dulci jubilo.

Many of the old carols were a mixture of Latin and English. This one was found in Germany by R. L. Pearsall sixty years ago or more, and he translated the English portion of the words.

KEY G. S.C.B. Ancient Carol.

:d	d :-	:d	m :-	:f	s :-	:l	s :-	:s	d :-	:d	m :-	:f
1.[1]In	dul	- ci	ju -	bi-	lo !			Let	us	our hom -	age
2.[5]O	Je	- su	par -	vu-	le !			My	heart	is sore	for
:m$_l$	m$_l$:-	:m$_l$	d :-	:d	m :-	:f	m :-	:m$_l$	m$_l$:-	:m$_l$	d :-	:r
3.[9]O	pa	- tris cha -	ri-	tas !			O	va	- ti len -	i -
4.[12]U-	bi	sunt gau -	di-	a:			If	that	they be	not
:d	d :-	:d	d :-	:d	d :-	:-	:-	:d	d :-	:d	d :-	:d

s :-	:l	s :-	:-	s :-	:l	s :-	:f	m :-	:-	d :-	:d
show.				Our	hearts's joy		re-	clin	-	eth	
Thee.				Hear	me, I		be-	seech		Thee,	
m :-	:f	m :-	:-	m :-	:f	m :-	:r	d :-	:-	d :-	:d
tas !				Deep	- ly were		we	stain	-	ed	[10]Per
there ?				There	are an -		gels	sing	-	ing	
d :-	:-	:-	:-	s$_l$:-	:s$_l$	l$_l$:-	:t$_l$	d :-	:r	m :-	:l$_l$

r :-	:r	m :-	:m	d :-	:r	m :-	:m	s :-	:l	s :-	:f
[2]In	præ- se	-	pi-	o,			And	like	a	star	
[6]O	puer op	-	ti-	me !			My	pray	- er,	let	it
d :-	:d	d :-	:t$_l$	d :-	:-	:-	:d	d :-	:d	m :-	:r
nos	- tra crim	-	in-	a,			But	Thou	hast for		us
[13]No	- va can	-	ti-	ca;			And	there	the bells		are
f$_l$:-	:f$_l$	s$_l$:-	:s$_l$	d :-	:-	:-	:l$_l$	m$_l$:-	:f$_l$	s$_l$:-	:s$_l$

m :-	:-	d :-	:d	r :-	:r	m :-	:r	d :-	:r	m :-	:
shin	-	eth,	[3]Ma-	tris	in	gre -	mi-	o !			
reach		Thee,	[7]O	prin	- ceps	glo -	ri-	æ !			
d :-	:-	m$_l$:-	:m$_l$	l$_l$:-	:l$_l$	s$_l$:-	:f$_l$	m$_l$:-	:f$_l$	s$_l$:-	:
gain	-	ed	[11]Cœ-	lor	- um	gau -	di-	a.			
ring	-	ing,	[14]In	Re	- gis	cu -	ri-	a !			
d :-	:-	l$_l$:-	:l$_l$	f$_l$:-	:f$_l$	s$_l$:-	:s$_l$	d :-	:-	:-	:

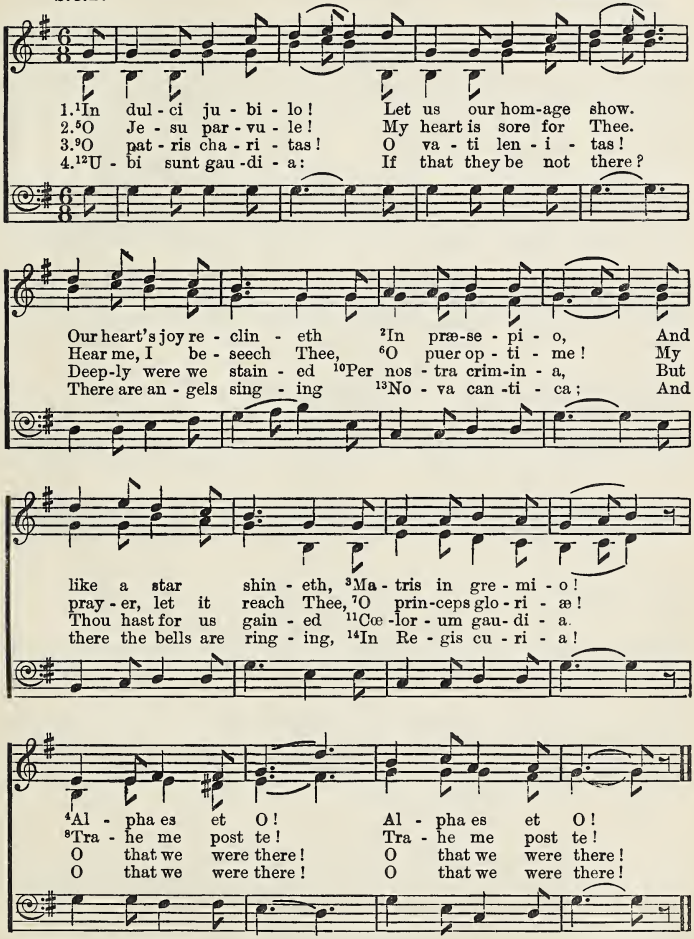
l$_l$:-	:l$_l$	t$_l$:-	:t$_l$	d :-	:-	s :-	:-	m :-	:f	r :-	:r	d :-	:-	:-	:
[4]Al	- pha es	et		O !				Al	- pha es	et		O !			
[8]Tra	- he me	post		te !				Tra	- he me	post		te !			
m$_l$:-	:l$_l$	l$_l$:-	:se$_l$	l$_l$:-	:-	:-	t$_l$:-	:-	d :-	:d	d :-	:t$_l$	d :-	:-	:-	:
O	that we	were		there !				O	that we	were		there !			
O	that we	were		there !				O	that we	were		there !			
d :-	:d	t$_l$:-	:t$_l$	l$_l$:-	:-	:-	s$_l$:-	:-	d :-	:-	l$_l$	f$_l$:-	:s$_l$	d :-	:-	:-	:

(1) In sweet joyfulness. (2) In the manger. (3) In His mother's lap. (4) Thou art Alpha and Omega. (5) O little Jesus. (6) O best of boys. (7) O Prince of glory. (8) Draw me after Thee. (9) O love of the Father. O gentleness of the prophet. (10) By our sins. (11) The joys of heaven. (12) Where are there joys. (13) New songs. (14) In the courts of the King.

39 In dulci jubilo.

Many of the old carols were a mixture of Latin and English. This one was found in Germany by R. L. Pearsall sixty years ago or more, and he translated the English portion of the words.

S.C.B. Ancient Carol.


1.[1]In dul - ci ju - bi - lo! Let us our hom-age show.
2.[5]O Je - su par - vu - le! My heart is sore for Thee.
3.[9]O pat - ris cha - ri - tas! O va - ti len - i - tas!
4.[12]U - bi sunt gau - di - a: If that they be not there?
Our heart's joy re - clin - eth [2]In præ-se - pi - o, And
Hear me, I be - seech Thee, [6]O puer op - ti - me! My
Deep-ly were we stain - ed [10]Per nos - tra crim-in - a, But
There are an - gels sing - ing [13]No - va can - ti - ca; And
like a star shin - eth, [3]Ma - tris in gre - mi - o!
pray - er, let it reach Thee, [7]O prin-ceps glo - ri - æ!
Thou hast for us gain - ed [11]Cœ - lor - um gau - di - a.
there the bells are ring - ing, [14]In Re - gis cu - ri - a!
[4]Al - pha es et O! Al - pha es et O!
[8]Tra - he me post te! Tra - he me post te!
O that we were there! O that we were there!
O that we were there! O that we were there!

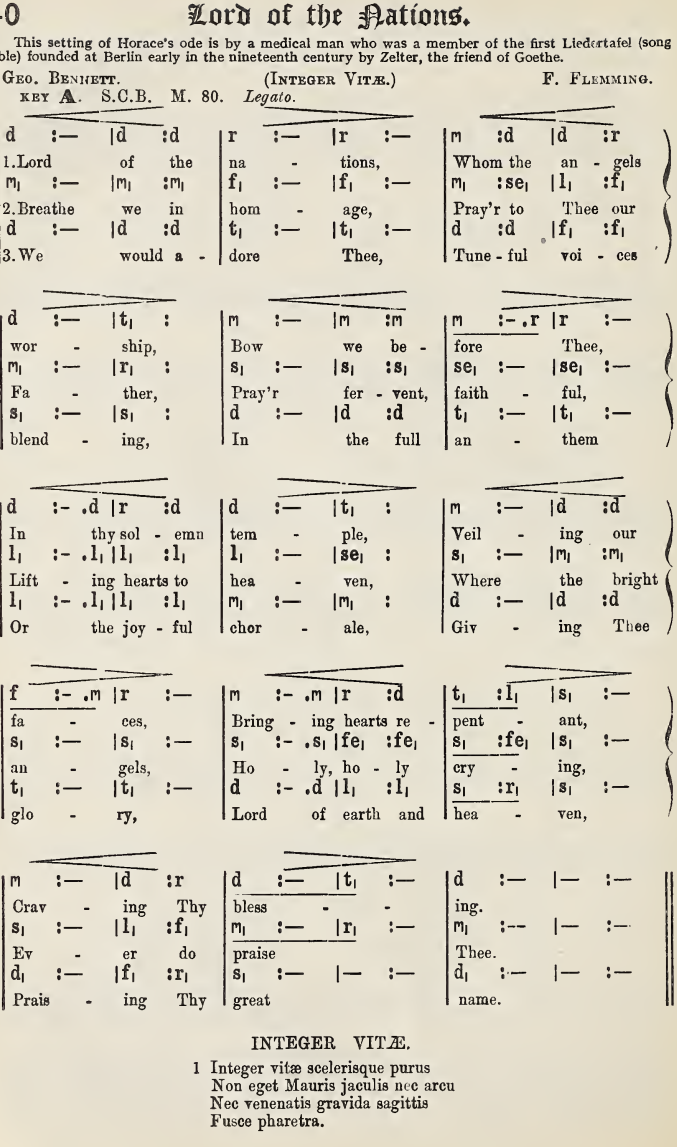
(1) In sweet joyfulness. (2) In the manger. (3) In His mother's lap. (4) Thou art Alpha and Omega. (5) O little Jesus. (6) O best of boys. (7) O Prince of glory. (8) Draw me after Thee. (9) O love of the Father. O gentleness of the prophet. (10) By our sins. (11) The joys of heaven. (12) Where are there joys. (13) New songs. (14) In the courts of the King.

40 Lord of the Nations.

This setting of Horace's ode is by a medical man who was a member of the first Liedertafel (song table) founded at Berlin early in the nineteenth century by Zelter, the friend of Goethe.

GEO. BENNETT. (INTEGER VITÆ.) F. FLEMMING.

KEY A. S.C.B. M. 80. *Legato.*


1.Lord of the na - tions, hom - age, dore Thee,
Whom the an - gels Pray'r to Thee our Tune - ful voi - ces
2.Breathe we in
3.We would a -
wor - ship, Fa - ther, blend - ing,
Bow we be - Pray'r fer - vent, In the full
fore Thee, faith - ful, an - them
In thy sol - emn Lift - ing hearts to Or the joy - ful
tem - ple, hea - ven, chor - ale,
Veil - ing our Where the bright Giv - ing Thee
fa - ces, an - gels, glo - ry,
Bring - ing hearts re - Ho - ly, ho - ly Lord of earth and
pent - ant, cry - ing, hea - ven,
Crav - ing Thy Ev - er do Prais - ing Thy
bless - praise great
ing. Thee. name.

INTEGER VITÆ.

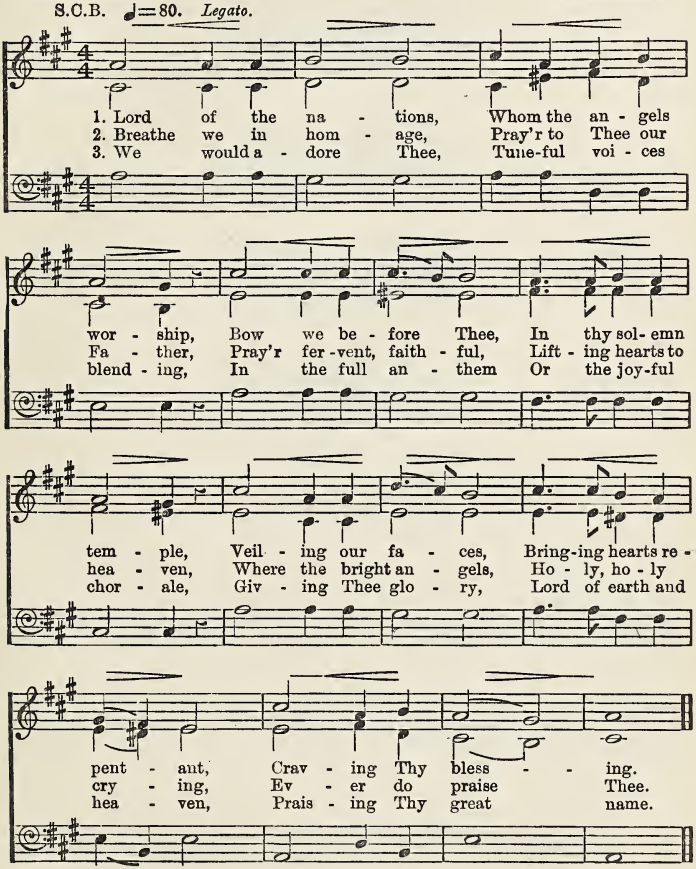
1 Integer vitæ scelerisque purus
Non eget Mauris jaculis nec arcu
Nec venenatis gravida sagittis
Fusce pharetra.

40 Lord of the Nations.

(Integer Vitæ.)

This setting of Horace's ode is by a medical man who was a member of the first Liedertafel (song table) founded at Berlin early in the nineteenth century by Zelter, the friend of Goethe.

Geo. Bennett. F. Flemming.

S.C.B. ♩=80. *Legato.*

1. Lord of the na - tions, Whom the an - gels
2. Breathe we in hom - age, Pray'r to Thee our
3. We would a - dore Thee, Tune-ful voi - ces
wor - ship, Bow we be - fore Thee, In thy sol- emn
Fa - ther, Pray'r fer - vent, faith - ful, Lift - ing hearts to
blend - ing, In the full an - them Or the joy-ful
tem - ple, Veil - ing our fa - ces, Bring-ing hearts re -
hea - ven, Where the bright an - gels, Ho - ly, ho - ly
chor - ale, Giv - ing Thee glo - ry, Lord of earth and
pent - ant, Crav - ing Thy bless - - ing.
cry - ing, Ev - er do praise Thee.
hea - ven, Prais - ing Thy great name.

INTEGER VITÆ.

1 Integer vitæ scelerisque purus
Non eget Mauris jaculis nec arcu
Nec venenatis gravida sagittis
Fusce pharetra.

2 Sive per syrtes iter aestuosas
Sive facturus per inhospitalem
Caucasum vel quae loca fabulosus
Lambit Hydaspes.

3 Namque me silva lupus in sabina
Dum meam canto Lalagen et ultra
Terminum curis vagor expeditis
Fugit inermem.

4 Quale portentum neque militaris
Daunias latis alit aesculetis
Nec Jubae tellus generat leonum
Arida nutrix.

5 Pone me, pigris ubi nulla campis
Arbor aestiva recreatur aura,
Quod latus mundi nebulae malusque
Juppiter urget.

6 Pone sub curru nimium propinqui
Solis in terra domibus negata
Dulce ridentem Lalagen amabo
Dulce loquentem.

41 Christ is born.

KEY E♭ S.C.B. Old Carol.

d :- .d | m :s	l :— | — :l	s :— | — :—
1. Christ is born of	maid - - en	fair,
d :- .d | d :m	f :— | — :r	m :— | — :—
2. Christ is come to	save man -	kind,
d :- .d | d :d	f_1 :— | — :f_1	d :— | — :—

m :r | m :- .m	s :r | m :—	m :- .m | r :d
Hark the her - alds	in the air,	Thus a - dor - ing
d :t_1 | d :- .d	d :t_1 | d :—	d :- .d | t_1 :d
As in ho - ly	page we find,	There - fore this song
d :s_1 | d :- .d	m :s | d :—	d :- .d | s_1 :l_1

r :r | m :—	s :l .s | d' :d'	r' :— | — :- .d' | d' :— | — :—
des - cant there,	In ex - cel - sis	glo - - ri- a !
d :t_1 | d :—	s :l .s | s :m	f :— | — :- .m | m :— | — :—
bear in mind,	In ex - cel - sis	glo - - ri- a !
s_1 :s_1 | d :—	s :l .s | m :d	s_1 :— | — :- .d | d :— | — :—

2 Sive per syrtes iter aestuosas
Sive facturus per inhospitalem
Caucasum vel quae loca fabulosus
Lambit Hydaspes.

3 Namque me silva lupus in sabina
Dum meam canto Lalagen et ultra
Terminum curis vagor expeditis
Fugit inermem.

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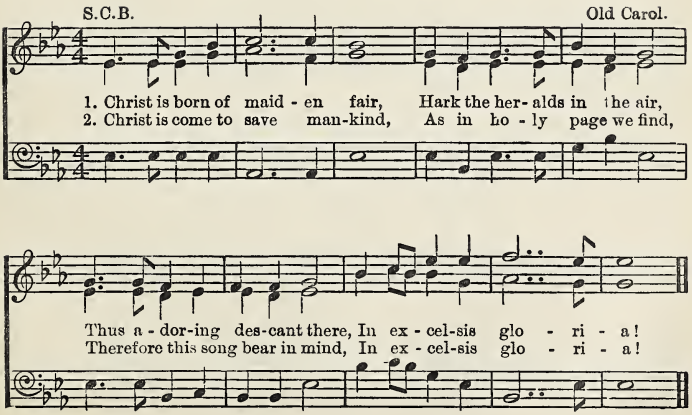
Daunias latis alit aesculetis
Nec Jubae tellus generat leonum
Arida nutrix.

5 Pone me, pigris ubi nulla campis
Arbor aestiva recreatur aura,
Quod latus mundi nebulae malusque
Juppiter urget.

6 Pone sub curru nimium propinqui
Solis in terra domibus negata
Dulce ridentem Lalagen amabo
Dulce loquentem.

41 Christ is born.

S.C.B.
Old Carol.
1. Christ is born of maid - en fair, Hark the her- alds in the air,
2. Christ is come to save man-kind, As in ho - ly page we find,
Thus a - dor-ing des-cant there, In ex - cel-sis glo - ri - a!
Therefore this song bear in mind, In ex - cel-sis glo - ri - a!

42 Cloche du Soir.

KEY D. S.C.B. Old Air.

:s	s	:-	:fe	s	:-	:l	s	:-	:-	m	:-	:m	r	:-	:m	f	:-	:l
1.La-	bas		comme é	-	tin-	cel	-	le		Aux	feux		du jour		mou-
:m	m	:-	:re	m	:-	:f	m	:-	:-	d	:-	:d	t$_l$	:-	:d	r	:-	:f
2.Ta	voix,		clo- che		ver-	meil	-	le		Glis-	sant		comme un		sou-
:d	d	:-	:d	d	:-	:d	d	:-	:-	d	:-	:d	s	:-	:s	s	:-	:s

s	:-	:-	|-	:-	:s	s	:-	:fe	s	:-	:l	s	:-	:-	d^l	:-	:d^l
rant,					Clo-	cher		de la		cha-	pel		-	le		Dans
m	:-	:-	|-	:-	:m	m	:-	:re	m	:-	:f	m	:-	:-	m	:-	:m
pir					Ta	voix		en moi		ré-	veil		-	le,		Maint
d	:-	:-	|-	:-	:d	d	:-	:d	d	:-	:d	d	:-	:-	d	:-	:l$_l$

t	:-	:s	l	:-	:fe	r^l	:-	:-	d^l	:-	:-	t	:-	:s	l	:-	:t
le		val-	lon		ri -	ant,			dans			le		val-	lon		ri -
s	:-	:s	fe	:-	:r	s	:-	:-	m	:-	:-	s	:-	:t$_l$	d	:-	:d
ten -		dre	sou -		ve -	nir,			maint			ten -		dre	sou -		ve -
r	:-	:r	d	:-	:d	t$_l$	:-	:-	d	:-	:-	r	:-	:r	fe	:-	:fe

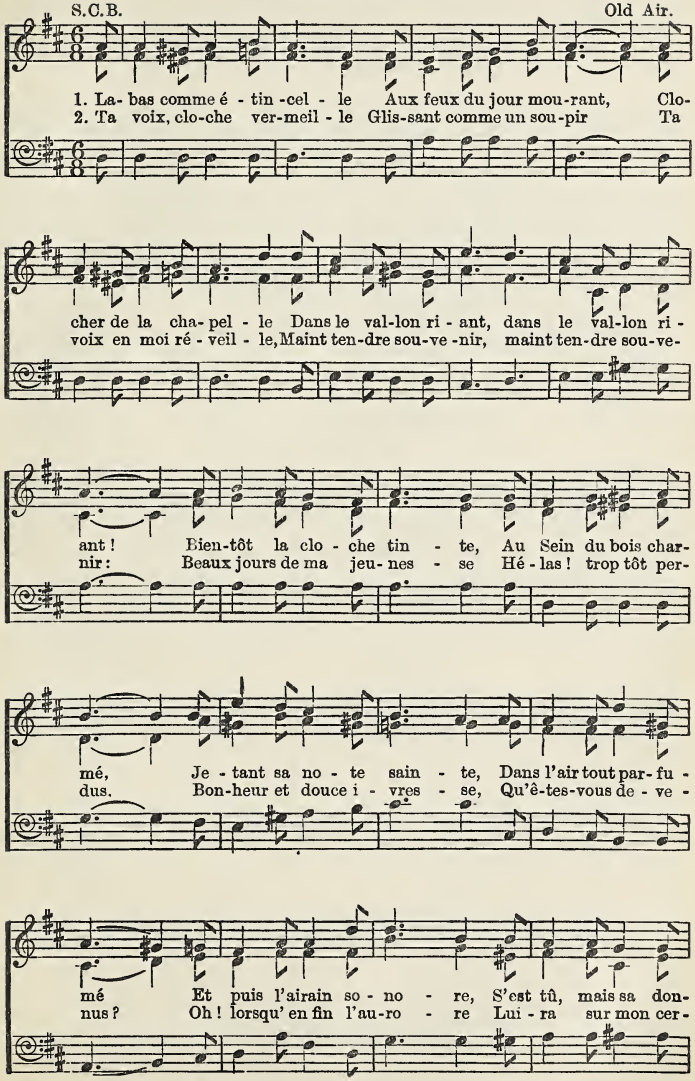
s	:-	:-	|-	:-	:s	l	:-	:s	f	:-	:m	s	:-	:-	f	:-	:f
ant !					Bien-	tôt		la	clo -		che	tin		-	te,		Au
t$_l$	:-	:-	|-	:-	:m	f	:-	:m	r	:-	:d	m	:-	:-	r	:-	:r
nir :					Beaux	jours		de ma			jeu-	nes		-	se		Hé-
s	:-	:-	|-	:-	:s	s	:-	:s	s	:-	:s	s	:-	:-	s	:-	:s

m	:-	:f	fe	:-	:s	l	:-	:-	|-	:-	:l	r^l	:-	:d^l	t	:-	:l
Sein		du	bois		char-	mé,					Je -	tant		sa	no	-	te
d	:-	:r	re	:-	:m	d	:-	:-	|-	:-	:s	fe	:-	:l	s	:-	:fe
las !		trop	tôt		per-	dus,					Bon-	heur		et	douce		i -
d	:-	:d	d	:-	:d	f	:-	:-	|-	:-	:m	r	:-	:fe	s	:-	:l

l	:-	:-	s	:-	:s	s	:-	:s	d^l	:-	:fe	s	:-	:-	fe	:-	:f
sain		-	te,		Dans	l'air		tout par		-	fu -	mé					Et
f	:-	:-	f	:-	:f	m	:-	:m	m	:-	:r	t$_l$	:-	:-	d	:-	:r
vres		-	se,		Qu'ê-	tes	-	vous de		-	ve -	nus ?					Oh !
t	:-	:-	t	:-	:t$_l$	d	:-	:t$_l$	l$_l$	:-	:l$_l$	s$_l$	:-	:-	l$_l$	:-	:t$_l$

m	:-	:s	s	:-	:d^l	d^l	:-	:-	l	:-	:l	s	:-	:s	f	:-	:f
puis		l'airain			so -	no	-	re,			S'est	tû,		mais sa			don-
d	:-	:m	m	:-	:m	l	:-	:-	f	:-	:re	m	:-	:m	t$_l$	:-	:r
lorsqu'		en fin			l'au-	ro	-	re			Lui-	ra		sur mon			cer-
d	:-	:s	m	:-	:d	f	:-	:-	f	:-	:fe	s	:-	s	se	:-	:se

42 Cloche du Soir.

S.C.B. Old Air.

1. La- bas comme é - tin -cel - le Aux feux du jour mou-rant, Clo-
2. Ta voix, clo-che ver-meil - le Glis-sant comme un sou-pir Ta
cher de la cha-pel - le Dans le val-lon ri - ant, dans le val-lon ri -
voix en moi ré - veil - le, Maint ten-dre sou-ve -nir, maint ten-dre sou-ve-
ant ! Bien-tôt la clo - che tin - te, Au Sein du bois char-
nir : Beaux jours de ma jeu-nes - se Hé - las ! trop tôt per-
mé, Je - tant sa no - te sain - te, Dans l'air tout par-fu -
dus. Bon-heur et douce i - vres - se, Qu'ê-tes-vous de - ve -
mé Et puis l'airain so - no - re, S'est tû, mais sa don-
nus ? Oh ! lorsqu' en fin l'au-ro - re Lui - ra sur mon cer-

m	:-	:-	|-	:-	:m	m	:-	:s	|s	:-	:d'	d'	:-	:-	|fe	:-	:fe
ceur,					Sur-	vit		long-temps			en-	co				re,	Et
d	:-	:-	|-	:-	:d	d	:-	:m	|m	:-	:m	f	:-	:m	|re	:-	:re
cueil ;					Tu	vi	-	bre - ras			en-	co	-		re		En
l	:-	:-	|-	:-	:l	ta	:-	:ta	|ta	:-	:ta	l	:-	:-	|l	:-	:l

s	:m'	:d'	|t	:l	:t	d'	:-	:-	|l	:-	:l	s	:m'	:d'	|t	:l	:t	d'	:-	:-	|-	:	
vi	-	bre dans mon				cœur,					Et	vi	-	bre dans mon				cœur.					
m	:s	:m	|r	:-	:f	m	:-	:-	|f	:-	:re	m	:s	:m	|f	:-	:f	m	:-	:-	|-	:	
tris	-	tes chants de				deuil,					En	tris	-	tes chants de				deuil.					
s	:-	:s	|s	:-	:s	d	:-	:-	|f	:-	:fe	s	:-	:s	|s	:-	:s	d	:-	:-	|-	:	

43 Fleur de la Bruyère.

KEY F. S.C.B. Old Air.

:	.m	m	:-	.r	:m	.f	l	„s	:s	:-	.m	r	:-	.m	:f	.s
1. Par-		mi		les	plus ai-		ma-	bles	fleurs,			Pa-		ru	-	res			printa-				
:	.d	d	:-	.t_1	:d	.r	f	„m	:m	:-	.d	t_1	:-	.d	:r	.m
2. Bien-		tôt		cha -	cu -	ne	se	flé-	trit,			S'in-		cli	-	ne			versla				
:	.d	d	:-	.d	:d	.d	d	„d	:d	:-	.m	s	:-	.s_1	:s_1	.s_1

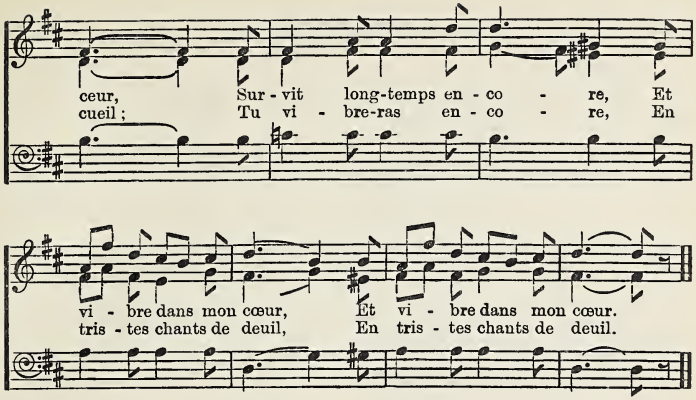
C. t.

f	:m	:	.m	m	„f	:m	:-	.m	m	„f	:m	:-	.^{m}l
niè	-	res,			La	quel	-	le plait			au-	tant	au	cœur,			la						
r	:d	:	.s_1	se_1	„se_1	:se_1	:-	.se_1	l_1	„l_1	:l_1	:-	.^{d}f
ter	-	re,			Mais	el	-	le seu	-		le	me	sourit,				mais						
d	:d	:	.d	t_1	„t_1	:r	:-	.r	d	„l_1	:l_1	:-	.^{l}r

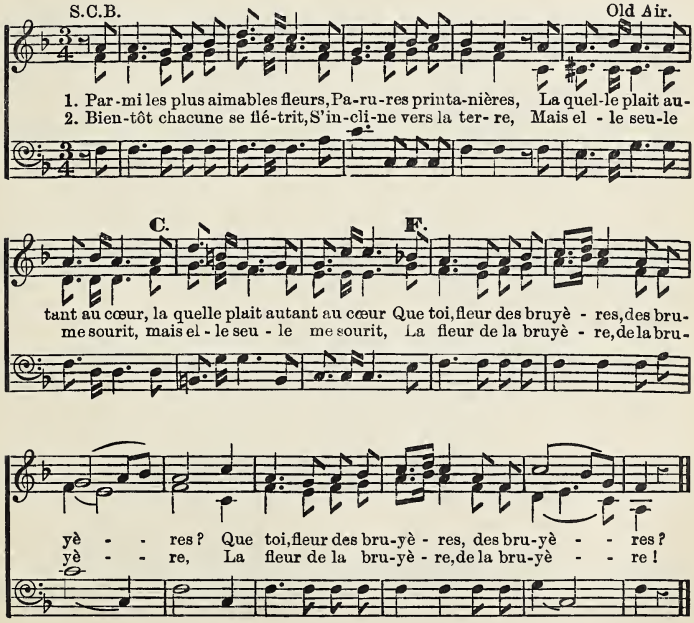
f. F.

r'	„t	:s	:-	.s	s	„d'	:d'	:-	.^{ta}f	m	:-	.r	:m	.f
quel-	le plait			au-	tant	au	cœur			Que	toi,			fleur des bru-									
s	„s	:f	:-	.f	m	„m	:m	:-	.^{s}r	d	:-	.t_1	:d	.r
el -	le seu	-	le		me	sou-	rit,			La	fleur		de	la bru-									
t_1	„s	:s	:-	.t_1	d	„d	:d	:-	.^{m}t_1	d	:-	.d	:d	.d

s	„l	:s	:m	.d	r	:—	:m	.f	m	:—	:s
yè	-	res,	des	bru-	yè	-	-	-	res ?					Que									
m	„f	:m	:d	.d	d	:t_1	:—		d	:—	:s_1
yè	-	re, de la		bru-	yè	-	-	-	re,					La									
d		:d	:d	.m	s	:—	:s_1		d	:—	:s_1

m	:-	.r	:m	.f	s	„l	:s	:m	.d	s	:—	:f	.r	d	:
toi,		fleur des bru-			yè	-	res,	des bru-			yè	-	-	res ?									
d	:-	.t_1	:d	.r	m	„f	:m	:d	.d	l_1	:t_1	:-	.s_1	m	:
fleur		de la bru-			yè	-	re, de la bru-			yè	-	-	re !										
d	:-	.d	:d	.d	d	:d	:d	.d	r	:s_1	:—	d	:

ceur, Sur - vit long-temps en - co - re, Et
cueil ; Tu vi - bre-ras en - co - re, En
vi - bre dans mon cœur, Et vi - bre dans mon cœur.
tris - tes chants de deuil, En tris - tes chants de deuil.

43 Fleur de la Bruyère.


S.C.B.
Old Air.
1. Par-mi les plus aimables fleurs, Pa-ru-res printa-nières, La quel-le plait au-
2. Bien-tôt chacune se flé-trit, S'in-cli-ne vers la ter- re, Mais el - le seu-le
C.
F.
tant au cœur, la quelle plait autant au cœur Que toi, fleur des bruyè - res, des bru-
me sourit, mais el - le seu - le me sourit, La fleur de la bruyè - re, de la bru-
yè - - res? Que toi, fleur des bru-yè - res, des bru-yè - - res?
yè - - re, La fleur de la bru-yè - re, de la bru-yè - - re!

44 Gondoliera.

KEY D. S.C.B. Popular Air.

:s	l	:-	:s	fe	:-	:s	t	:-	:l	f	:-	:-	r	:m	:f	t	:-	:l
1.O :m	viens		dans ma		gon-		do	-	le,				Voi-ci	la	som	-	bre						
f	:-	:m	re	:-	:m	f	:-	:-	f	:-	:-	t_1	:d	:r	f	:-	:f						
2. :d	C'est l'heure		bien		heu-		reu	-	se,			C'est l'heure des			a -								
d	:-	:d	d	:-	:d	r	:-	:-	r	:-	:-	s	:s	:s	s	:-	:s						

s	:-	:-	m	:-	:s	l	:-	:s	fe	:-	:s	t	:-	:l	f	:-	:-
nuit,				Tu		sais		comme el	-	le		vo	-	le			
m	:-	:-	d	:-	m	f	:-	:m	re	:-	:m	f	:-	:-	r	:-	:-
mours,				L'é-		toi	-	le	ra	-	di-	eu	-	se			
d	:-	:-	:-	:-	:d	d	:-	:d	d	:-	:d	r	:-	:-	r	:-	:-

r	:m	:f	l	:-	:s	m	:-	:-	:-	:-	:m	f	:-	:m	m	:-	:m
Quand mon bras la				con-		duit,					Au	souf	-	fle	de		la
t_1	:d	:r	f	:-	:t_1	d	:-	:-	:-	:-	:d	r	:-	:r	t_1	:-	:m
Nous prê-te		son		se-		cours,					Tout	dort		sur	le		ri-
s	:s	:s	s	:-	:s	d	:-	:-	:-	:-	$:l_1$	se_1	:-	$:se_1$	se_1	:-	$:t_1$

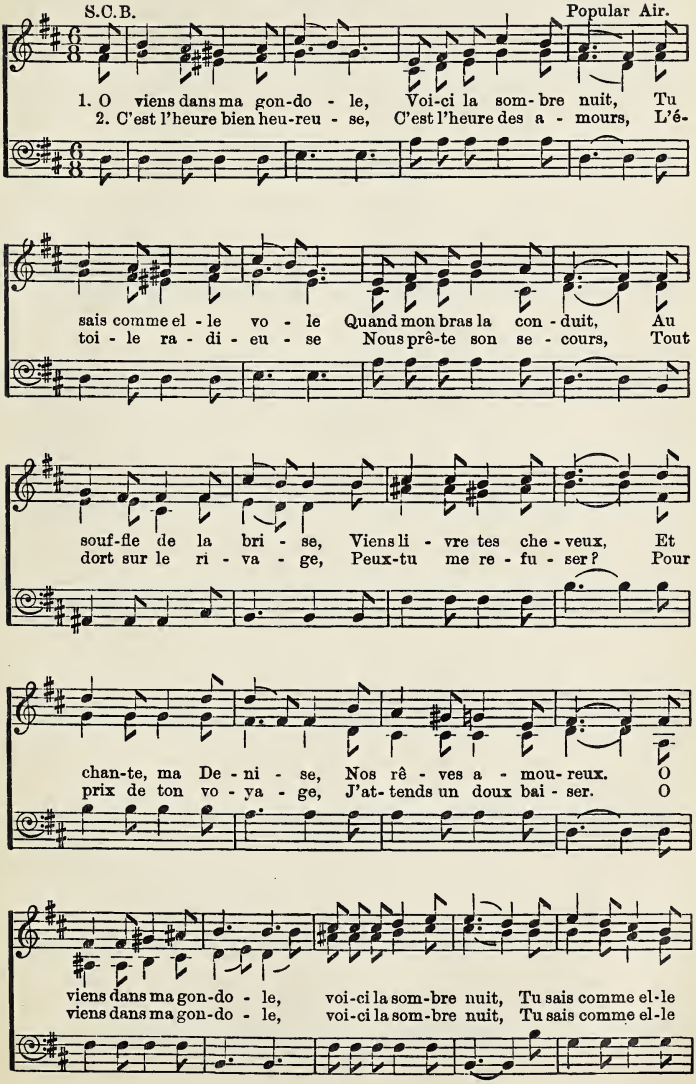
t	:-	:l	l	:-	:l	t	:-	:t	l	:-	:t	d'	:-	:-	:-	:-	:d'
bri	-		se,		Viens	li	-	vre	tes		che-	veux,					Et
r	:-	:d	d	:-	:l	se	:-	:se	ba	:-	:se	l	:-	:-	:-	:-	:m
va	-		ge,		Peux-	tu		me	re	-	fu-	ser?					Pour
l_1	:-	:-	l_1	:-	:l_1	m	:-	:m	m	:-	:m	l	:-	:-	:-	:-	:l

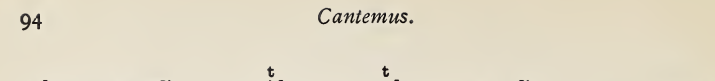
d'	:-	:f	f	:-	:d'	d'	:-	:m	m	:-	:l	s	:-	:fe	f	:-	:r
chan	-	te,	ma		De-	ni	-	se,			Nos	rê	-	ves	a	-	mou-
f	:-	:f	f	:-	:f	m	:-	:-	m	:-	:d	t_1	:-	:t_1	t_1	:-	:t_1
prix	de	ton		vo-		ya	-	ge,			J'at-	tends	un	doux		bai-	
l	:-	:l	l	:-	:l	s	:-	:-	s	:-	:s	s	:-	:s	s	:-	:s

m	:-	:-	:-	:-	:m	m	:-	:m	ba	:-	:se	l	:-	:-	l	:-	:-
reux.					O	viens		dans ma			gon-	do	-	le,			
d	:-	:-	:-	:-	:s_1	se_1	:-	$:se_1$	l_1	:-	:t_1	d	:-	:r	d	:-	:l
ser.					O	viens		dans ma			gon-	do	-	le,			
d	:-	:-	:-	:-	:d	m	:-	:m	m	:-	:m	l_1	:-	:-	l_1	:-	:-

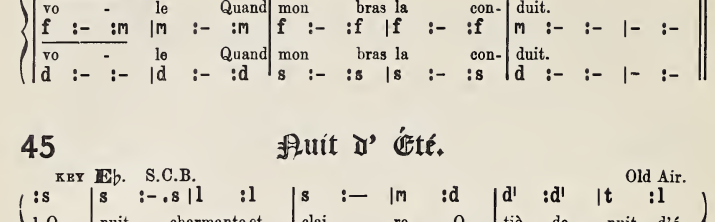
t	:t	:t	d'	:-	:r'	r'	:-	:-	d'	:-	:d'	r'	:-	:d'	t	:-	:l
voi-ci		la	som	-	bre	nuit,					Tu	sais		comme el	-	le	
se	:se	:se	l	:-	:t	t	:-	:-	l	:-	:l	l	:-	:l	s	:-	:f
voi-ci		la	som	-	bre	nuit,					Tu	sais		comme el	-	le	
m	:m	:m	m	:-	:m	l_1	:-	:-	:-	:-	:l	f	:-	:f	f	:-	:f

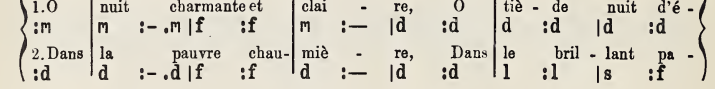
44 Gondoliera.

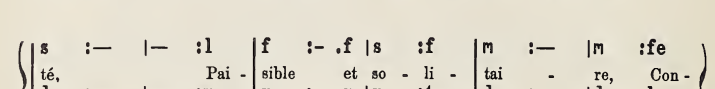
S.C.B. Popular Air.

1. O viens dans ma gon-do - le, Voi-ci la som-bre nuit, Tu
2. C'est l'heure bien heu-reu - se, C'est l'heure des a - mours, L'é-
sais comme el - le vo - le Quand mon bras la con - duit, Au
toi - le ra - di - eu - se Nous prê-te son se - cours, Tout
souf-fle de la bri - se, Viens li - vre tes che - veux, Et
dort sur le ri - va - ge, Peux-tu me re - fu - ser? Pour
chan-te, ma De - ni - se, Nos rê - ves a - mou-reux. O
prix de ton vo - ya - ge, J'at-tends un doux bai - ser. O
viens dans ma gon-do - le, voi-ci la som-bre nuit, Tu sais comme el-le
viens dans ma gon-do - le, voi-ci la som-bre nuit, Tu sais comme el-le

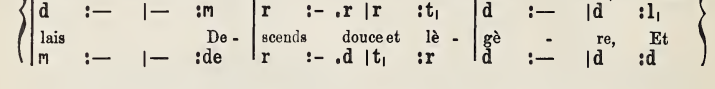

t t
vo - le Quand mon bras la con- duit.
vo - le Quand mon bras la con- duit.

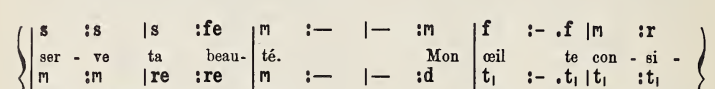
45 Nuit d' Été.

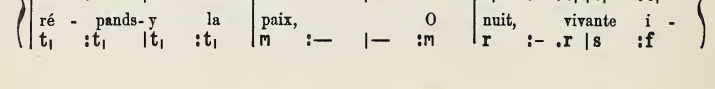
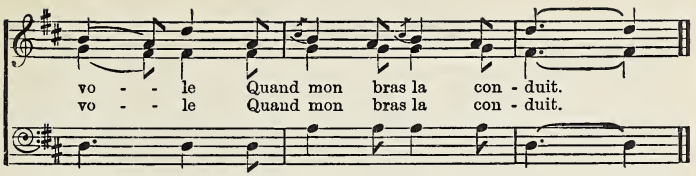

KEY E♭. S.C.B. Old Air.
1.O nuit charmante et clai - re, O tiè - de nuit d'é -
2.Dans la pauvre chau- miè - re, Dans le bril - lant pa -


té, Pai - sible et so - li - tai - re, Con -
lais De - scends douce et lè - gè - re, Et

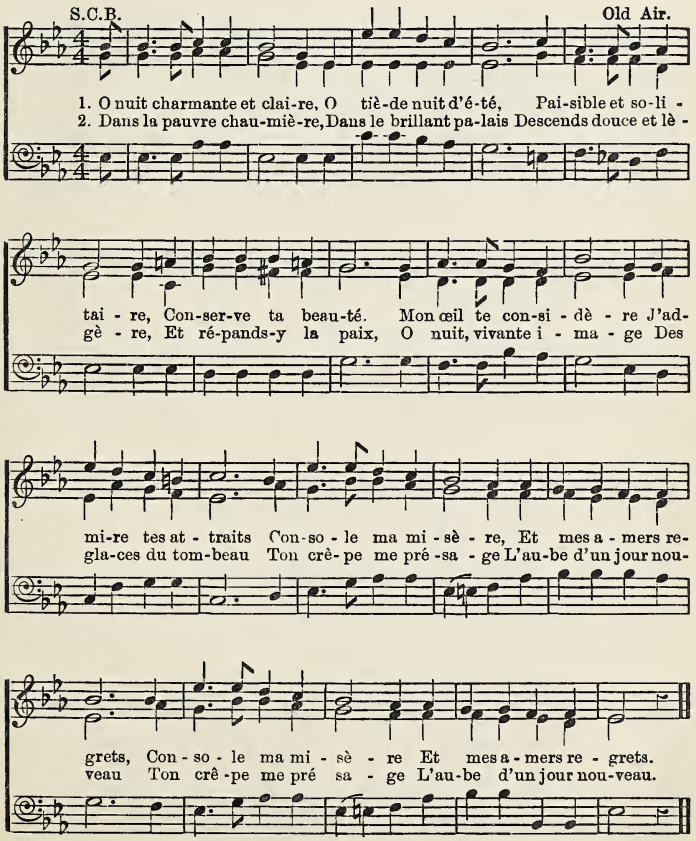

ser - ve ta beau- té. Mon œil te con - si -
ré - pands-y la paix, O nuit, vivante i -


dè - re J'ad - mi - re tes at - traits Con -
ma - ge Des gla - ces du tom - beau Ton


so - le ma mi - sè - re, Et mes a - mers re - grets, Con -
crê - pe me pré- sa - ge L'au- be d'un jour nou- veau Ton


so - le ma mi - sè - re Et mes a - mers re - grets.
crê - pe me pré sa - ge L'au- be d'un jour nou- veau.

45 Nuit d' Été.

S.C.B. Old Air.


1. O nuit charmante et clai-re, O tiè-de nuit d'é-té, Pai-sible et so-li -
2. Dans la pauvre chau-miè-re, Dans le brillant pa-lais Descends douce et lè -
tai - re, Con-ser-ve ta beau-té. Mon œil te con-si - dè - re J'ad-
gè - re, Et ré-pands-y la paix, O nuit, vivante i - ma - ge Des
mi-re tes at - traits Con-so - le ma mi - sè - re, Et mes a - mers re-
gla-ces du tom-beau Ton crê-pe me pré - sa - ge L'au-be d'un jour nou-
grets, Con - so - le ma mi - sè - re Et mes a - mers re - grets.
veau Ton crê-pe me pré sa - ge L'au-be d'un jour nou-veau.

46 O'er the mountain.

FLORENCE HOARE. Swiss Folk Song.

KEY A♭. S.C.B.

:s,	,s,	m	:-	.d	:d	,l,	l,	:s,	:r	,m	f	:-	.s,	:l,	,t,
1.'Tis a		life			of joy en-		chant - ing,				O'er the		moun -		tain breaks the
:s,	,s,	d	:-	.s,	:l,	,f,	f,	:m,	:t,	,d	t,	:-	.s,	:fe,	,f,
2.Here are		plea	-		sures tru-er,		dear - er				Than the		crowd -		ed ways can
:s,	,s,	d	:-	.m,	:f,	,f,	f,	:d	:s,	,s,	s,	:-	.s,	:s,	,s,
3.Mighty		sum	-		mits stretch be-		fore me,				Dwarfing		ev -		'ry hu-man

d	:—		:s,	,s,	m	:-	.d	:d	,l,	l,	:s,		:r	,m
spring,			Sun-beams		slant	-		ing, wild birds			chant - ing,			Do you	
m,	:—		:s,	,s,	d	:-	.s,	:l,	,f,	f,	:m,		:t,	,d
bring,			Faith is		clear	-		er, heav'n is			near - er,			Do you	
d	:—		:s,	,s,	d	:-	.m,	:f,	,f,	f,	:d		:s,	,s,
thing,			Nature's		glo	-		ry round me,			o'er me,			Do you	

f	:-	.s,	:l,	,t,	d	:—		:			s,	:-	.t,	:r	
won	-		der that	I	sing?						Ha	-		li - ho,	
t,	:-	.s,	:fe,	,f,	m,	:—		:			s,	:—		:t,	
won	-		der that	I	sing?						Ha	-		- li,	
s,	:-	.s,	:s,	,s,	d	:—		:			s,	:—		:f,	
won	-		der that	I	sing?						Ha	-		- li,	

d	:-	.m	:s		l	:-	.s	:f	.l		s	:-	.m	:d	
ha	-		li - ho,		ha	-		li,	ha - li,		ha	-		li - ho,	
d	:—		:s,		d	:—		:d			d	:—		:d	
ha	-		- li,		ha	-		- li,			ha	-		- li,	
m,	:—		:m,		f,	:—		:f,			m,	:s,		:d	
ha	-		- li,		ha	-		- li,			ha	-		- li,	

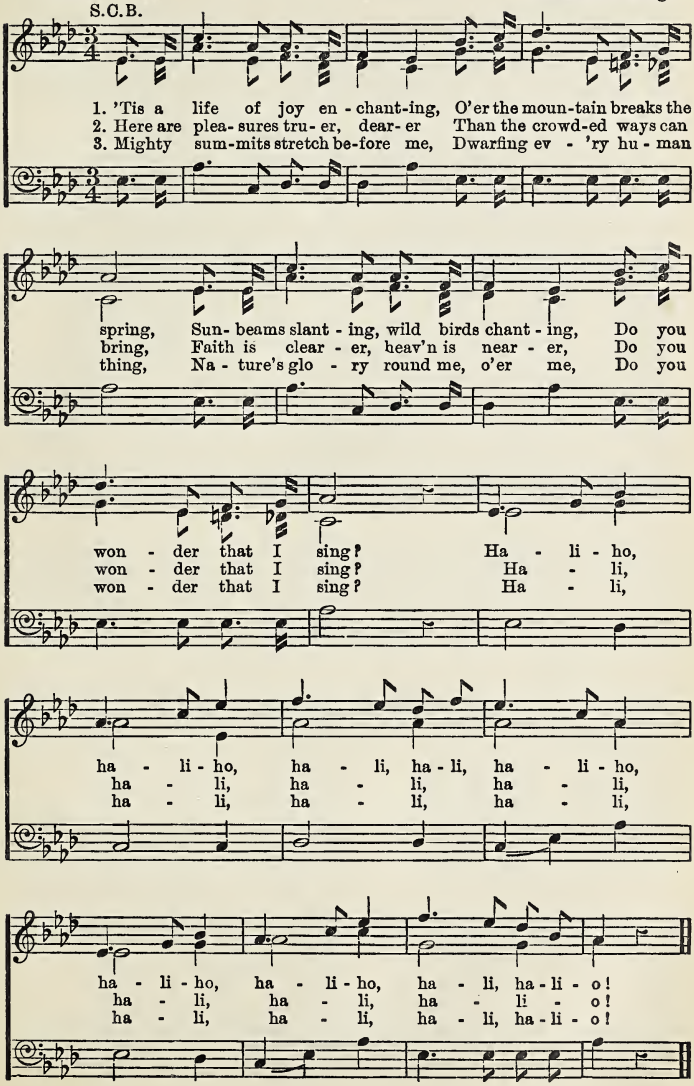
s,	:-	.t,	:r		d	:-	.m	:s			l	:-	.s	:f	.r
ha	-		li - ho,		ha	-		li - ho,			ha	-		li,	ha - li-
s,	:—		:t,		d	:—		:m			t,	:—		:t,	
ha	-		- li,		ha	-		- li,			ha	-		- li -	
s,	:—		:f,		m,	:s,		:d			s,	:-	.s,	:s,	.s,
ha	-		- li,		ha	-		- li,			ha	-		li,	ha - li-

d	:	
o !		
d	:	
o !		
d	:	
o !		

46 O'er the mountain.

FLORENCE HOARE. Swiss Folk-Song.

S.C.B.


1. 'Tis a life of joy en - chant-ing, O'er the moun-tain breaks the
2. Here are plea- sures tru- er, dear- er Than the crowd-ed ways can
3. Mighty sum-mits stretch be-fore me, Dwarfing ev - 'ry hu - man
spring, Sun- beams slant - ing, wild birds chant - ing, Do you
bring, Faith is clear - er, heav'n is near - er, Do you
thing, Na - ture's glo - ry round me, o'er me, Do you
won - der that I sing? Ha - li - ho,
won - der that I sing? Ha - li,
won - der that I sing? Ha - li,
ha - li - ho, ha - li, ha - li, ha - li - ho,
ha - li, ha - li, ha - li,
ha - li, ha - li, ha - li,
ha - li - ho, ha - li - ho, ha - li, ha - li - o!
ha - li, ha - li, ha - li - o!
ha - li, ha - li, ha - li, ha - li - o!

47 Green hills I love.

FLORENCE HOARE. Swiss Air.

KEY F. S.C.B.

.s| :d .r	m :- .t|:r .d	t| :l|.l| :r .m	s :- .f :l|.t|	d :- .s|:d .r	
1. Green hills I	love and valleys	gold-en, So soon to	part I must re-	pine; My heart to	
2. And thou, my	friend, earth's best and	dearest, Reach here thine	hand in kindly	grasp; It will be	
3. Yet will we	keep our tears from	falling, And still in	sim - ple du-ty	dwell; Beyond the	
. :	s|.s|:s| :s|	f|.f|:f| :f|	l|.l|:l| :f|	m|.m|:m| :	
	La la la, la	la la la la	la la la la	la la la	
. :	d .d :d :m|	f|.f|:f| :f|	r .r :r :s|	d .d :d :	

m :- .t| :r .d	t| :l|.l|:r .m	s :- .f :l|.t|	d :- .s|:d .r		
thee by mem'ries	hold- en Shall find no	beau - ty fair as	thine. La la la		
long, dear heart, thou	fear - est Ere hand to	hand again shall	clasp. La la la		
hills a voice is	calling, Dear land I	love, dear heart, fare-	well. La la la		
s| .s|:s| :s|	f|.f|:f| :f|	l|.l|:l| :f|	m|.m|:m| :		
La la la la	la la la la	la la la la	la la la!		
d .d :d :m|	f|.f|:f| :f|	r .r :r :s|	d .d :d :		

m .,d :m .,d:l .,s	s :f .t|:r	f .,r :f .,r :t .,l	l :s .d :m		
La la la la la la	la la la la	la la la la la la	la la la la		
s|. :s|. :s|.	t|. :t|. :t|.	t|. :t|. :r .	m . :m . :m .		
La la la	la la la	la la la	la la la		
d . :d . :m .	r . :r . :r .	s|. :s|. :s|.	d . :d . :d .		

s .,m :s .,m :r' .,d'	t :l :r .,m	s :f .,t|:f .,t|	d :- .		
la la la la la la	la la la la	la la la la la	la !		
m . :m . :d .	d . :d . :d .	t| . :s| . :s| .	m| :- .		
la la la	la la la	la la la	la !		
d . :d . :m .	f . :f| . :f| .	r . :s| . :s| .	d :- .		

48 Santa Lucía.

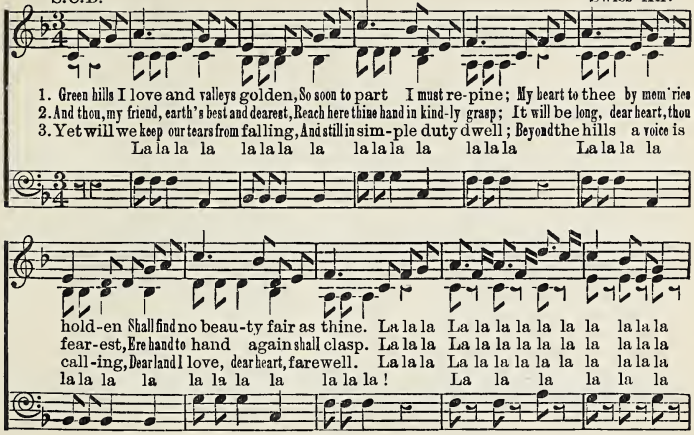
KEY D. S.C.B Neapolitan Song.

s :s :- .d'	d' .d':t :—	f :f :- .l	l :s :—		
1. Now 'neath the	sil-ver moon	O - cean is	glow - ing,		
2. Here balm - y	zephyrs blow,	Pure joys in-	vite us,		
m :m :- .m	f .f :f :—	t| :t| :- .t|	f :m :—		
3. When o'er thy	wa - ters	Light winds are	play - ing,		
4. To thee, sweet	Na-po-li,	What charms are	giv - en,		
d :d :- .d	r .r :r :—	s :s :- .s	d :d :—		

m :l :s	s .fe:f :—	f :m :r	l :s :—		
O'er the calm	bil - low	Soft winds are	blow - ing;		
And as we	gently row	All things de -	light us;		
d :f :m	r :r :—	t| :t| :t|	f :m :—		
Thy spell can	soothe us,	All care al -	lay - ing;		
Where smiles cre -	a - tion,	Toil blest by	heav - en;		
d :d :d	t| :t| :—	s :s :s	d :d :—		

47 Green hills I love.

FLORENCE HOARE.

S.C.B. Swiss Air.

1. Green hills I love and valleys golden, So soon to part I must re-pine; My heart to thee by mem'ries
2. And thou, my friend, earth's best and dearest, Reach here thine hand in kind-ly grasp; It will be long, dear heart, thou
3. Yet will we keep our tears from falling, And still in sim-ple duty dwell; Beyond the hills a voice is
La la la la la la la la la la la la la la la la la la
hold-en Shall find no beau-ty fair as thine. La la la La la la la la la la la la
fear-est, Ere hand to hand again shall clasp. La la la La la la la la la la la la
call-ing, Dear land I love, dear heart, farewell. La la la La la la la la la la la la
la la la la la la la la la la! La la la la la la
la la la la la la la la la la la la la la la la la

[D.]

s :s :- .d'	d' .t :t :—	f :f :- .l	l .s :s :—
Now 'neath the	sil - ver moon,	O - cean is	glow - ing,
Here balm - y	zephyrs blow,	Pure joys in-	vite us,
m :m :- .m	f .f :f :—	t_l :t_l :- .t_l	f .m :m :—
When o'er thy	wa - ters	Light winds are	play - ing,
To thee, sweet	Na-po-li,	What charms are	giv - en,
d :d :- .d	r .r :r :—	s_l :s_l :- .s_l	d :d :—

m :l :s	s .fe:f :—	f :m :r	l :s :—
O'er the calm	bil - low	Soft winds are	blow - ing.
And as we	gently row	All things de -	light us.
d :f :m	r .r :r :—	t_l :t_l :t_l	f :m :—
Thy spell can	soothe us,	All care al -	lay - ing.
Where smiles cre -	a - tion,	Toil blest by	heav - en.
d :d :d	t_l.t_l :t_l :—	s_l :s_l :s_l	d :d :—

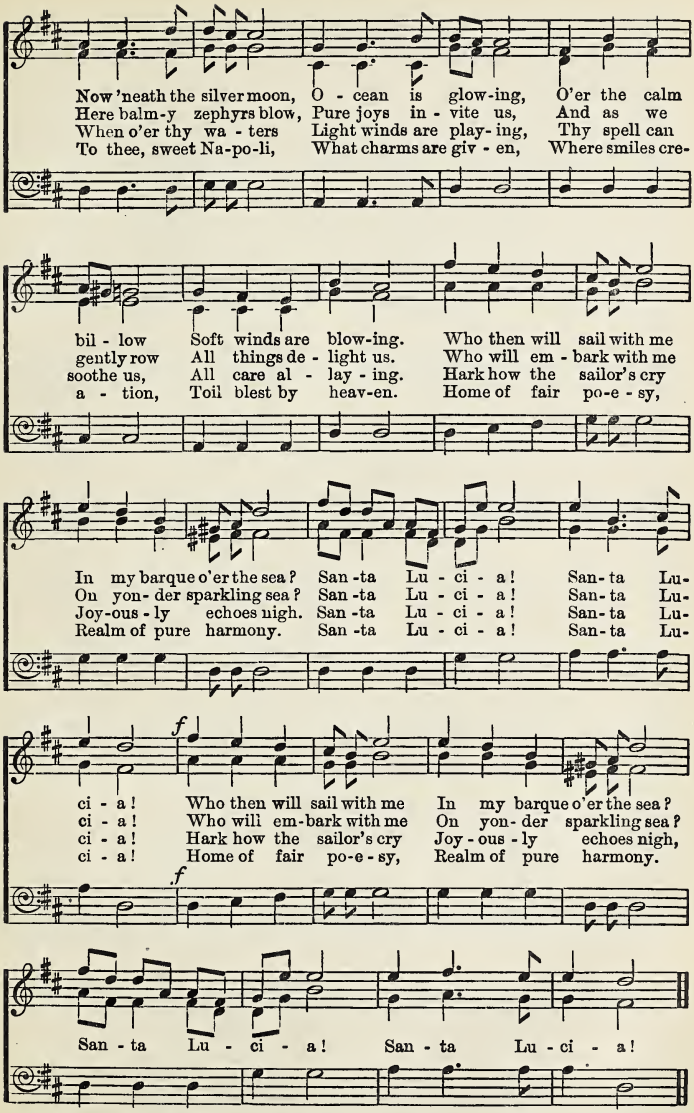
m' :r' :d'	t .l :r' :—	r' :d' :l	fe.s :d' :—
Who then will	sail with me	In my barque	o'er the sea ?
Who will em -	bark with me	On yon - der	sparkling sea ?
s :s :s	f .f :l :—	l :l :f	re.m :m :—
Hark how the	sailor's cry	Joy - ous - ly	echoes nigh,
Home of fair	po -e- sy,	Realm of pure	harmony.
d :r :m	f .f :f :—	f :f :f	d .d :d :—

m' .d' :d' .s :s .m	f .r' :r' :—	r' :l :- .t	r' :d' :—
San - ta Lu -	ci - a !	San - ta Lu-	ci - a !
San - ta Lu -	ci - a !	San - ta Lu-	ci - a !
s .m :m :m .d	d .f :l :—	f :f :- .f	f :m :—
San - ta Lu -	ci - a !	San - ta Lu-	ci - a !
San - ta Lu -	ci - a !	San - ta Lu-	ci - a !
d :d :d	f :f :—	s :s :- .s	s :d :—

f

m' :r' :d'	t .l :r' :—	r' :d' :l	fe.s :d' :—
Who then will	sail with me	In my barque	o'er the sea ?
Who will em -	bark with me	On yon - der	sparkling sea ?
s :s :s	f .f :l :—	l :l :f	re.m :m :—
Hark how the	sailor's cry	Joy - ous - ly	echoes nigh,
Home of fair	po- e - sy,	Realm of pure	harmony.
d :r :m	f .f :f :—	f :f :f	d .d :d :—

m' .d' :d' .s :s .m	f .r' :r' :—	r' :m' :- .r'	r' :d' :—
San - ta Lu -	ci - a !	San - ta Lu-	ci - a. !
San - ta Lu -	ci - a !	San - ta Lu-	ci - a. !
s .m :m :m .d	d .f :l :—	f :s :- .f	f :m :—
San - ta Lu -	ci - a !	San - ta Lu-	ci - a. !
San - ta Lu -	ci - a !	San - ta Lu-	ci - a. !
d :d :d	f :f :—	s :s :- .s	s :d :—

The "a's" in Santa are short, as in "ah." Lucia is pronounced "Loo-chee-ah."

Now 'neath the silver moon, O - cean is glow-ing, O'er the calm
Here balm-y zephyrs blow, Pure joys in - vite us, And as we
When o'er thy wa - ters Light winds are play- ing, Thy spell can
To thee, sweet Na-po-li, What charms are giv - en, Where smiles cre-
bil - low Soft winds are blow-ing. Who then will sail with me
gently row All things de - light us. Who will em - bark with me
soothe us, All care al - lay - ing. Hark how the sailor's cry
a - tion, Toil blest by heav-en. Home of fair po-e - sy,
In my barque o'er the sea? San-ta Lu - ci - a! San-ta Lu-
On yon- der sparkling sea? San-ta Lu - ci - a! San-ta Lu-
Joy-ous - ly echoes nigh. San-ta Lu - ci - a! San-ta Lu-
Realm of pure harmony. San-ta Lu - ci - a! San-ta Lu-
f
ci - a! Who then will sail with me In my barque o'er the sea?
ci - a! Who will em-bark with me On yon- der sparkling sea?
ci - a! Hark how the sailor's cry Joy - ous - ly echoes nigh,
ci - a! Home of fair po-e - sy, Realm of pure harmony.
f
San - ta Lu - ci - a! San - ta Lu - ci - a!

The "a's" in Santa are short, as in "ah." Lucia is pronounced "Loo-chee-ah."

49 The Switzer.

The people of Tyrol are mainly pastoral, leading an open-air life, singing at their work, and ending their folk-songs with a refrain made up of vowel sounds that carry far in the still mountain air.

FLORENCE HOARE.

KEY C. S.C.B. Tyrolese Folk Song.

:d	.r	m	:m	.r	:m	.f	s	.d'	:d'	:d	.r	m	:m	:l	.s
1.Green		slope	and		warm		val	-	ley	The		Swit	-	zer	doth	
:d		d	:d	.t,	:d	.r	m		:m	:d		d	:d	:d		
2.No		trou	-	ble	or		sor	-	row	His		heart	doth	dis	-	
:m	.f	s	:s	.f	:m	.r	d		:d	:d		d	:d	:f	.m	
3.His		horn	slung		be	-	hind		him,	His		stock	stout	and		

r	:—	:	.r	r	.m	:f	:-	.r	m	.f	:s	:-	.m
roam;			In	yon	-	der		white	châ	-	let,		In
t,	:—	:	.t,	t,	.d	:r	:-	.t,	d	.r	:m	:-	.d
may,			No	care		for		to-	mor	-	row,		No
s	:—	:	.s	s		:s	:-	.s	d		:d	:-	.d
strong,			At	morn		you		may	find		him,		At

f	.s	:l	:-	.f	m	.f	:s	:d	.r	m	:m	.r	:m	.f
yon	-	der		white	châ	-	let,	'Tis		there	is		his	
d		:d	:-	.d	d	.r	:m	:d		d	:d	.t,	:d	.r
care		for		to	mor	-	row,	No		doubt	for		to	-
f		:f	:-	.l,	d		:d	:m	.f	s	:s	.f	:m	.r
morn		you		may	find		him,	And		list	to		his	

s	:—	:l	.s	f	:f	:s	.f	m	:—	:m'	„d'
home,		'Tis		there	is	his		home,		Hui-	di -
m	:—	:d		t,	:t,	:t,		d	:—	:s	„m
day,		No		doubt	for	to	-	day.		Hui-	di -
d	:—	:f	.m	r	:r	:r		d	:—	:d	„d
song,		And		list	to	his		song.		Hui-	di -

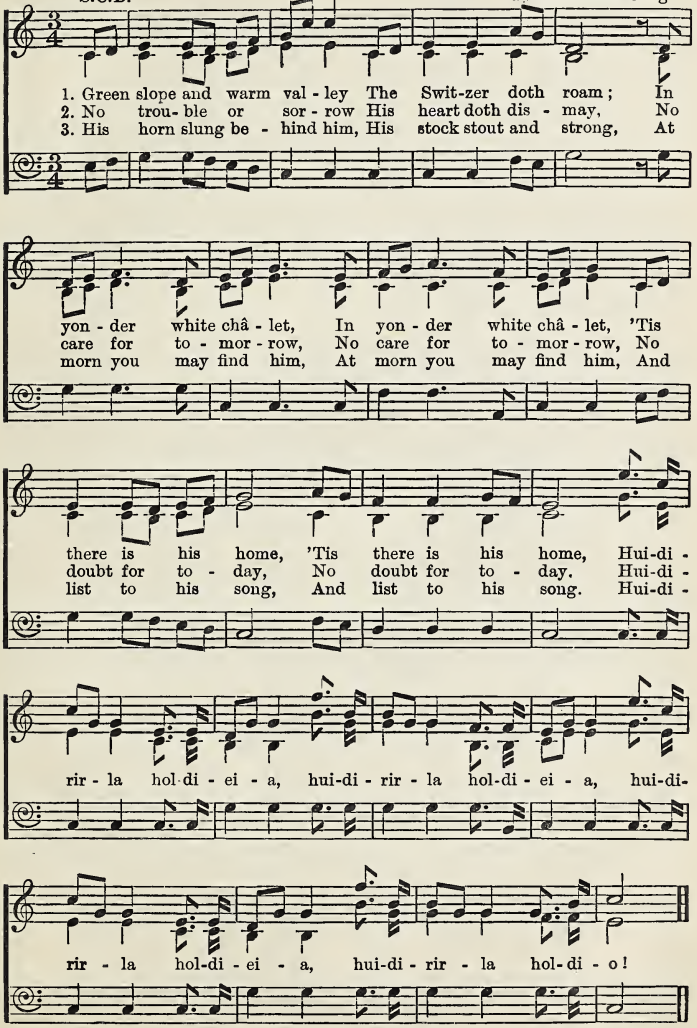
d'	.s	:s	:m	„m	r	.s	:s	:f'	„t	t	.s	:s	:f	„f	m	.s	:s	:m'	„d'
rir	-	la	hol	di-	ei	-	a,	hui	di-	rir	-	la	hol	di-	ei	-	a,	hui	di-
m		:m	:d	„d	t,		:t,	:t	„s	s		:s	:t,	„t,	d	.m	:m	:s	„m
rir	-	la	hol	di-	ei	-	a,	hui	di-	rir	-	la	hol	di-	ei	-	a,	hui	di-
d		:d	:d	„d	s		:s	:s	„s	s		:s	:s	„t,	d		:d	:d	„d
rir	-	la	hol	di-	ei	-	a,	hui	di-	rir	-	la	hol	di-	ei	-	a,	hu	di-

d'	.s	:s	:m	„m	r	.s	:s	:f'	„t	t	.s	:s	:s	„t	d'	:—
rir	-	la	hol	di-	ei	-	a,	hui	di-	rir	-	la	hol	di-	o!	
m		:m	:d	„d	t,		:t,	:t	„s	s		:s	:f	„f	m	:—
rir	-	la	hol	di-	ei	-	a,	hui	di-	rir	-	la	hol	di-	o!	
d		:d	:d	„d	s		:s	:s	„s	s		:s	:s	„s	d	:—
rir	-	la	hol	di-	ei	-	a,	hui	di-	rir	-	la	hol	di-	o!	

49 The Switzer.

The people of Tyrol are mainly pastoral, leading an open-air life, singing at their work, and ending their folk-songs with a refrain made up of vowel sounds that carry far in the still mountain air.

FLORENCE HOARE.
S.C.B.

Tyrolese Folk Song.

1. Green slope and warm val - ley The Swit-zer doth roam; In
2. No trou- ble or sor - row His heart doth dis - may, No
3. His horn slung be - hind him, His stock stout and strong, At
yon - der white châ - let, In yon - der white châ - let, 'Tis
care for to - mor - row, No care for to - mor - row, No
morn you may find him, At morn you may find him, And
there is his home, 'Tis there is his home, Hui-di -
doubt for to - day, No doubt for to - day. Hui-di -
list to his song, And list to his song. Hui-di -
rir - la hol-di - ei - a, hui-di - rir - la hol-di - ei - a, hui-di-
rir - la hol-di - ei - a, hui-di - rir - la hol-di - o!

50 Thou, my delight.

An old song of the Keltic race of fishermen and peasants that occupy Brittany.

M. C. Gillington. Old Breton Air.

F minor (d *is* A♭). S.C.B.

:m	l	:-	.t	d	:m	m	,r	:d	.t	l	:d	.t	l	:s	
1.The	night	-	wind	sad	- ly	sigh	-	ing,		Ut	- ters	a	plain	- tive	
:m	l	:-	.l	l	:d	t		:m		l	:m	.m	f	:m	
2.His	boat		went	light	- ly	leap	-	ing		O	- ver	the	wa	- ters	
:m	l	:-	.l	l	:l	se		:se		l	:l	.l	r	:m	
3.For	ev	-	er	un	- for -	giv	-	en		Be	thou,	O	cru	- el	

l	:s	l	:—	—	:m	l	:-	.t	d	:m	m	,r	:d	.t	
plain	- tive	song;			The	waves		make	wild	re -	ply	-	ing,		
f	:m	l	:—	—	:m	l	:-	.l	l	:d	t		:m		
wa	- ters	blue;			A -	las!		the	storm	- clouds	sweep	-	ing		
r	:m	l	:—	—	:m	l	:-	.l	l	:l	se		:se		
cru	- el	sea!			For	thou		my	heart	hast	riv	-	en,		

l	:d	.t	l	:s	l	:—	—	:d	.r	m	:-	.r	f	:m	
Mur -	mur-ing		deep	and	long.			All the		wea	-	ry	night	till	
l	:m	.m	f	:m	l	:—	—	:m	.f	s	:-	.f	l	:s	
Soon	hid it		from	my	view;			And I		wait		and	watch	in	
l	:l	.l	r	:m	l	:—	—	:d	.d	d	:-	.d	d	:d	
Seiz -	ing my		joy	from	me.			Thou didst		lure		him	from	my	

r	:d	.r	m	:-	.r	d	:r	.d	t	:—	—	:t	.d	r	:-
morn,	All the		drea	-	ry	day	till		night,			I		wake	
s	:s	.s	s	:-	.s	l	:f	.l	se	:—	—	:se	.l	t	:-
vain,	And I		strain		my	yearn	- ing		sight;			It		comes	
t	:l	.t	d	:-	.d	in	thy		might,			Thy		foam	-

.d	r	:d	.t	l	:—	—	l	:s	l	:—	—				
side,	Thou didst		grasp		him		from	my	de -	light.					
.l	t	:-	.l	f	:—	—	d	:m	d	:—	—				
ing	comes		no	more	a -		my	de -	light.						
.m	r	:-	.m	r	:l		from	my	de -	light.					
ing	foam	-	ing	wa	- ters										

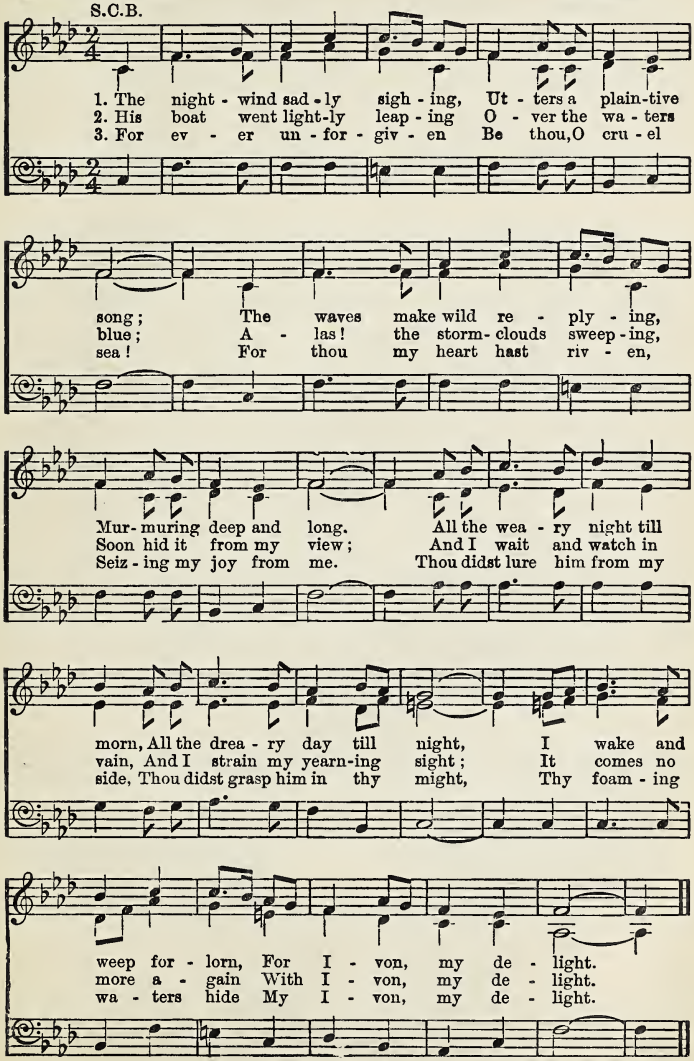
m	,r	:d	.t	l	:d	.t	l	:s	l	:—	—				
lorn,		For		I	- von,		my	de -	light.						
t		:se		l	:f		m	:m	d	:—	—				
gain		With		I	- von,		my	de -	light.						
se		:m		f	:r		d	:m	l	:—	—				
hide		My		I	- von,		my	de -	light.						

50 Ivon, my delight.

An old song of the Keltic race of fishermen and peasants that occupy Brittany.

M. C. Gillington. Old Breton Air.

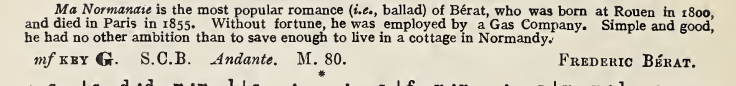
S.C.B.

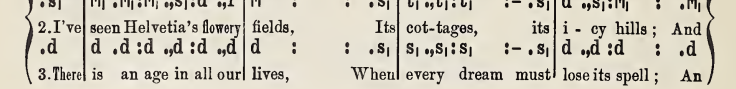

1. The night - wind sad - ly sigh - ing, Ut - ters a plain-tive
2. His boat went light-ly leap - ing O - ver the wa - ters
3. For ev - er un - for - giv - en Be thou, O cru - el
song; The waves make wild re - ply - ing,
blue; A - las! the storm- clouds sweep - ing,
sea! For thou my heart hast riv - en,
Mur- muring deep and long. All the wea - ry night till
Soon hid it from my view; And I wait and watch in
Seiz - ing my joy from me. Thou didst lure him from my
morn, All the drea - ry day till night, I wake and
vain, And I strain my yearn-ing sight; It comes no
side, Thou didst grasp him in thy might, Thy foam - ing
weep for - lorn, For I - von, my de - light.
more a - gain With I - von, my de - light.
wa - ters hide My I - von, my de - light.

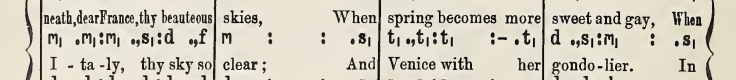
51 My Normandy.

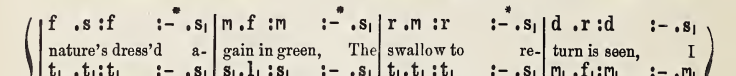
Ma Normandie is the most popular romance (*i.e.*, ballad) of Bérat, who was born at Rouen in 1800, and died in Paris in 1855. Without fortune, he was employed by a Gas Company. Simple and good, he had no other ambition than to save enough to live in a cottage in Normandy.

mf KEY G. S.C.B. *Andante.* M. 80. FREDERIC BÉRAT.


1 When hope her cheering smile sup- plies, And winter flies far, far a - way, Be-
2.I've seen Helvetia's flowery fields, Its cot-tages, its i - cy hills; And
3.There is an age in all our lives, When every dream must lose its spell; An


neath,dearFrance,thy beauteous skies, When spring becomes more sweet and gay, When
I - ta -ly, thy sky so clear; And Venice with her gondo-lier. In
age in which the soul re- calls The scenes o'er which it loved to dwell; When


nature's dress'd a- gain in green, The swallow to re- turn is seen, I
greeting thus each foreign part, There's still one land most near my heart, A
e'en my muse shall si-lent prove, Per- haps despise those songs of love, 'Tis


love a-gain the land to see Which gave me. gave me birth, my Norman- dy.
land most cherished. loved by me, My native, native land, my Norman- dy.
then I hope the land to see Which gave me, gave me birth, my Norman- dy.

MA NORMANDIE.

(French Words.)

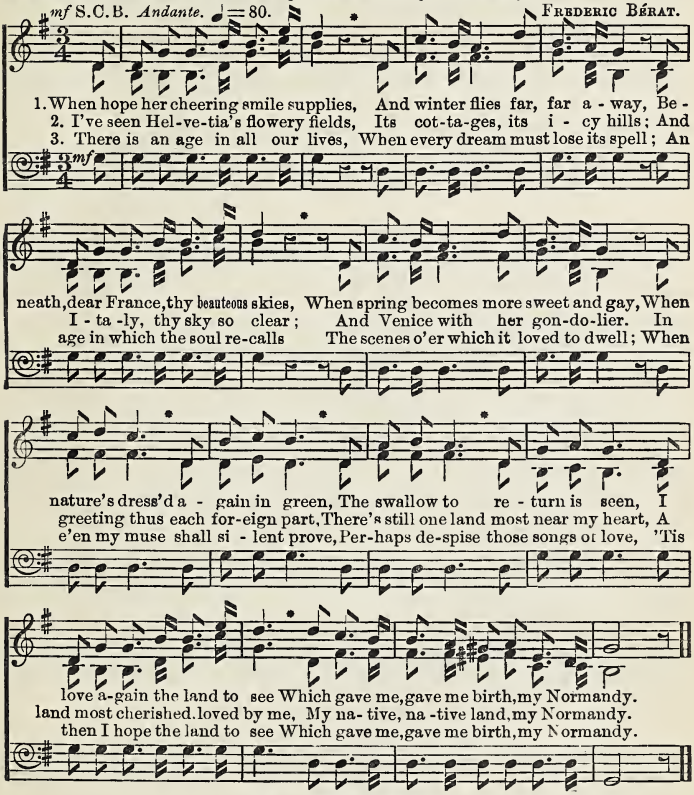
1 Quand tout renaît à l'espérance,
Et que l'hiver fuit loin de nous,
Sous le beau ciel de nôtre France,
Quand le soleil revient plus doux,
Quand la nature est reverdie,
Quand l'hirondelle est de retour,
J'aime a revoir ma Normandie,
C'est le pays qui m'a donné le jour.

2 J'ai vu les champs del' Helvétie
Et ses châlets et ses glaciers;
J'ai vu le ciel de l'Italie
Et Venise et ses gondoliers,
En saluant chaque patrie,
Je me disais, aucun séjour
N'est plus beau que ma Normandie,
C'est le pays qui m'a donné le jour.

3 Il est un âge dans la vie
Où chaque rêve doit finir;
Un age où l'âme recueillie
Il besoin de se souvenir:
Lors que ma muse refroidie
Aura fini ses chants d'amour,
J'irai revoir ma Normandie,
C'est le pays qui m'a donné le jour.

* If the French words are used, repeat the previous notes here for the final vowel.

51 My Normandy.

Ma Normandie is the most popular romance (*i.e.*, ballad) of Bérat, who was born at Rouen in 1800, and died in Paris in 1855. Without fortune, he was employed by a Gas Company. Simple and good, he had no other ambition than to save enough to live in a cottage in Normandy.

mf S.C.B. Andante. ♩ = 80.
Frederic Bérat.
1. When hope her cheering smile supplies, And winter flies far, far a - way, Be -
2. I've seen Hel-ve-tia's flowery fields, Its cot-ta-ges, its i - cy hills; And
3. There is an age in all our lives, When every dream must lose its spell; An
mf
neath, dear France, thy beauteous skies, When spring becomes more sweet and gay, When
I - ta -ly, thy sky so clear; And Venice with her gon-do-lier. In
age in which the soul re-calls The scenes o'er which it loved to dwell; When
nature's dress'd a - gain in green, The swallow to re - turn is seen, I
greeting thus each for-eign part, There's still one land most near my heart, A
e'en my muse shall si - lent prove, Per-haps de-spise those songs of love, 'Tis
love a-gain the land to see Which gave me, gave me birth, my Normandy.
land most cherished, loved by me, My na- tive, na -tive land, my Normandy.
then I hope the land to see Which gave me, gave me birth, my Normandy.

MA NORMANDIE.

(French Words.)

1 Quand tout renaît à l'espérance,
Et que l'hiver fuit loin de nous,
Sous le beau ciel de nôtre France,
Quand le soleil revient plus doux,
Quand la nature est reverdie,
Quand l'hirondelle est de retour,
J'aime a revoir ma Normandie.
C'est le pays qui m'a donné le jour.

2 J'ai vu les champs del' Helvétie
Et ses châlets et ses glaciers;
J'ai vu le ciel de l'Italie
Et Venise et ses gondoliers,
En saluant chaque patrie,
Je me disais, aucun séjour
N'est plus beau que ma Normandie,
C'est le pays qui m'a donné le jour.

3 Il est un âge dans la vie
Où chaque rève doit finir;
Un age où l'âme recueillie
Il besoin de se souvenir:
Lorsque ma muse refroidie
Aura fini ses chants d'amour,
J'irai revoir ma Normandie,
C'est le pays qui m'a donné le jour.

* If the French words are used, repeat the previous notes here for the final vowel.

52 The Lorelei.

There is a dark rock which overhangs the swift-flowing Rhine, sending weird echoes back upon the passing voyager. At its foot a rapid and a whirlpool were, in old times, the terror of the fishermen, and these simple men conjured up legends of a winning but wicked maiden, who enticed them into the toils of the boiling current by her syren voice.

KEY D. S.C.B. German Folk Song.

:s	s :-.l:s | d':t :l	s :- :- | f :- :f	m :- :m | r :d :r	m :- :- | - : :s
1.I :m	know not what comes m :-.f:m | l :s :f	o'er me That m :- :- | r :- :r	thus my spi - rits d :- :d | t_1:l_1 :t_1	fail, Strange d :- :- | - : :m
2.A :d	strangely beauteous d :- :d | d :- :d	maid - en Up d :- :- | f :- :f	yon - der I be- s :- :s | s_1:- :s_1	hold, With d :- :- | - : :d
3.The	boat - man sits and	gaz - es, He	feels a com - ing	woe, His

A.t.

s :-.l:s | d' :t :l	s :- :- | f :- :f	m :m :m | s :f :r	d :- :- | - : :m_1
vis-ions a-rise be- m :-.f:m | l :s :f	fore me, I m :- :- | r :- :r	think of an an - cient d :d :d | m :r :t_1	tale. The d :- :- | - : :$d f_1$
trinkets of gold she's d :-.d:d | l_1 :- :t_1	lad - en, She d :- :- | f :- :f	handles a comb of s :s :s | s_1:- :s_1	gold; She d :- :- | - : :$d f_1$
eye to the height he	rais - es, But	sees not the rocks be-	low. The

f. D.

s_1 :-.l_1:s_1 | d :s_1 :s_1	m :- :- | r :- :r	d :- :d | t_1:d :r	^{d}s :- :- | - :- :s
air is cool, and 'tis m_1 :-.f_1:m_1 | m_1:m_1 :m_1	dark - ling, While s_1 :- :- | l_1:- :f_1	gen - tly flows the m_1 :- :m | r_1:m_1 :f_1	Rhine, The ^{m}t_1 :- :- | - :- :t_1
combs her gold - en d :- :d | d :d :d	tress - es, And d :- :- | f_1:- :f_1	sings a wondrous s_1 :- :s_1 | s_1:- :s_1	song, The ^{d}s :- :- | - :- :s
Lorelei's song he must	fol - low, I	know what she will	do— The

s :-.l:s | d' :t :l	s :- :m' | r' :- :r'	d' :- :d' | t :l :t	d' :- :- | - :-
tops of the mountains are m :-.f:m | l :s :f	spark - ling, In m :- :s | f :- :f	eve - ning red they m :- :m | r :d :r	shine. m :- :- | - :-
hear-er's soul she pos- d :-.d:d | d :d :d	sess - es, And d :- :- | f :- :f	hur - ries it a- s :- :s | s_1:- :s_1	long. d :- :- | - :-
bil-lows too soon will	swal - low The	boat and boat-man	too.

LORELEI.

1 Ich weiss nicht, was soll es bedeuten
Dass ich so traurig bin
Ein Märchen aus alten Zeiten
Das kommt mir nicht aus dem Sinn
Die Luft ist kühl, und es dunkelt,
Und ruhig fliesst der Rhein,
Der Gipfel des Berges funkelt
Im Abendsonnenschein.

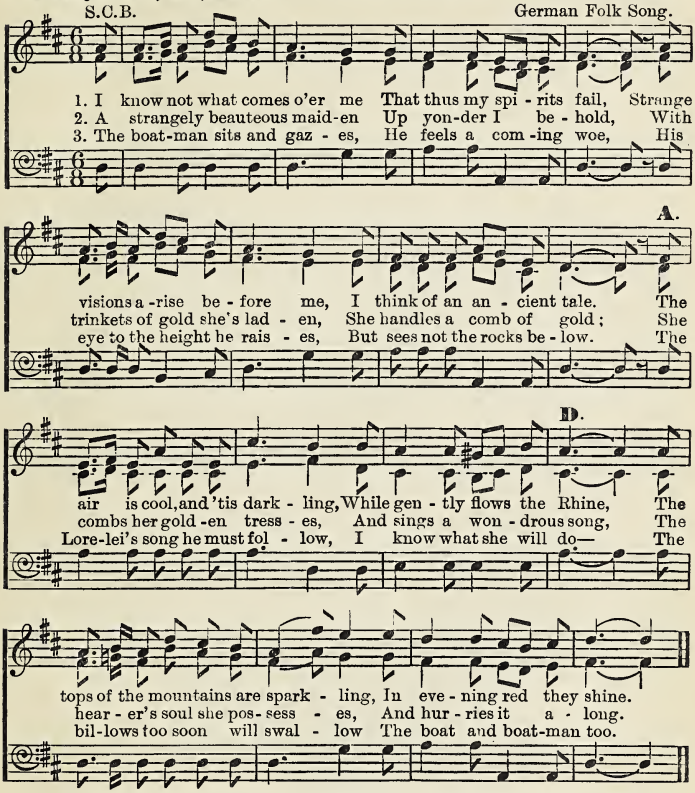
2 Die schönste Jungfrau sitzet
Dort oben wunderbar
Ihr goldnes Geschmeide blitzet,
Sie kämmt ihr goldnes Haar
Sie kämmt es mit goldenem Kamme
Und singt ein Lied dabei,
Das hat eine wundersame
Gewaltige Melodei.

3 Den Schiffer im kleinen Schiffe
Ergreift es mit wildem Weh;
Er schaut nicht die Felsenriffe
Er schaut nur hinauf in die Höh.
Ich glaube, die Wellen verschlingen
Am Ende Schiffer und Kahn;
Und das hat mit ihrem Singen
Die Lorelei getan.

52 The Lorelei.

There is a dark rock which overhangs the swift-flowing Rhine, sending weird echoes back upon the passing voyager. At its foot a rapid and a whirlpool were, in old times, the terror of the fishermen, and these simple men conjured up legends of a winning but wicked maiden, who enticed them into the toils of the boiling current by her syren voice.

S.C.B. German Folk Song.


1. I know not what comes o'er me That thus my spi - rits fail, Strange
2. A strangely beauteous maid-en Up yon-der I be - hold, With
3. The boat-man sits and gaz - es, He feels a com -ing woe, His
A.
visions a -rise be - fore me, I think of an an - cient tale. The
trinkets of gold she's lad - en, She handles a comb of gold; She
eye to the height he rais - es, But sees not the rocks be - low. The
D.
air is cool, and 'tis dark - ling, While gen - tly flows the Rhine, The
combs her gold -en tress - es, And sings a won - drous song, The
Lore-lei's song he must fol - low, I know what she will do— The
tops of the mountains are spark - ling, In eve - ning red they shine.
hear - er's soul she pos - sess - es, And hur - ries it a - long.
bil-lows too soon will swal - low The boat and boat-man too.

LORELEI.

1 Ich weiss nicht, was soll es bedeuten
Dass ich so traurig bin
Ein Märchen aus alten Zeiten
Das kommt mir nicht aus dem Sinn
Die Luft ist kühl, und es dunkelt,
Und ruhig fliesst der Rhein,
Der Gipfel des Berges funkelt
Im Abendsonnenschein.

2 Die schönste Jungfrau sitzet
Dort oben wunderbar
Ihr goldnes Geschmeide blitzet,
Sie kämmt ihr goldnes Haar
Sie kämmt es mit goldenem Kamme
Und singt ein Lied dabei,
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3 Den Schiffer im kleinen Schiffe
Ergreift es mit wildem Weh;
Er schaut nicht die Felsenriffe
Er schaut nur hinauf in die Höh.
Ich glaube, die Wellen verschlingen
Am Ende Schiffer und Kahn;
Und das hat mit ihrem Singen
Die Lorelei getan.

53 The Greatness of God.

The words are by Gellert, and were published in 1757. Beethoven in 1803 published settings of six of Gellert's poems as songs. From one of these the present piece is arranged.

A. J. Foxwell. Beethoven.

Key E♭. S.C.B.

:d :—	t$_l$:—	s$_l$:—	l$_l$:—	:— :t$_l$	d :—	:— :r	m :—	fe :—
1.Our	God	is	great,	He	rules	the	wide	cre -
:d :—	t$_l$:—	s$_l$:—	l$_l$:—	:— :s$_l$	s$_l$:—	:— :t$_l$	d :—	:—
2.The	morn -	ing	sun	dis-	plays	His	ra -	diant
:d :—	t$_l$:—	s$_l$:—	l$_l$:—	:— :s$_l$	m$_l$:—	:— :r$_l$	d$_l$:—	l$_l$:—
3.Thus	o'er	the	world	in	ma -	jes-	ty	He

s :—	s$_l$:	f :—	:r	:t$_l$	s$_l$:—	:— :f	m :-.r	:r :r
a -	tion;	Let	ev -	'ry	heart	u -	nite	in ad - or-
t$_l$:—	s$_l$:	f :—	:r	:t$_l$	s$_l$:—	:— :f$_l$	m$_l$:-.m$_l$	:m$_l$:m$_l$
glo -	ry,	Night -	ly	the	stars	take	up	the wondrous
s$_l$:—	s$_l$:	f$_l$:—	:r	:t$_l$	s$_l$:—	:— :f$_l$	m$_l$:-.se$_l$	se$_l$:se$_l$
reign -	eth;	Through	roll -	ing	years	His	might	the same re -

r :d	:d	f :—	:— :f	f —	:— :m	r :—	:r :—
a - tion!	The	un -	i -	verse	is	gir -	dled
m$_l$:m$_l$	:m$_l$	l$_l$:—	:l$_l$:—	s$_l$:—	:— :s$_l$	l$_l$:—	t$_l$:—
sto - ry;	At	His	su -	preme	com-	mand	they
l$_l$:l$_l$	:l$_l$	f$_l$:—	:r :—	t$_l$:—	:— :d	f$_l$:—	s$_l$:—
maineth;	So	men	and	an -	- gels	shall	pro -

m :—	:— :d	f :—	:— :f	f :—	:— :m	r :—	:t$_l$:—	d :—	
round	By	pow'r	no	time	or	space	can	bound.	
d :—	:— :d	d :—	:d :—	r :—	:— :d	l$_l$:—	:s$_l$:—	m$_l$:—	
shine,	All	mar -	shall'd	by	a	hand	di -	vine.	
d :—	:— :ta$_l$	l$_l$:—	:l$_l$:—	t$_l$:—	:— :d	f$_l$:—	:s$_l$:—	d :--	
claim	To	earth	and	heav'n	His	glo -	rious	name!	

GOTTES MACHT UND VORSEHUNG.

1 Gott ist mein Lied. Er ist der Gott der Stärke;
Hehr ist sein Nam, und gross sind seine Werke
Und alle Himmel sein Gebiet
Und alle Himmel sein Gebiet.

2 Licht ist sein Kleid, und seine Wahl das Beste
Er herrscht als Gott, und seines Thrones Feste
Ist Wahrheit und Gerechtigkeit
Ist Wahrheit und Gerechtigkeit.

3 Was ist und war im Himmel, Erd und Meere,
Das kennet Gott, und seiner Werke Heere
Sind ewig vor ihm offenbar
Sind ewig vor ihm offenbar.

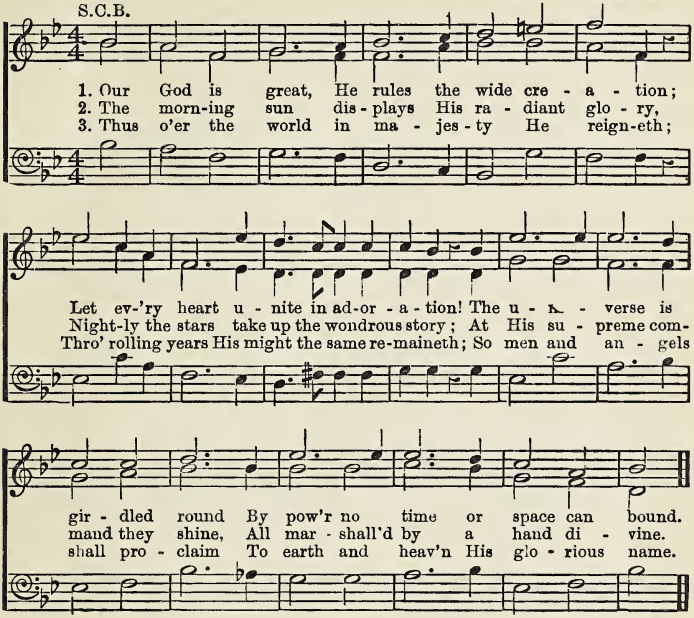
4 Er kennt mein Flehn und allen Rat der Seele;
Er weiss, wie oft ich Gutes tu und fehle
Und eilt, mir gnädig beizustehn
Und eilt, mir gnädig beizustehn.

5 Ist Gott mein Schutz, will Gott mein Retter werden,
Dann frag ich nichts nach Himmel und nach Erden
Und biete selbst der Hölle Trutz,
Und biete selbst der Hölle Trutz.

53 The Greatness of God.

The words are by Gellert, and were published in 1757. Beethoven in 1803 published settings of six of Gellert's poems as songs. From one of these the present piece is arranged.

A. J. Foxwell. Beethoven.

S.C.B.

1. Our God is great, He rules the wide cre - a - tion;
2. The morn-ing sun dis - plays His ra - diant glo - ry,
3. Thus o'er the world in ma - jes - ty He reign-eth;
Let ev-'ry heart u - nite in ad-or - a - tion! The u - ni - verse is
Night-ly the stars take up the wondrous story; At His su - preme com-
Thro' rolling years His might the same re-maineth; So men and an - gels
gir - dled round By pow'r no time or space can bound.
mand they shine, All mar - shall'd by a hand di - vine.
shall pro - claim To earth and heav'n His glo - rious name.

GOTTES MACHT UND VORSEHUNG.

1 Gott ist mein Lied. Er ist der Gott der Stärke,
Hehr ist sein Nam, und gross sind seine Werke
Und alle Himmel sein Gebiet
Und alle Himmel sein Gebiet.

2 Licht ist sein Kleid, und seine Wahl das Beste
Er herrscht als Gott, und seines Thrones Feste
Ist Wahrheit und Gerechtigkeit
Ist Wahrheit und Gerechtigkeit.

3 Was ist und war im Himmel, Erd und Meere,
Das kennet Gott, und seiner Werke Heere
Sind ewig vor ihm offenbar
Sind ewig vor ihm offenbar.

4 Er kennt mein Flehn und allen Rat der Seele;
Er weiss, wie oft ich Gutes tu und fehle
Und eilt, mir gnädig beizustehn
Und eilt, mir gnädig beizustehn.

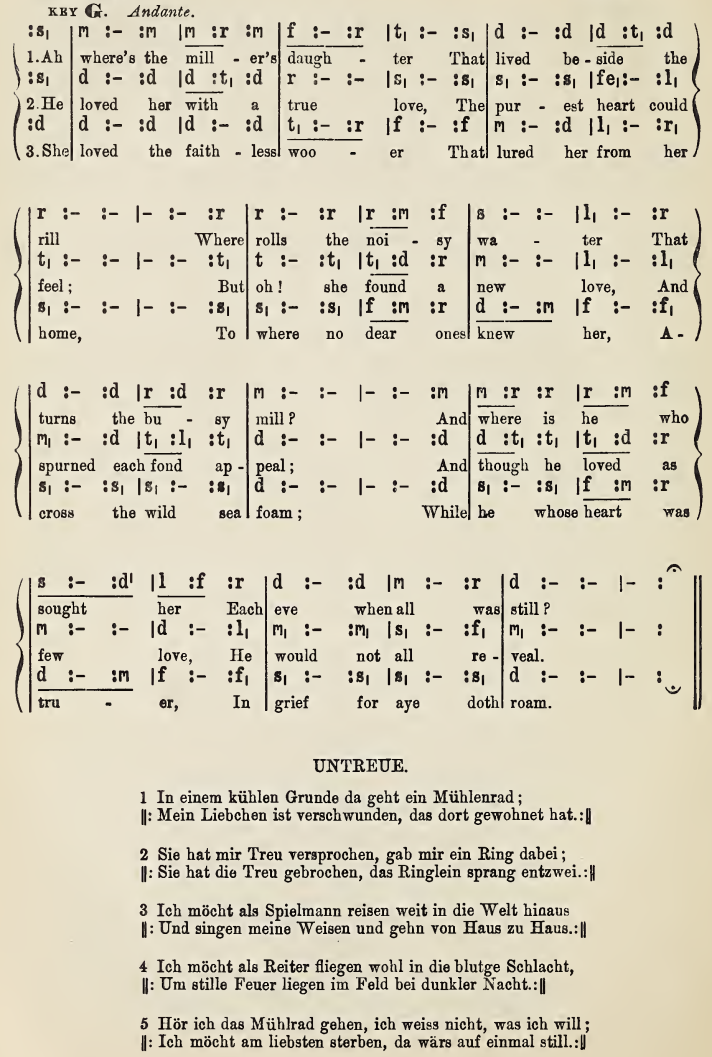
5 Ist Gott mein Schutz, will Gott mein Retter werden,
Dann frag ich nichts nach Himmel und nach Erden
Und biete selbst der Hölle Trutz,
Und biete selbst der Hölle Trutz.

54 Ah, where's the Miller's Daughter?

The words were first printed in 1813; the music was made popular by Silcher (1825), but he attributed the air to a Tubingen student named Friedrich Glück.

GEO. BENNETT. German Air.

KEY G. *Andante.*


1.Ah where's the mill - er's daugh - ter That lived be - side the
2.He loved her with a true love, The pur - est heart could
3.She loved the faith - less woo - er That lured her from her
rill Where rolls the noi - sy wa - ter That
feel; But oh! she found a new love, And
home, To where no dear ones knew her, A -
turns the bu - sy mill? And where is he who
spurned each fond ap - peal; And though he loved as
cross the wild sea foam; While he whose heart was
sought her Each eve when all was still?
few love, He would not all re - veal.
tru - er, In grief for aye doth roam.

UNTREUE.

1 In einem kühlen Grunde da geht ein Mühlenrad;
‖: Mein Liebchen ist verschwunden, das dort gewohnet hat.:‖

2 Sie hat mir Treu versprochen, gab mir ein Ring dabei;
‖: Sie hat die Treu gebrochen, das Ringlein sprang entzwei.:‖

3 Ich möcht als Spielmann reisen weit in die Welt hinaus
‖: Und singen meine Weisen und gehn von Haus zu Haus.:‖

4 Ich möcht als Reiter fliegen wohl in die blutge Schlacht,
‖: Um stille Feuer liegen im Feld bei dunkler Nacht.:‖

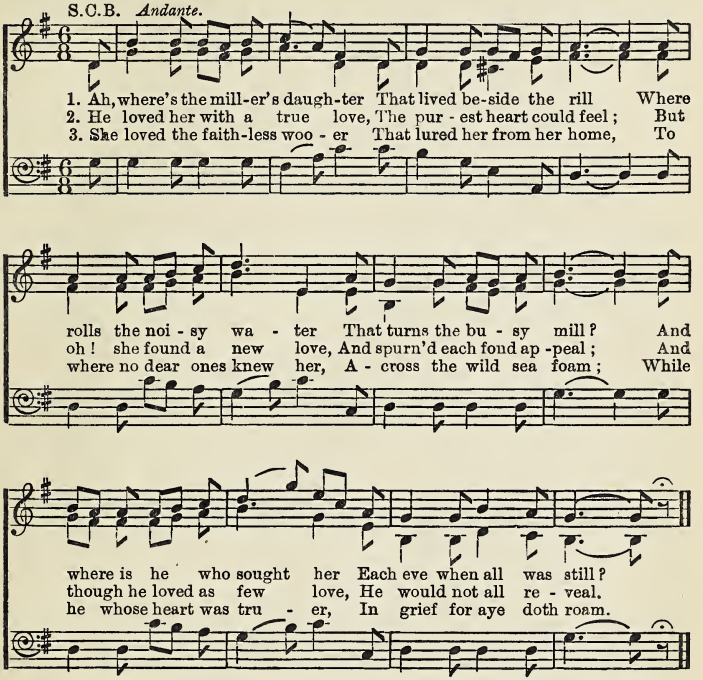
5 Hör ich das Mühlrad gehen, ich weiss nicht, was ich will;
‖: Ich möcht am liebsten sterben, da wärs auf einmal still.:‖

54 Ah, where's the Miller's Daughter?

The words were first printed in 1813; the music was made popular by Silcher (1825), but he attributed the air to a Tubingen student named Friedrich Glück.

Geo. Bennett. German Air

S.C.B. *Andante.*


1. Ah, where's the mill-er's daugh-ter That lived be-side the rill Where
2. He loved her with a true love, The pur - est heart could feel; But
3. She loved the faith-less woo - er That lured her from her home, To
rolls the noi - sy wa - ter That turns the bu - sy mill? And
oh! she found a new love, And spurn'd each fond ap -peal; And
where no dear ones knew her, A - cross the wild sea foam; While
where is he who sought her Each eve when all was still?
though he loved as few love, He would not all re - veal.
he whose heart was tru - er, In grief for aye doth roam.

UNTREUE.

1 In einem kühlen Grunde da geht ein Mühlenrad;
‖: Mein Liebchen ist verschwunden, das dort gewohnet hat.:‖

2 Sie hat mir Treu versprochen, gab mir ein Ring dabei;
‖: Sie hat die Treu gebrochen, das Ringlein sprang entzwei.:‖

3 Ich möcht als Spielmann reisen weit in die Welt hinaus
‖: Und singen meine Weisen und gehn von Haus zu Haus.:‖

4 Ich möcht als Reiter fliegen wohl in die blutge Schlacht,
‖: Um stille Feuer liegen im Feld bei dunkler Nacht.:‖

5 Hör ich das Mühlrad gehen, ich weiss nicht, was ich will;
‖: Ich möcht am liebsten sterben, da wärs auf einmal still.:‖

55 Annie of Tharaw.

The words written in an old German dialect, are by Simon Dach (1637). They were put into modern German by Herder in 1778. The present English translation is by Longfellow. The music is by Silcher (1825), who was the great founder of German popular song.

German Air.

p KEY C. S.C.B.

s :- .l :s | s :d' :d' | r' :- .m' :r' | d' :— :

1. An - nie of Tha - raw, my true love of old,

m :- .f :m | m :m :m | f :- .s :f | m :— :

2. Then come the wild wea - ther, come sleet and snow,

d :- .d :d | d :d :d | s :- .s :s | d :— :

3. Shouldst thou be torn from me, wan - d'ring a - lone

G.t.

t m :m :m | s :- .f :m | r :- .m :r | d :— :

She is my life and my goods and my gold.

s d :d :d | r :- .r :d | d :t, :t, | d :— :

We'll stand to - ge - ther, how ev - er it blow;

s d :d :d | t, :- .t, :d | f, :s, :s, | d :— :

In - to a de - sert, all friend - less, un - known,

p f.C.

d s :- .l :s | s :d' :d' | r' :- .m' :r' | d' :— :

An - nie of Tha - raw, her heart once a - gain

l, m :- .f :m | m :m :m | f :- .s :f | m :— :

Po - ver-ty, sick - ness, and sor - row and pain

f, d :- .d :d | d :d :d | s :- .s :s | d :— :

Quick - ly I'll fol - low, and where the sea flows,

G.t.

t m :m :m | s :- .f :m | r :- .m :r | d :— :

To mine is plight - ed, in joy and in pain.

s d :d :d | r :- .r :d | d :t, :t, | d :— :

Shall be to our love as links to the chain.

s d :d :d | t, :- .t, :d | f, :s, :s, | d :— :

Through ice and i - ron, through ar - mies of foes;

p f.C. *f*

d :- .d :r | m :d :r | m t :t :d' | r' :— :—

An - nie of Tha - raw, my rich - es, my good,

d :- .d :t, | d :s, :t, | s, r :r :m | f :— :—

An - nie of Tha - raw, my rich - es, my good,

m :- .m :r | d :d :s, | d s :s :s | s :— :—

An - nie of Tha - raw, my light and my sun.

rit.

d' :r' :m' | f' :- .m' :r' | d' :r' :t | d' :— :

Thou art my soul, my flesh and my blood.

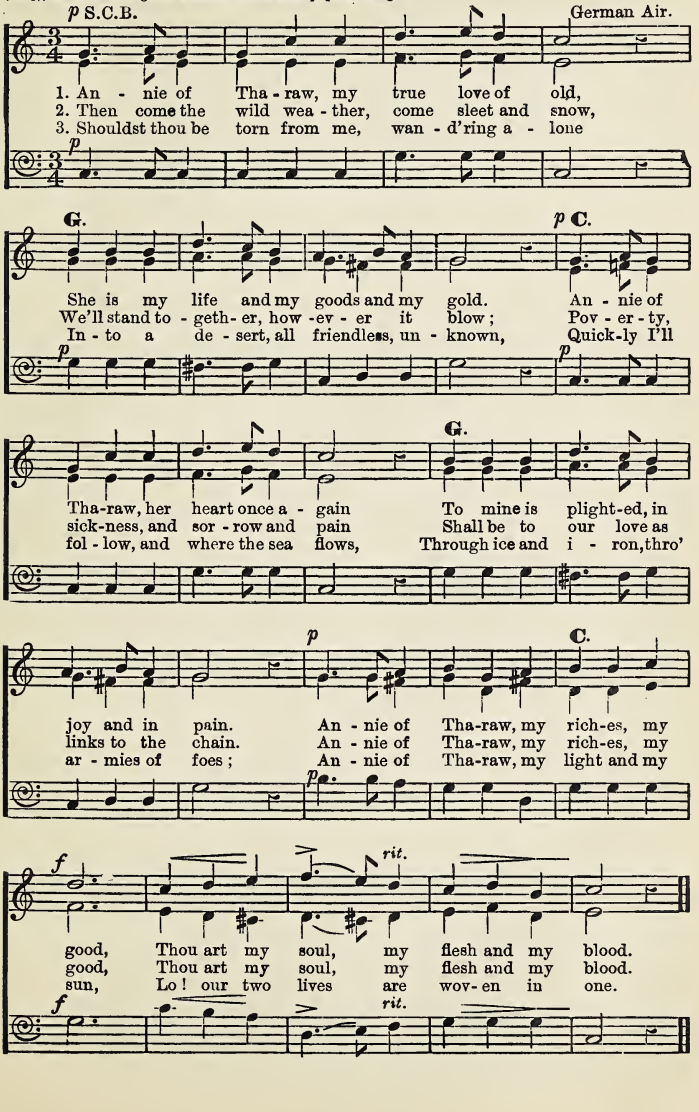
m :r :de | r :- .de :r | m :f :r | m :— :

Thou art my soul, my flesh and my blood.

d' :t :l | r :- .m :f | s :s :s | d :— :

Lo! our two lives are wo - ven in one.

55 Annie of Tharaw.

The words, written in an old German dialect, are by Simon Dach (1637). They were put into modern German by Herder in 1778. The present English translation is by Longfellow. The music is by Silcher (1825), who was the great founder of German popular song.

p S.C.B.
German Air.
1. An - nie of Tha - raw, my true love of old,
2. Then come the wild wea - ther, come sleet and snow,
3. Shouldst thou be torn from me, wan - d'ring a - lone
p
G.
p C.
She is my life and my goods and my gold. An - nie of
We'll stand to - geth- er, how -ev - er it blow; Pov - er - ty,
In - to a de - sert, all friendless, un - known, Quick-ly I'll
p
p
G.
Tha-raw, her heart once a - gain To mine is plight-ed, in
sick-ness, and sor - row and pain Shall be to our love as
fol - low, and where the sea flows, Through ice and i - ron, thro'
p
C.
joy and in pain. An - nie of Tha-raw, my rich-es, my
links to the chain. An - nie of Tha-raw, my rich-es, my
ar - mies of foes; An - nie of Tha-raw, my light and my
p
f
rit.
good, Thou art my soul, my flesh and my blood.
good, Thou art my soul, my flesh and my blood.
sun, Lo! our two lives are wov- en in one.
f
rit.

56 Hope will banish sorrow.

Many of the most beautiful German folk-songs come from Swabia, where the joy of life rises high prompted by the scenery and the simple life of the people.

Geo. Bennett. Swabian Melody.

key F. S.C.B.

p

s :- .m :l .s	s .,f :m :—	r .m :f .l :s .f	
1. Once again we're	doom'd to part,	Deem not 'tis for	
m :- .d :f .m	r .,r :d :—	t_1 .d :r .f :m .r	
2. When I'm far a -	way from thee,	O'er the o - cean	
d :- .d :d .d	t_1 .,t_1 :d :—	f .m :r .s_1 :l_1 .t_1	
3. Faith and trust in	hear'n we have,	God is ev - er	

f :m :	s :- .m :l .s	s .,f :m :—
ev - er;	Love, if root-ed	in the heart,
r :d :	m :- .d :f .m	r .,r :d :—
sail - ing,	You will oft - en	muse of me,
t_1 :d :	d :- .d :d .d	t_1 .,t_1 :d :—
near - est,	He can still the	storm-y wave,

f		*p*
r .s :t .l :s .fe	$\hat{l}$:$\hat{s}$:	f :- .m :r .d
Time nor tide can	sev - er;	'Tis the sad a -
t_1 .t_1 :r .d :t_1 .l_1	d :t_1 :	r :- .d :t_1 .l_1
Tears and sighs pre -	vail - ing,	But ne'er think of
s_1 .s_1 :d :r	fe :s :	s_1 :- .l_1 :t_1 .d
Bear me safe - ly,	dear - est.	Then farewell, my

		cres.
t_1 .,d :r :—	l :- .s :f .m	r .,m :r :—
dieus that chill,	Make the part-ing	sad - der still,
s_1 .,l_1 :t_1 :—	f :- .m :r .d	d .,d :t_1 :—
me with fear,	Cheek at once the	ris - ing tear,
r .,d :t_1 :—	t_1 :- .d :r .m	f .,f :f :—
na - tive shore,	Clasp me to thy	heart once more,

f	*ff*		
s :- .m :f .s	l .t :r' .d' :t .l	s :- .m :f .r	r :a :
Say "we'll meet to	-mor - row,"	Hope will banish	sor - row.
d :- .d :d .d	f .s :t .l :s .f	m :- .d :t_1 .t_1	t_1 :d :
Sing "we'll meet to	-mor - row,"	Hope will banish	sor - row.
m :- .d :r .m	f :— :f_1	s_1 :- .s_1 :s_1 .s_1	s_1 :d :
Sing "we'll meet to	-mor - row,"	Hope will banish	sor - row.

56 Hope will banish sorrow.

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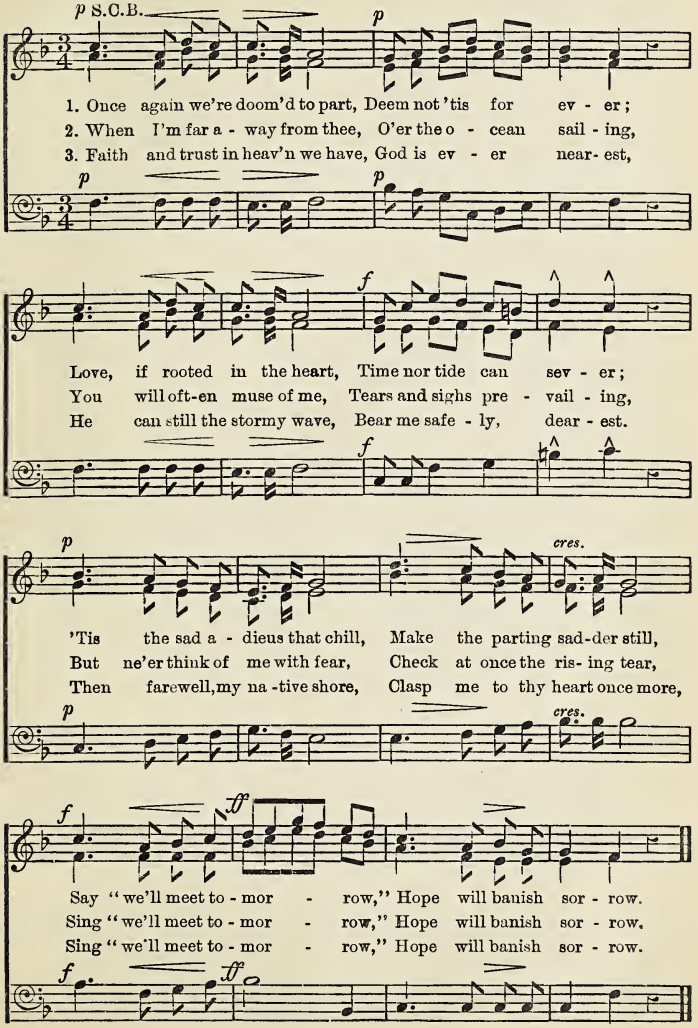
Geo. Bennett. Swabian Melody.


p S.C.B.
p
1. Once again we're doom'd to part, Deem not 'tis for ev - er;
2. When I'm far a - way from thee, O'er the o - cean sail - ing,
3. Faith and trust in heav'n we have, God is ev - er near - est,
p
p
f
Love, if rooted in the heart, Time nor tide can sev - er;
You will oft-en muse of me, Tears and sighs pre - vail - ing,
He can still the stormy wave, Bear me safe - ly, dear - est.
f
p
cres.
'Tis the sad a - dieus that chill, Make the parting sad-der still,
But ne'er think of me with fear, Check at once the ris- ing tear,
Then farewell, my na -tive shore, Clasp me to thy heart once more,
p
cres.
f
ff
Say "we'll meet to - mor - row," Hope will banish sor - row.
Sing "we'll meet to - mor - row," Hope will banish sor - row.
Sing "we'll meet to - mor - row," Hope will banish sor - row.
f
ff

57 The watch by the Rhine.

This song leapt into the position of the German national anthem when the war of 1870 broke out. It expressed the sentiment of the moment. But the words (by a Wurttemberg merchant named Schenkenberger) were first printed in 1840, and the music by Carl Wilhelm (music director at Crefeld) was printed in 1854.

English translation by J. S. C. C. Wilhelm.

KEY C. S.C.B. *Allegro maestoso.* M. 96.

:s	d	:-.m	s	:s	m	:-.s	d'	:d'	r'	:m'	f'	:r'	d'	:-.t	t	:s.,s
1.A	cry	bursts	forth	like	thunder's	roar,	Like		clash	of	swords	or	wave-beat	shore,	To th'
2.A	hun-dred	thou-sand			hear	the	cry,	And	flashes	ev -	'ry		pa -	triot's	eye, For
:s,	d	:-.m	s	:s	m	:-.s	d'	:s	l	:de'	r'	:f	m	:-.r	r	:s.,s
3.So	while	a	drop	of	blood	can	flow,	Or	hand	and	sword	can	strike	a	blow, While
4 The	oath	is	sworn,	thy	tide	flows	near,	Our	ban-ners		flut -	ter	high	in	air, To th'
:s,	d	:-.m	s	:s	m	:-.s	d'	:m	f	:m	r	:f	s	:-.s	s	:s.,s

m'	:-.r'	r'	.,r'	:de'	.,de'	r'	:-	|	:t		l	.,l	:t	.,d'	t	:l
Rhine,	the	Rhine,	the	German		Rhine,			Who'll		be	the	guard	when	foes	com-
not	a	German	bold	and		brave			But		must	his	sa-cred	land-	mark	
s	:-.s	s	.,s	:s	.,s	f	:—	|	:r		d	.,d	:r	.,m	s	:fe
by	our	ri-fles	we	can		stand,			No		foe	shall	tread	thy	ho -	ly
Rhine,	the	Rhine,	the	German		Rhine,			We'll		be	its	guard	when	foes	com-
d'	:-.t	ta.,	ta:	l	.,l	r	:—	|	:s		l	.,l	:l	.,l	r	:r

dolce.

s	:—	|	:s	r'	:-.d'	t	:t	d'	:-.s	s	:s	f'	:-.m'	r'	:r'	
bine?			Dear	Fa	- ther-land,		sweet	peace	be thine,		Dear	Fa	- therland,		sweet	
save.			Dear	Fa	- ther-land,		sweet	peace	be thine,		Dear	Fa	- therland,		sweet	
s	:f	| —	:—	f	:-.m	s	:s	m	:-.m	m	:s	r'	:-.d'	t	:t	
strand.	Dear			Fa	- ther-land,		sweet	peace	be thine,		Dear	Fa	- therland,		sweet	
bine.			Dear	Fa	- ther-land,		sweet	peace	be thine,		Dear	Fa	- therland,		sweet	
s	:—	|	:s	t,	:-.d	r	:r	d	:-.d	d	:s	t,	:-.d	s	:s	

cres.

m'	:-.r'	d'	:—	s	:—	s	:se	l	:-.t	d'	:d'	d'	:—	r'	:—	
peace	be	thine,		Stout	hearts,	stout		hearts	and	true,	we'll	watch	the			
d'	:-.s	m	:—	m	:—	d	:m	d	:-.r	m	:s	m	:—	l	:—	
peace	be	thine,		Stout	hearts,	stout		hearts	and	true,	we'll	watch	the			
d	:-.d	d	:—	d	:—	m	:m	f	:-.f	m	:m	l	:—	f	:—	

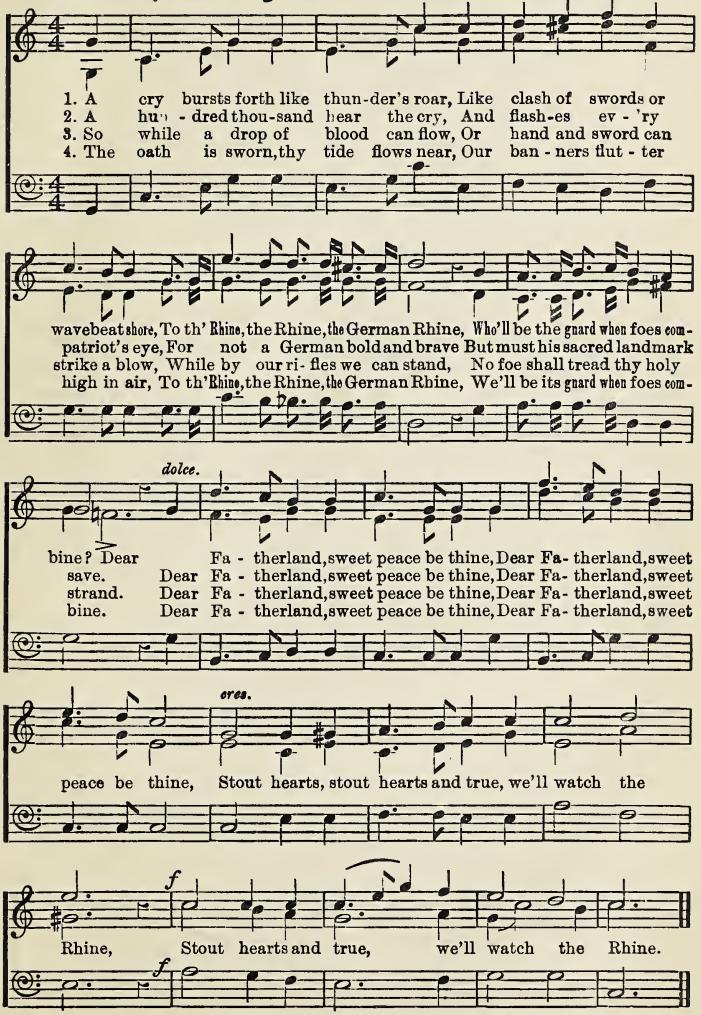
f

m'	:—	—	:	d'	:—	d'	:d'	d'	:-.m'	s'	:f'	m'	:—	r'	:—	d'	:—
Rhine,				Stout	hearts	and		true,			we'll	watch	the			Rhine.	
se	:—	—	:	d'	:—	t	:l	s	:—	—	:l	s	:d'	—	:t	d'	:—
Rhine,				Stout	hearts	and		true,			we'll	watch	the			Rhine.	
m	:—	—	:	l	:—	s	:f	m	:—	—	:f	s	:—	s	:—	d	:—

57 The Watch by the Rhine.

This song leapt into the position of the German national anthem when the war of 1870 broke out. It expressed the sentiment of the moment. But the words (by a Wurttemberg merchant named Schenkenberger) were first printed in 1840, and the music by Carl Wilhelm (music director at Crefeld) was printed in 1854.

English translation by J. S. C. C. Wilhelm.

S.C.B. *Allegro marcato.* ♩=96.

1. A cry bursts forth like thun-der's roar, Like clash of swords or
2. A hu - dred thou-sand hear the cry, And flash-es ev - 'ry
3. So while a drop of blood can flow, Or hand and sword can
4. The oath is sworn, thy tide flows near, Our ban - ners flut - ter
wavebeat shore, To th' Rhine, the Rhine, the German Rhine, Who'll be the guard when foes com-
patriot's eye, For not a German bold and brave But must his sacred landmark
strike a blow, While by our ri - fles we can stand, No foe shall tread thy holy
high in air, To th' Rhine, the Rhine, the German Rhine, We'll be its guard when foes com-
dolce.
bine? Dear Fa - therland, sweet peace be thine, Dear Fa- therland, sweet
save. Dear Fa - therland, sweet peace be thine, Dear Fa- therland, sweet
strand. Dear Fa - therland, sweet peace be thine, Dear Fa- therland, sweet
bine. Dear Fa - therland, sweet peace be thine, Dear Fa- therland, sweet
cres.
peace be thine, Stout hearts, stout hearts and true, we'll watch the
f
Rhine, Stout hearts and true, we'll watch the Rhine.
f

DIE WACHT AM RHEIN.

1 Es braust ein Ruf wie Donnerhall,
Wie Schwertgeklirr und Wogenprall:
Zum Rhein, zum Rhein, zum Deutschen Rhein!
Wer will des Stromes Hüter sein!
Lieb Vaterland, magst ruhig sein,
Lieb Vaterland, magst ruhig sein.
Fest steht und treu die Wacht, die Wacht am Rhein,
Fest steht und treu die Wacht am Rhein.

2 Durch hunderttausend zuckt es schnell,
Und aller Augen blitzen hell:
Der Deutsche, bieder, fromm und stark,
Beschützt die heil'ge Landesmark.—Lieb Vaterland, &c.

3 So lang ein Tropfen Blut noch glüht,
Noch eine Faust den Degen zieht,
Und noch ein Arm die Büchse spannt,
Betritt kein Feind hier deinen Strand!—Lieb Vaterland, &c.

4 Der Schwur erschallt, die Woge rinnt,
Die Fahnen flattern hoch im Wind;
Am Rhein, am Rhein, am deutschen Rhein,
Wir alle wollen Hüter sein.—Lieb Vaterland, &c.

58 How can I leave thee?

This has usually been called a Thuringian folk-song, but it is now considered that the melody is by Friedrich Kücken (1810 to 1882), a prolific composer of popular music in Germany. The German words are here closely translated.

mf KEY B♭. S.C.B. *Andante.* German Air.

m	:d	.l,	s,	:d	r	:d .r	m .l, :s,
1. How	can	I	leave	thee?	How	can I	bear to part?
s,	:m,	.f,	m,	:m,	f,	:m, .f,	s, .f, :m,
2. Blue	is	the	flow -	'ret	Called	the For-	get - me- not;
d,	:d,	.d,	d,	:d,	s,	:s, .s,	d, .d, :d,
3. Were	I	a	bird,	love,	Soon	would I	fly to thee;

s,	:fe,	.s,	l,	.f :m	r	:m .r	s, :- .
That	thou	hast	all	my heart,	Dear -	est, be -	lieve.
m,	:re,	.m,	f,	.l, :s,	s,	:fe, .fe,	s, :- .
Ah!	lay	it	on	the heart,	And	think of	me.
d,	:d,	.d,	d	.d :d	t,	:l, .r,	s, :- .
Fal -	con	nor	hawk	to me	Should	ter - ror	bring.

r	:m	.r	d	.l, :s,	m	:f .m	l, .m :r
Thou	hast	this	soul	of mine,	So	wholly	is it thine
f,	:s,	.f,	m,	.f, :m,	s,	:l, .s,	f, .f, :f,
Should	hope	fade	with	the flowers,	Love's	wealth shall	still be ours:
s,	:s,	.s,	d,	.d, :d,	de,	:de, .de,	r, .r, :r,
If	shot	by	huntsman's	hand,	I	at thy	feet lay dead,

s,	:l,	.s,	s,	.f :m	r	:l, .t,	d :—
That	I	can	love	no one	But	thee a -	lone.
f,	:f,	.f,	m,	.l, :s,	fe,	:f, .f,	m, :—
That	will	re-	main	with us,	Dear -	est, be -	lieve.
s,	:s,	.s,	d,	.d, :d,	r,	:s, .s,	d, :—
If	thou	one	tear	wouldst shed,	Glad -	ly I'd	die.

DIE WACHT AM RHEIN

Es braust ein Ruf wie Donnerhall,
Wie Schwertgeklirr und Wogenprall:
Zum Rhein, zum Rhein, zum Deutschen Rhein!
Wer will des Stromes Hüter sein!
Lieb Vaterland, magst ruhig sein,
Lieb Vaterland, magst ruhig sein.
Fest steht und treu die Wacht, die Wacht am Rhein,
Fest steht und treu die Wacht am Rhein.

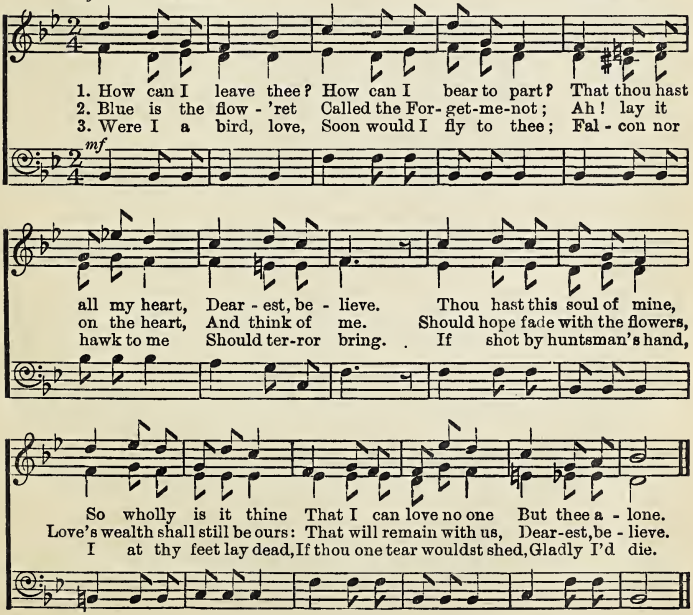
2 Durch hunderttausend zuckt es schnell,
Und aller Augen blitzen hell:
Der Deutsche, bieder, fromm und stark,
Beschützt die heil'ge Landesmark.—Lieb Vaterland, &c.

3 So lang ein Tropfen Blut noch glüht,
Noch eine Faust den Degen zieht,
Und noch ein Arm die Büchse spannt,
Betritt kein Feind hier deinen Strand!—Lieb Vaterland, &c.

4 Der Schwur erschallt, die Woge rinnt,
Die Fahnen flattern hoch im Wind;
Am Rhein, am Rhein, am deutschen Rhein,
Wir alle wollen Hüter sein.—Lieb Vaterland, &c.

58 How can I leave thee?

This has usually been called a Thuringian folk-song, but it is now considered that the melody is by Friedrich Kücken (1810 to 1882), a prolific composer of popular music in Germany. The German words are here closely translated.

mf S.C.B. *Andante.* German Air.

1. How can I leave thee? How can I bear to part? That thou hast
2. Blue is the flow - 'ret Called the For- get-me-not; Ah! lay it
3. Were I a bird, love, Soon would I fly to thee; Fal - con nor
mf
all my heart, Dear - est, be - lieve. Thou hast this soul of mine,
on the heart, And think of me. Should hope fade with the flowers,
hawk to me Should ter-ror bring. If shot by huntsman's hand,
So wholly is it thine That I can love no one But thee a - lone.
Love's wealth shall still be ours: That will remain with us, Dear-est, be - lieve.
I at thy feet lay dead, If thou one tear wouldst shed, Gladly I'd die.

59 The wanderer's farewell.

A traditional folk-song of Germany. The refrain "Juvallera" is said to be old Spanish, meaning "Jesus will help."

f KEY **C.** S.C.B. M. 88. German Folk Song.

:d .m	s :s	:l .s	m .s :d'	:- .m	s .f :f .m :f .s	m : :d .m
1. The	sails are	all	swell-ing,	the	streamers float	gay, The
2. A -	dieu, dear -	est	mo - ther;	dear	sis - ters, a -	dieu! I
:d	m :m	:f .m	d .m :s	:- .d	m .r :r .d :r .m	d : :d
3 When	far in	the	land of	the	stran-ger I	see, Dear
4. And	when, on	the	shore of	that	re - gion of	gold, I
:d	d :d	:d	d :m	:- .d	s :s :s	d : :d

G.t.

s :s	:l .s	m .s :d'	:- .m	s .f :f .m :f .s	m :	:r s,
an - chor	is	ris - ing,	and	I must a -	way;	A -
go where	the	skies are	all	shin - ing and	blue,	Where
m :m	:f .m	d .m :s	:- .d	m .r :r .d :r .m	d :	:t, m,
Ma - ry,	the	flow - ers	I	plant - ed for	thee,	And
fan - cy	the	waves round	thy	foot - steps have	roll'd,	The
d :d	:d	d :m	:- .d	s :s :s	d :	:s, d

mezzo.

s, .m :m	:- .m	m .r :r	:- .r	r .m :f	:t,	d : :s,
dieu, my	dear	moun-tains!	A-	dieu, my	dear	home! A -
flow'rs ev -	er	blos - som,	where	birds ev -	er	sing, Where
m, .s, :d	:- .d	d .t, :t,	:- .t,	t, .d :r	:f,	m, : :m,
when the	sweet	song - sters	re-	peat in	my	ear, And
wave - lets,	the	birds, and	the	flow'rs where	I	roam, The
d :d	:- .d	s, :s,	:- .s,	s, :s,	:s,	d : :d

mezzo. f.**C.**

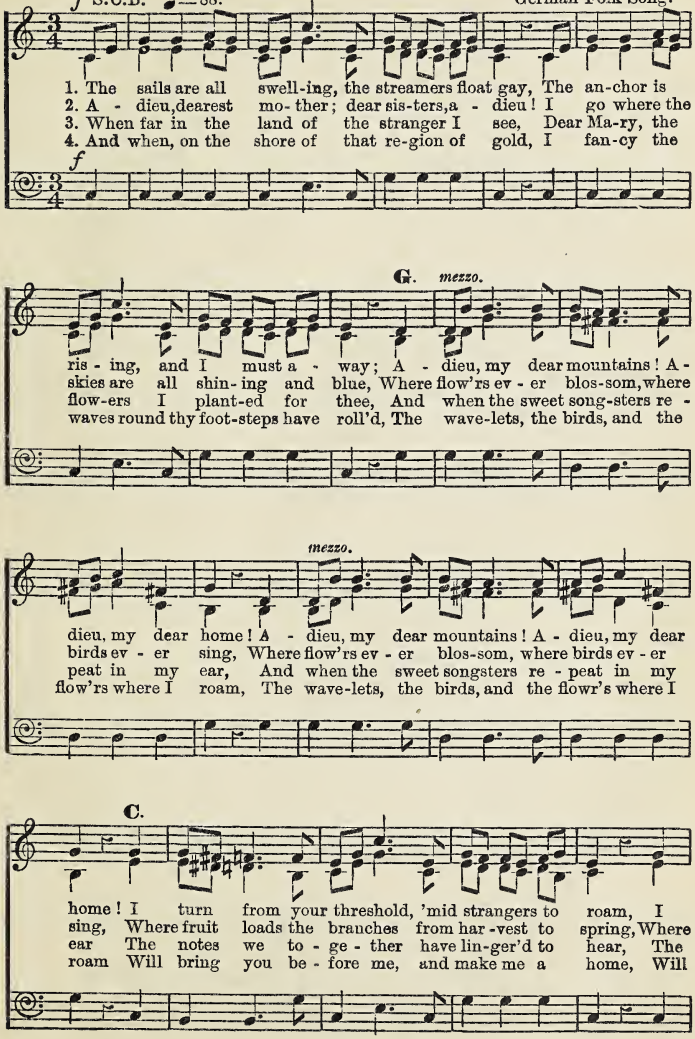
s, .m :m	:- .m	m .r :r	:- .r	r .m :f	:t,	d : :d s
dieu, my	dear	moun-tains!	A-	dieu, my	dear	home! I
flow'rs ev -	er	blos - som,	where	birds ev -	er	sing, Where
m, .s, :d	:- .d	d .t, :t,	:- .t,	t, .d :s,	:f,	m, : :l, m
when the	sweet	song - sters	re-	peat in	my	ear The
wave - lets,	the	birds, and	the	flow'rs where	I	roam Will
d :d	:- .d	s, :s,	:- .s,	s, :s,	:s,	d : :f, d

s .fe :f	:- .f	m .s :d'	:- .m	s .f :f .m :f .s	m :	:s
turn from	your	thres - hold,	'mid	stran - gers to	roam,	I
fruit loads	the	branches	from	har - vest to	spring,	Where
m .re :r	:- .t,	d .m :s	:- .d	m .r :r .d :r .t,	d :	:m
notes we	to-	ge - ther	have	lin - ger'd to	hear,	The
bring you	be-	fore me,	and	make me a	home,	Will
t, :t,	:- .s	d :m	:- .d	s :s :s	d :	:d

59 The wanderer's farewell.

A traditional folk-song of Germany. The refrain "Juvallera" is said to be old Spanish, meaning "Jesus will help."

f S.C.B. ♩=88. German Folk Song.


1. The sails are all swell-ing, the streamers float gay, The an-chor is
2. A - dieu, dearest mo- ther; dear sis-ters, a - dieu! I go where the
3. When far in the land of the stranger I see, Dear Ma-ry, the
4. And when, on the shore of that re-gion of gold, I fan-cy the
f
G. mezzo.
ris - ing, and I must a - way; A - dieu, my dear mountains! A -
skies are all shin- ing and blue, Where flow'rs ev - er blos-som, where
flow-ers I plant-ed for thee, And when the sweet song-sters re -
waves round thy foot-steps have roll'd, The wave-lets, the birds, and the
mezzo.
dieu, my dear home! A - dieu, my dear mountains! A - dieu, my dear
birds ev - er sing, Where flow'rs ev - er blos-som, where birds ev - er
peat in my ear, And when the sweet songsters re - peat in my
flow'rs where I roam, The wave-lets, the birds, and the flowr's where I
C.
home! I turn from your threshold, 'mid strangers to roam, I
sing, Where fruit loads the branches from har-vest to spring, Where
ear The notes we to - ge - ther have lin-ger'd to hear, The
roam Will bring you be - fore me, and make me a home, Will

[C.]

s .m' :m' :- .m'	m'.r' :r' :- .r'	r'.m' :f' :t	d'̂ : :s	
turn from your	thres - hold, 'mid	strangers to	roam, to	
fruit loads the	branches from	har - vest to	spring, to	
m .s :s :- .s	d'.t :t :- .t	t .d' :s :f	m : :m	
notes we to-	ge - ther have	lin - ger'd to	hear, to	
bring you be-	fore me, and	make me a	home, a	
d' :d' :- .d'	s :s :- .s	s :s :s	d : :d	

p

s .m' :d'̂ :s	d' .,d' :d' :t	l ., l :l :s	f .,m :f .,m :f .,l	
roam. Ju	val-le-ra,* ju	val-le-ra, Ju	val-le, val-le, va-le-	
spring. Ju	val-le-ra, ju	val-le-ra, Ju	val-le, val-le, va-le-	
m .s :m :s	m .,m :m :s	d .,d :d :m	r .,d :r .,d :r .,f	
hear. Ju	val-le-ra, ju	val-le-ra, Ju	val-le, val-le, va-le-	
home. Ju	val-le-ra, ju	val-le-ra, Ju	val-le, val-le, va-le-	
d :— :s	d .,d :d :m	f .,f :f :d	s .,s :s .,s :s .,s	

ff

s :— :s	m' .,m' :m' :r'	d' .,d' :d' :m'	r' .,d' :r' .,d' :r' .,m'	d' :—
ra, Ju	val-le-ra, ju	val-le-ra, ju	val-le, valle, val-le-	ra.
m :— :m	s .,s :s :f	m .,m :m :s	f .,m :f .,m :f .,s	m :—
ra, Ju	val-le-ra, ju	val-le-ra, ju	val-le, valle, val-le-	ra.
d :— :d	d' .,d' :d' :s	l .,l :l :m	s .,s :s .,s :s .,s	d :—
ra, Ju	val-le-ra, ju	val-le-ra, ju	val-le, valle, val-le-	ra.

*"Jesus will help" (Old Spanish), but used as a refrain in old songs without reference to the meaning. Pronounced *You vallerah.*

60 Let us all go maying.

Pearsall, a Gloucestershire squire (1795-1856), imitated the vocal music of the middle ages with great success. He calls this a "ballad madrigal." The words are pastoral, and the style of harmony is old.

KEY C. S.C.B. *Animato.* R. L. DE PEARSALL.

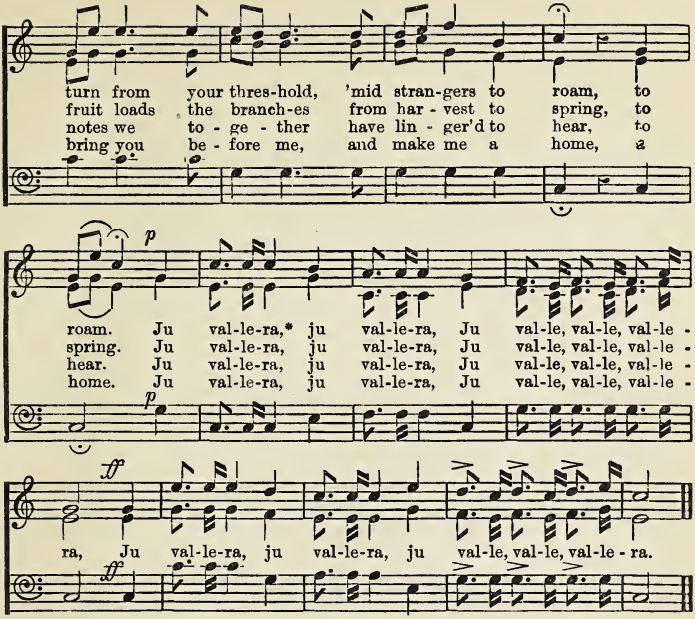
f

:d'.d' | r' :r'	m' :— | r' :—	d' :d' | t :t	l :— | s :—	
1. Let us all go	may - ing,	Thro' the greenwood	stray - ing,	
:m .m | f :s	s :d' | t :—	l :l | s :s	f :— | m :—	
2. Ye that are for	plea - sure,	Trip with us a	mea - sure,	
:d'.d' | d' :t	d' :— | s :—	l :l | m :m	f :— | d :—	
3. Care was sent to	spite us,	Mu-sic to de-	light us,	

p *cres.* *f* *lento.* *a tempo.*

s :s | s :s	l :l | l :l.t	d' :d' | d' :r'	m' :d'.r' | t̂ :s .s	
Fa la la la	la la la la la	la la la, We	chant it and play, 0' tis	
t, :t, | d :m	d :d | r :f	m :l | s :f	s :m .fe | s :t, .t,	
Fa la la la	la la la la	la la la, We	chant it and play, 0' tis	
:s .f | m :d	:l .s | f :r	d :f | m :r	d :l .l | s̆ :s .s	
Fa la la la	Fa la la la	la la la, We	chant it and play, 0' tis	

rit. *ff a tempo.*

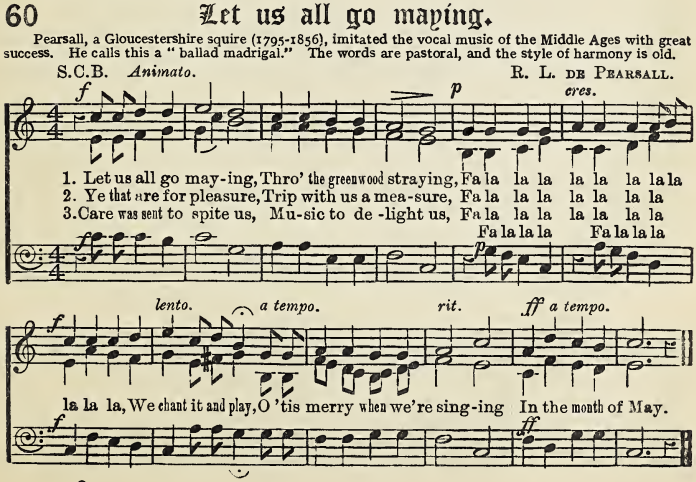
l :l | s :s	l :— | d' :—	l :r' | d' :t	d' :— | — :	
mer-ry when we're	sing - ing	In the month of	May.	
f .m :r .d | t, .d :r .m	f :— | m :—	d :f | m :r	m :— | — :	
mer-ry when we're	sing - ing	In the month of	May.	
f :f | s :s	f :— | d :—	f :r | s :s	d :— | — :	
mer-ry when we're	sing - ing	In the month of	May.	

turn from your thres-hold, 'mid stran-gers to roam, to
fruit loads the branch-es from har - vest to spring, to
notes we to - ge - ther have lin - ger'd to hear, to
bring you be - fore me, and make me a home, a
p
roam. Ju val-le-ra,* ju val-le-ra, Ju val-le, val-le, val-le -
spring. Ju val-le-ra, ju val-le-ra, Ju val-le, val-le, val-le -
hear. Ju val-le-ra, ju val-le-ra, Ju val-le, val-le, val-le -
home. Ju val-le-ra, ju val-le-ra, Ju val-le, val-le, val-le -
p
ff
ra, Ju val-le-ra, ju val-le-ra, ju val-le, val-le, val-le - ra.
ff

*"Jesus will help" (Old Spanish), but used as a refrain in old songs without reference to the meaning. Pronounced *You vallerah.*

60 Let us all go maying.

Pearsall, a Gloucestershire squire (1795-1856), imitated the vocal music of the Middle Ages with great success. He calls this a "ballad madrigal." The words are pastoral, and the style of harmony is old.

S.C.B. *Animato.* R. L. DE PEARSALL.

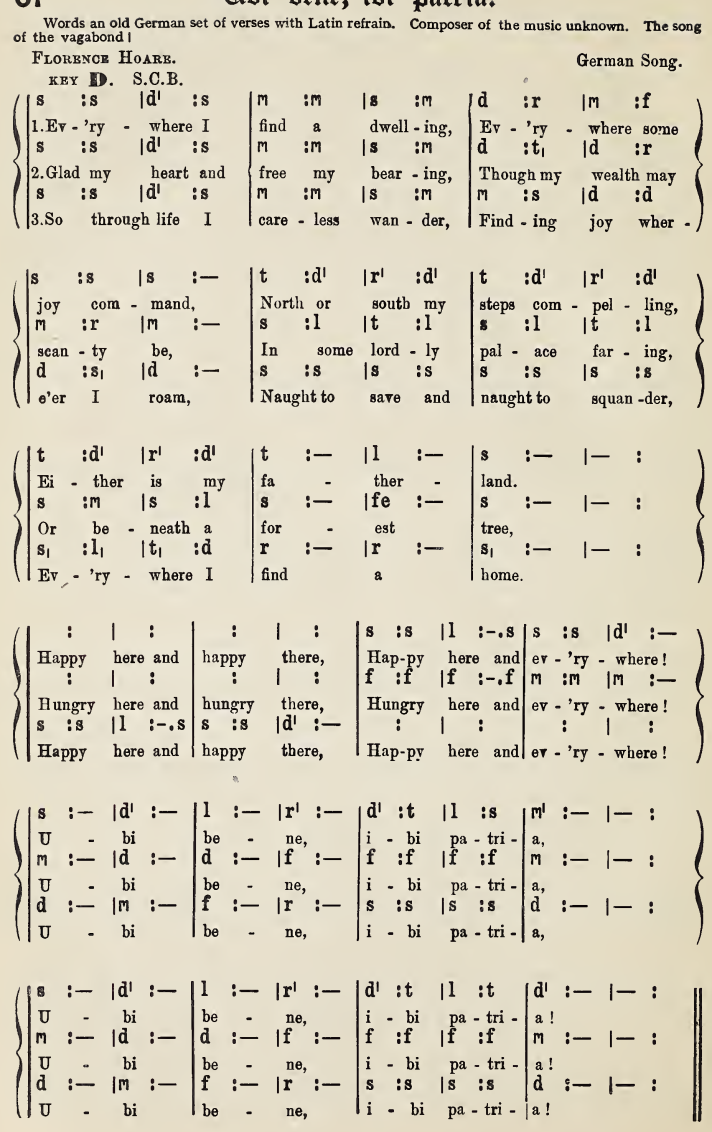

f
p
eres.
1. Let us all go may-ing, Thro' the greenwood straying, Fa la la la la la la la la
2. Ye that are for pleasure, Trip with us a mea-sure, Fa la la la la la la la
3. Care was sent to spite us, Mu-sic to de-light us, Fa la la la la la la la
Fa la la la Fa la la la
ff
p
lento.
a tempo.
rit.
ff a tempo.
f
la la la, We chant it and play, O 'tis merry when we're sing-ing In the month of May.
f
ff

61 Ubi bene, ibi patria.

Words an old German set of verses with Latin refrain. Composer of the music unknown. The song of the vagabond!

FLORENCE HOARE. German Song.

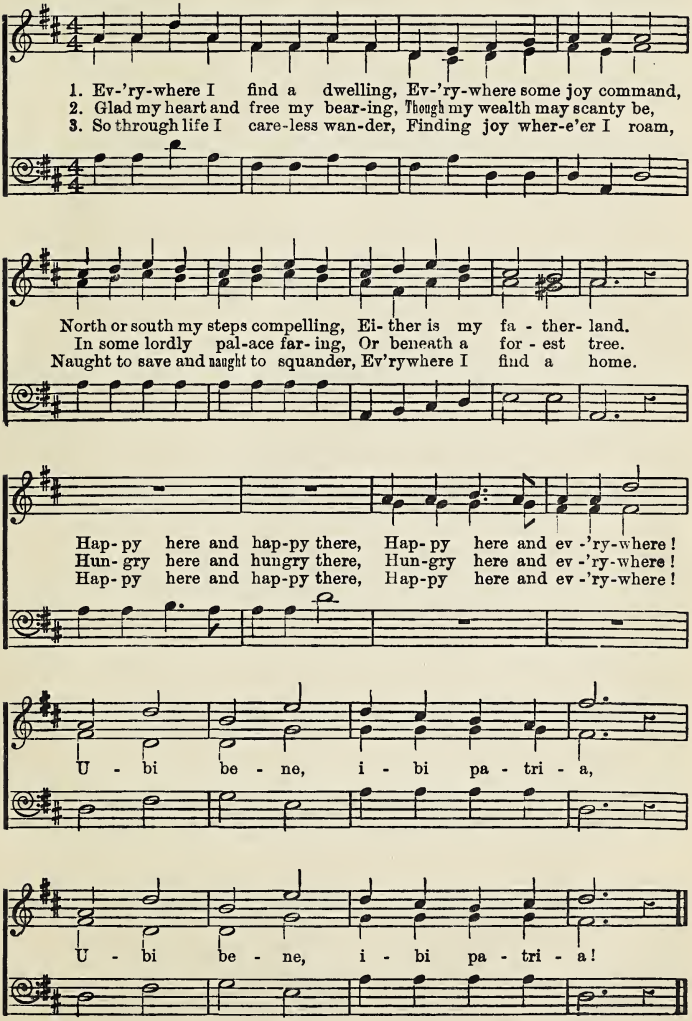
KEY D. S.C.B.


1.Ev - 'ry - where I
2.Glad my heart and
3.So through life I
find a dwell - ing,
free my bear - ing,
care - less wan - der,
Ev - 'ry - where some
Though my wealth may
Find - ing joy wher -
joy com - mand,
scan - ty be,
e'er I roam,
North or south my
In some lord - ly
Naught to save and
steps com - pel - ling,
pal - ace far - ing,
naught to squan -der,
Ei - ther is my
Or be - neath a
Ev - 'ry - where I
fa - ther -
for - est
find a
land.
tree,
home.
Happy here and
Hungry here and
Happy here and
happy there,
hungry there,
happy there,
Hap-py here and
Hungry here and
Hap-py here and
ev - 'ry - where!
ev - 'ry - where!
ev - 'ry - where!
U - bi
be - ne,
i - bi pa - tri - a,
U - bi
be - ne,
i - bi pa - tri - a,
U - bi
be - ne,
i - bi pa - tri - a!

61 Ubi bene, ibi patria.

Words an old German set of verses with Latin refrain. Composer of the music unknown. The song of the vagabond!

FLORENCE HOARE. German Song.

S.C.B.

1. Ev-'ry-where I find a dwelling, Ev-'ry-where some joy command,
2. Glad my heart and free my bear-ing, Though my wealth may scanty be,
3. So through life I care-less wan-der, Finding joy wher-e'er I roam,
North or south my steps compelling, Ei- ther is my fa - ther- land.
In some lordly pal-ace far- ing, Or beneath a for - est tree.
Naught to save and naught to squander, Ev'rywhere I find a home.
Hap- py here and hap-py there, Hap- py here and ev -'ry-where!
Hun- gry here and hungry there, Hun-gry here and ev -'ry-where!
Hap- py here and hap-py there, Hap-py here and ev -'ry-where!
U - bi be - ne, i - bi pa - tri - a,
U - bi be - ne, i - bi pa - tri - a!

62 O quae mutatio rerum!

German students' song. Sung in the play *Old Heidelberg*. Author and composer unknown. Latin refrain.

FLORENCE HOARE. German Students' Song.

KEY E. S.C.B.

:d .m | s :s | s .l :f .r | d :m | m : .m | r :- .m | f :s
1.O !	mer - ry	heart-whole	boy - hood's days,	I	mourn	thy joys de -
:d | m :d | t, :t, | d :d | d : .d | t, :- .d | r :m
2.The	stu - dent cap	and	dus - ty	gown They	fill	my soul with
:d | d :m | r :s, | d :d | d : .d | s, :- .s, | s, :s,
3.Dear	boy - hood's friends, where		are they	now— The	true,	the ar - dent

f :m | :s | s :- .m | d' :- .t | t :- .l | l :l
part - ed,	I	tread	no more thy	gold -	en ways, So
r :d | :m | m :- .d | d :- .d | d :- .d | d :d
long - ing,	Like	sha -	dows o'er the	dear	old town, Strange
d :d | :d | d :d | m :m | f :f | f :f
ev - er,	The	ma -	gic dream, the	gal -	lant vow, The

B.t.

s :- .l | s .m :f .r | r :d | :m l, | s, :d | d :m
free	and light - some	heart -ed :	The	fire	that thrilled my
m :- .f | m .d :r .t, | t, :d | :d f, | m, :m, | m, :s,
me -	mo-ries are	throng-ing ;	And	ech - oes	from the
s :- .s | s, :s, | s, :d | :d f, | d :d | d :d
faith	that naught could	sev - er?	The	dream is	past be -

f. E.

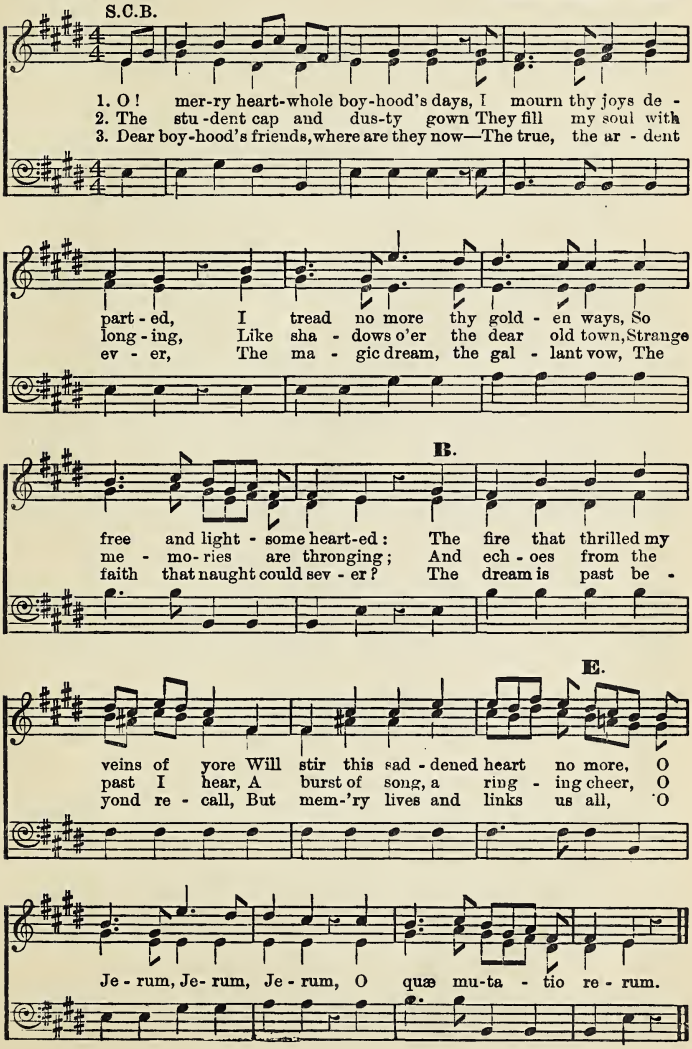
m .r :f .m | r :s, | s, :r | r :f | f .m :s .f | m t .l :s .s
veins of	yore Will	stir this	sad - dened	heart no	more, O
d .t, :r .d | t, :s, | s, :t, | t, :r | r .d :m .r | d s .f :m .m
past I	hear, A	burst of	song, a	ring - ing	cheer, O
s, :s, | s, :s, | s, :s, | s, :s, | s, :- .s, | s r :s,
yond re -	call, But	mem - 'ry	lives and	links us	all, O

s :-.m | d' :- .t | t :l | :l | s :-.l | s .m :f .r | r :d |
Je - rum, Je - rum,		Je - rum,	O	quæ mu-ta -	tio	re - rum.
m :-.d | d :d | d :d | :d | m :-.f | m .d :r .t, | t, :d |
Je - rum, Je - rum,		Je - rum,	O	quæ mu-ta -	tio	re - rum.
d :d | m :m | f :f | :f | s :-.s | s, :s, | s, :d |
Je - rum, Je - rum.		Je - rum,	O	quæ mu-ta -	tio	re - rum.

62 O quae mutatio rerum!

German students' song. Sung in the play *Old Heidelberg*. Author and composer unknown. Latin refrain.

FLORENCE HOARE. German Students' Song.


S.C.B.
1. O! mer-ry heart-whole boy-hood's days, I mourn thy joys de -
2. The stu-dent cap and dus-ty gown They fill my soul with
3. Dear boy-hood's friends, where are they now—The true, the ar - dent
part - ed, I tread no more thy gold - en ways, So
long - ing, Like sha - dows o'er the dear old town, Strange
ev - er, The ma - gic dream, the gal - lant vow, The
B.
free and light - some heart-ed: The fire that thrilled my
me - mo-ries are thronging; And ech - oes from the
faith that naught could sev - er? The dream is past be -
E.
veins of yore Will stir this sad - dened heart no more, O
past I hear, A burst of song, a ring - ing cheer, O
yond re - call, But mem-'ry lives and links us all, O
Je - rum, Je - rum, Je - rum, O quæ mu-ta - tio re - rum.

63 From high Olympus.

Writer of words unknown; music by Schnoor, about 1795. A students' song. The English words are a close translation of the original German.

FLORENCE HOARE. H. L. SCHNOOR.

KEY B♭. S.C.B.

.s₁	:l₁	.t₁	d	:–	.t₁	l₁	.s₁	:f₁	.m₁	l₁	:s₁		.m	:m	.m
1. From high O -			lym	-	pus flows to us the					glo	-	ry,	On	us	the
.s₁	:l₁	.t₁	d	:–	.t₁	l₁	.s₁	:f₁	.m₁	l₁	:s₁		.s₁	:s₁	.s₁
2. A	lit -	tle	while		the sun shines high a-					bove		us,	And	youth's	e-
.s₁	:l₁	.t₁	d	:–	.t₁	l₁	.s₁	:f₁	.m₁	l₁	:s₁		.d₁	:d₁	.d₁
3. So	heart to		heart		we'll scale the heights of					learn	-	ing,	No	mean	de-

m .r	:f .r		d	:t₁	d	:–		.s₁	:d .m	r	:–	.t₁			
sa -	cred		fire	de -	scends,			Rise brothers,		rise,		the			
l₁	:l₁		m₁	:r₁	m₁	:–		.s₁	:s₁ .s₁	t₁	:–	.s₁			
lix -	ir		fills	our	veins,			That ma-gic		fire		that			
f₁	:r₁		s₁	:s₁	d₁	:–		.s₁	:m₁ .d₁	s₁	:–	.s₁			
sires	our		days	shall	shame,			Whole-hearted,		true,		with			

F. t.

|d .t₁ :d .l₁			t₁ m .f :s			.s	:s .d'		t .l	:s .f	m	:r			
world is all be-			fore ye,			Fear not to			grasp	what	for -	tune			
l₁ .s₁ :l₁ .fe₁			s₁ d .r :m			.m	:m .d		d	:d	d	:t₁			
moves the gods to			love us,			The fire by			which		the	will	at -		
r₁ .r₁ :r₁ .r₁			s₁ d	:d		.d	:d .m		f	:r	s	:s₁			
pride and ardour			burn - ing,			On, brothers,			on,	to	life	and			

(Three-pulse measure.)

f. B♭.

d s₁	:–		:		f	m	:–	.r	:m	d	:–	.r	:m		
sends.						Bro	-	thers in		learn	-	ing and			
d s₁	:–		:			d	:–	.s₁	:d	m₁	:–	.s₁	:d		
tains.						Bro	-	thers in		learn	-	ing and			
d s₁	:–		:			:		:		:		:			
fame.															

f	:–	.m	:f		r	:–		:–		f					
bro	-	thers at			heart,					Life	lies		be	-	
r	:–	.d	:r		s₁	:–		:–		t₁	:d		:r		
bro	-	thers at			heart,					Life	lies		be	-	
	:		:			:		:		s₁	:l₁		:t₁		

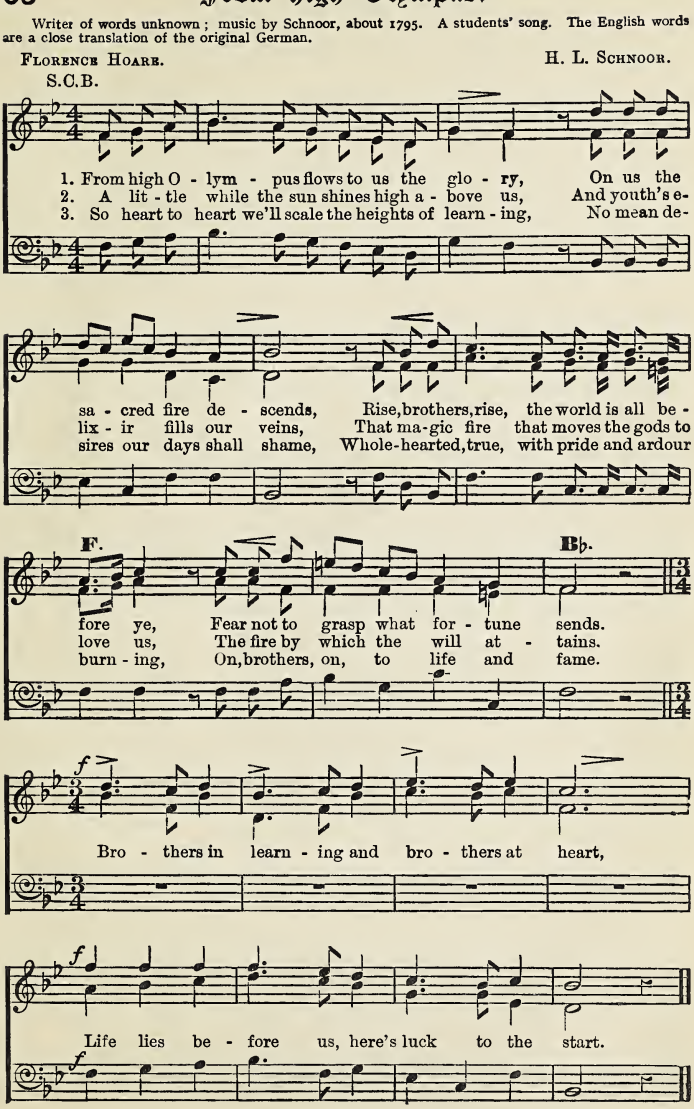
s	:–	.f	:m		r	:–	.d	:r		d	:–	:			
fore		us,	here's		luck		to	the		start.					
m	:–	.r	:d		l₁	:–	.l₁	:f₁		m₁	:–	:			
fore		us,	here's		luck	to		the		start.					
d	:–	.s₁	:l₁		f₁	:r₁		:s₁		d₁	:–	:			

63 From high Olympus.

Writer of words unknown; music by Schnoor, about 1795. A students' song. The English words are a close translation of the original German.

FLORENCE HOARE. H. L. SCHNOOR.

S.C.B.


1. From high O - lym - pus flows to us the glo - ry, On us the
2. A lit - tle while the sun shines high a - bove us, And youth's e-
3. So heart to heart we'll scale the heights of learn - ing, No mean de-
sa - cred fire de - scends, Rise, brothers, rise, the world is all be -
lix - ir fills our veins, That ma-gic fire that moves the gods to
sires our days shall shame, Whole-hearted, true, with pride and ardour
F.
B♭.
fore ye, Fear not to grasp what for - tune sends.
love us, The fire by which the will at - tains.
burn - ing, On, brothers, on, to life and fame.
f
Bro - thers in learn - ing and bro - thers at heart,
f
Life lies be - fore us, here's luck to the start.
f

64 Sing we and chaunt it.

Another successful imitation of the short madrigals of the 16th century by Pearsall, who wrote both words and music.

Verse 2 by Florence Hoare. R. L. de Pearsall.

p key A. S.C.B.

s$_1$	:d	:d	d	:—	:l$_1$	l$_1$	:r	:r	r	:—	:t$_1$
1. Sing we	and		chaunt		it	While love	doth		grant		it,
m$_1$	:m$_1$	:m$_1$	l$_1$	:—	:f$_1$	f$_1$	:f$_1$	:l$_1$	t$_1$	:—	:s$_1$
2. Age brings re -			flec	-	tion	Of	youth's per -		fec	-	tion,
d	:d	:d	f$_1$	:—	:f$_1$	r$_1$	:r$_1$	:r$_1$	s$_1$	:—	:f$_1$

f

s	:—	:—	f	:—	:m	f	:r	:—	d	:—	:—
Fa			la		la	la	la		la !		
d	:—	:m	m	:r	:d	l$_1$	:t$_1$	:—	d	:—	:—
Fa	la	la	la	la	la	la	la		la !		
m$_1$	:f$_1$	:s$_1$	l$_1$	:t$_1$	:d	f$_1$	:s$_1$	:—	d	:—	:—

& p

d	:d	:r	m	:—	:m	m	:f	:r	m	:—	:t$_1$
Not long	youth		last	-	eth,	And old	age		hast	-	eth,
m$_1$	:l$_1$	:t$_1$	d	:—	:s$_1$	l$_1$	:l$_1$	:l$_1$	se$_1$	:—	:se$_1$
So through life's			hours			Ga -	ther	we	flow	-	ers
l$_1$	:l$_1$	:s$_1$	d	:—	:d	f$_1$	:f$_1$	:f$_1$	m$_1$	:—	:m$_1$

d	:d	:d	f	:—	:r	m	:d	:r	t$_1$	:s$_1$	:s
Now is	best		lei	-	sure	To	take	our	plea -	sure,	Fa
m$_1$	:m$_1$	:m$_1$	l$_1$	:—	:t$_1$	s$_1$	:s$_1$	:l$_1$	s$_1$	:—	:s$_1$
Love's per -	fume		stor	-	ing,	Glad	age	en -	sur	-	ing,
l$_1$	:l$_1$	:s$_1$	f$_1$	:—	:s$_1$	d	:m$_1$	:f$_1$	s$_1$	:—	:s$_1$

—	:m	:d	l$_1$	:—	:l	—	:f	:r	t$_1$	:—	:s$_1$
	la	la	la		la		la	la	la		la
s$_1$	:s$_1$	:s$_1$	f$_1$	:f$_1$	:—	l$_1$	:—	:f$_1$	s$_1$	:s$_1$	:s$_1$
Fa	la	la	la	la	la	la	la	la	la	la	la
d	:d	:d	f$_1$	:—	:f$_1$	r$_1$	:r$_1$	:r$_1$	s$_1$	:—	:s$_1$

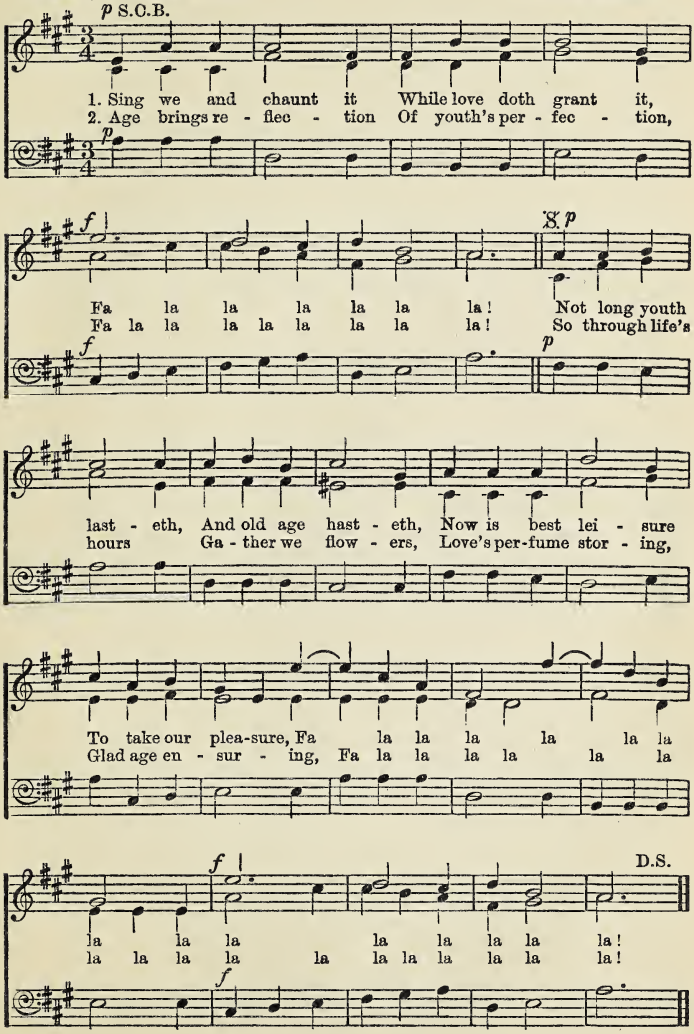
f D. S.

s	:—	:—	f	:—	:m	f	:r	:—	d	:—	:—
la			la		la	la	la		la !		
d	:—	:m	m	:r	:d	l$_1$	:t$_1$	:—	d	:—	:—
la	la	la	la	la	la	la	la		la !		
m$_1$	:f$_1$	:s$_1$	l$_1$	:t$_1$	:d	f$_1$	:s$_1$	:—	d	:—	:—

64 Sing we and chaunt it.

Another successful imitation of the short madrigals of the 16th century by Pearsall, who wrote both words and music.

Verse 2 by Florence Hoare. R. L. de Pearsall.


p S.C.B.
1. Sing we and chaunt it While love doth grant it,
2. Age brings re - flec - tion Of youth's per - fec - tion,
f
Fa la la la la la la!
Fa la la la la la la la!
S. p
Not long youth
So through life's
p
last - eth, And old age hast - eth, Now is best lei - sure
hours Ga - ther we flow - ers, Love's per-fume stor - ing,
To take our plea-sure, Fa la la la la la la
Glad age en - sur - ing, Fa la la la la la la
f
D.S.
la la la la la la la la!
la la la la la la la la la!
f

65 The grey sky snows.

Pearsall had a great desire to revive domestic part-singing, and wrote several simple part-songs for this purpose.

Words adapted by Florence Hoare. R. L. de Pearsall.

KEY G. D t.

:m	d :-	:r	|m :-	:s	f :-	:r	|m :-	:^{m}l	s :-	:d^{l}
1.The	grey	sky	snows,	the	north	wind	blows,	The	win -	try
:s_{l}	s_{l} :-	:t_{l}	|d :-	:d	l_{l} :-	:t_{l}	|d :-	:^{d}f	m :-	:m
2 Huge	pine -	logs	light	the	chim -	ney	bright,	Red	gleams	a -
:d	m_{l} :-	:s_{l}	|d :-	:m	r :-	:s_{l}	|d :-	:^{d}f	s :-	:s
3.Shriek	an	thou	will,	O	north	wind	chill,	Thro'	hut	and

f. G.

|t :- .l	:s	s :-	:-	|^{d}l s :	:r .m	f :-	:f	|d :-	:r
day	is	wing	-	ing,	The	Bear,	cold	star,	beams
|f :-	:f	f :m	:r	|^{m}t_{l} :	:t_{l} .d	r :-	:l_{l}	|l_{l} :-	:l_{l}
round	us	fling	-	ing,	Like	ghosts	all	grim	lie
|s :-	:s	d :-	:-	|^{d}s_{l} :	:s_{l}	r :-	:r	|f :-	:f
pa -	lace	ring	-	ing,	Come	frost	or	cold,	good

|m :-	:m	|m :-	:f .f	d :-	:d	|t_{l} :- .d	:r	d :-	:-	|s :-	:f .f
frost	a - far,	Let's be		sing -	ing,	bro - thers,		sing -	ing,	Let's be	
se_{l} :-	:se_{l}	l_{l} :-	:l_{l}.l_{l}	l_{l} :-	:l_{l}	|se_{l} :- .l_{l}	:t_{l}	d :- .t_{l}	:l_{l}	s_{l} :-	:l_{l}.l_{l}
sha -	dows dim,	Let's be		sing -	ing,	bro - thers,		sing -	ing,	Let's be	
m :-	:r	|d :-	:r .r	m :-	:m	|m_{l} :-	:m_{l}	l_{l} :- .s_{l}	:f_{l}	|m_{l} :-	:f_{l}.f_{l}
grey -	beards old,	Let's be		sing -	ing,	bro - thers,		sing -	ing,	Let's be	

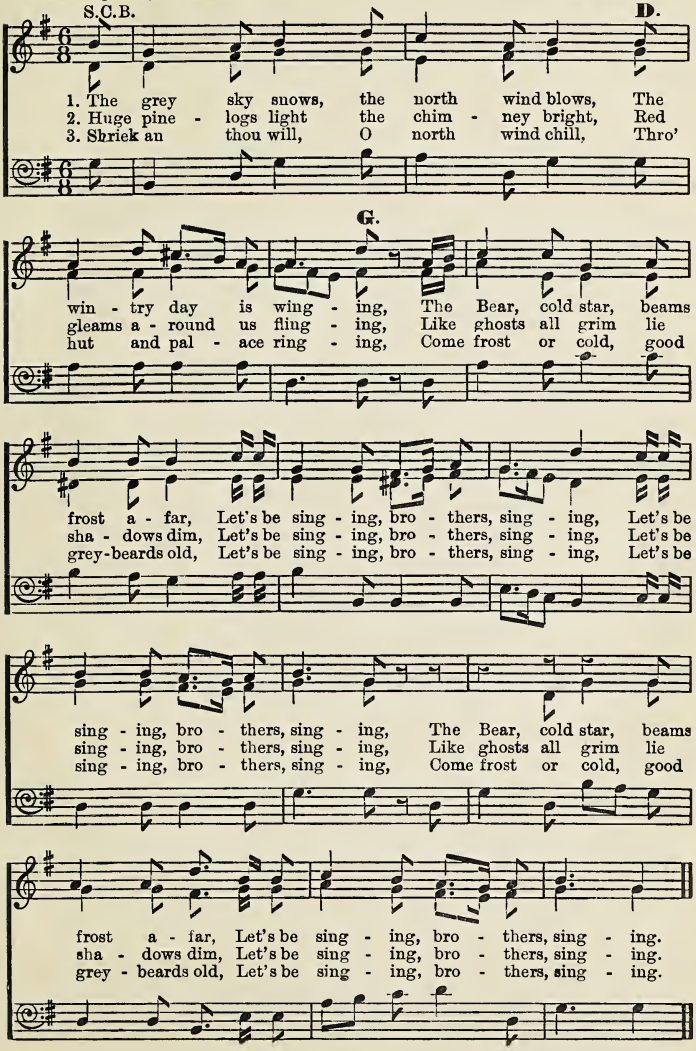
|m :-	:m	|r :- .d	:r	m :-	:-	|d :	:	:	:	| :	:d
sing -	ing, bro -	thers,		sing -	ing,	The		Bear,	cold	star,	beams
d :-	:d	|t_{l} :- .l_{l}	:t_{l}	d :-	:-	|d :	:	:	:s_{l}	|d :-	:d
sing -	ing, bro -	thers.		sing -	ing,	Like		ghosts	all	grim	lie
s_{l} :-	:s_{l}	|s_{l} :-	:s_{l}	d :-	:-	|d :	:s_{l}	d :-	:s_{l}	|m :r	:d
sing -	ing, bro -	thers,		sing -	ing,	Come		frost	or	cold,	good

|r :-	:r	|s :- .m	:m	f :-	:m	|r :- .d	:r	m :-	:-	|d :-	
frost	a - far,	Let's be		sing -	ing, bro -	thers,		sing -	ing.		
d :-	:d	|t_{l} :- .d	:d	r :-	:d	|t_{l} :- .l_{l}	:t_{l}	d :-	:-	|d :-	
sha -	ows dim,	Let's be		sing -	ing, bro -	thers,		sing -	ing.		
s_{l} :-	:s_{l}	|m_{l} :- .l_{l}	:l_{l}	r :m	:f	|s :-	:s_{l}	d :-	:-	|d :-	
grey -	beards old,	Let's be		sing -	ing, bro -	thers,		sing -	ing.		

65 The grey sky snows.

Pearsall had a great desire to revive domestic part-singing, and wrote several simple part-songs for this purpose.

Words adapted by FLORENCE HOARE. R. L. DE PEARSALL.


S.C.B.
D.
1. The grey sky snows, the north wind blows, The
2. Huge pine - logs light the chim - ney bright, Red
3. Shriek an thou will, O north wind chill, Thro'
G.
win - try day is wing - ing, The Bear, cold star, beams
gleams a - round us fling - ing, Like ghosts all grim lie
hut and pal - ace ring - ing, Come frost or cold, good
frost a - far, Let's be sing - ing, bro - thers, sing - ing, Let's be
sha - dows dim, Let's be sing - ing, bro - thers, sing - ing, Let's be
grey-beards old, Let's be sing - ing, bro - thers, sing - ing, Let's be
sing - ing, bro - thers, sing - ing, The Bear, cold star, beams
sing - ing, bro - thers, sing - ing, Like ghosts all grim lie
sing - ing, bro - thers, sing - ing, Come frost or cold, good
frost a - far, Let's be sing - ing, bro - thers, sing - ing.
sha - dows dim, Let's be sing - ing, bro - thers, sing - ing.
grey - beards old, Let's be sing - ing, bro - thers, sing - ing.

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